

THE

SEPTEMBER 1970

Atlantic

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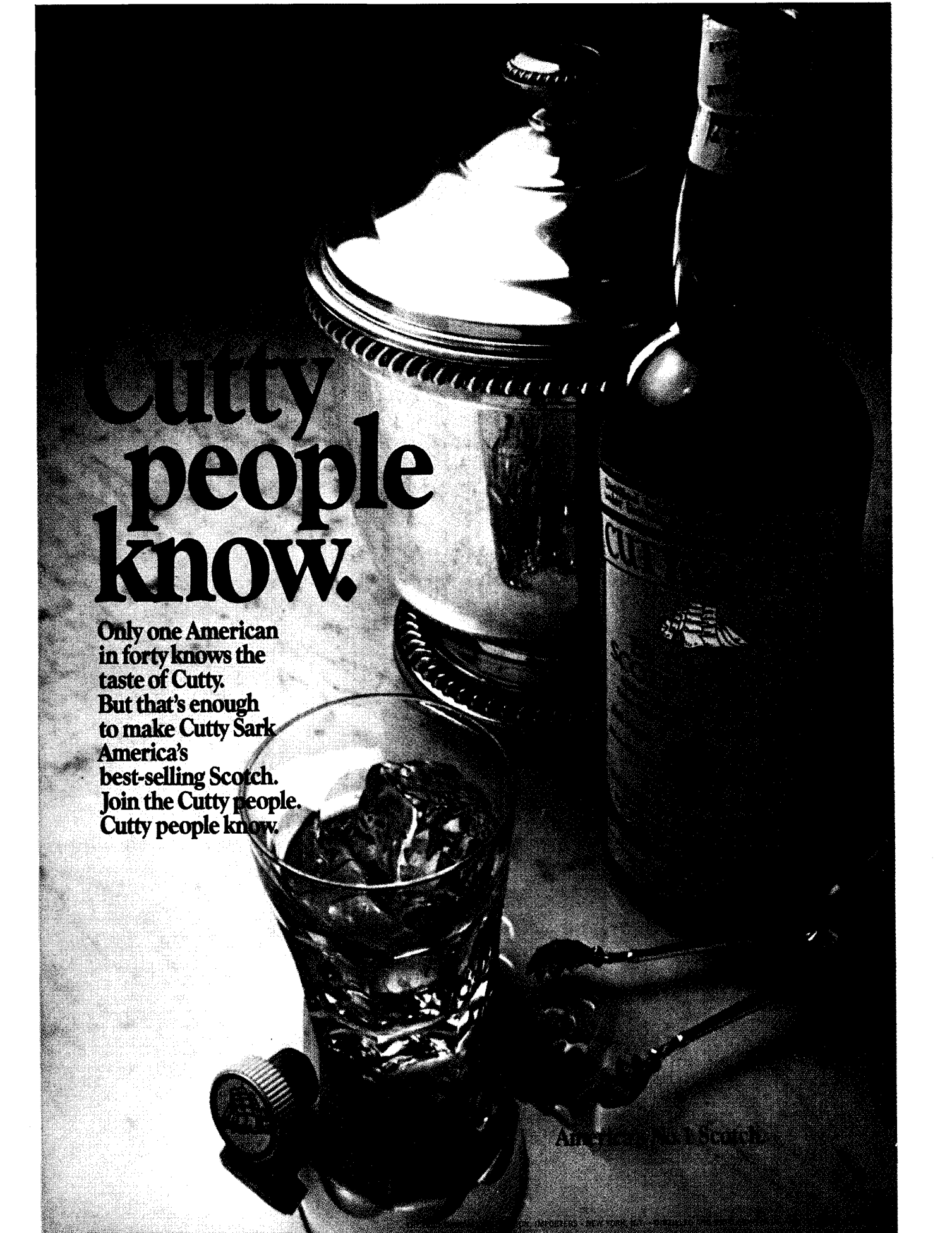
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REPORTS

THE VATICAN

During the night of September 19, 1870, Pope Pius IX, sleepless with anguish, left the Lateran Palace, crossed the piazza outside, and entered the darkened Sanctuary of the Holy Stairs. Enshrined within are twenty-eight steps which, according to tradition, were trod upon by Christ in Pontius Pilate's headquarters in Jerusalem. Pope Pius slowly climbed them on his knees, reciting a prayer on each step for the salvation of Rome.

A few hours later Italian troops broke through the city's ancient Aurelian Wall, dispersed French units allied with the Pope, and the long era of papal rule of Rome came to an end.

Now, a century later, a Pope is again under siege in another sense. His authority is being defied. There is disunity, even outright rebellion, within the hierarchy. The Vatican is confronted with the prospect that special privileges granted by a "peace treaty" with the Italian State following the events of 1870 may be revoked.

The reaction of Giovanni Battista Montini, Pope Paul VI, to this situation often seems one of despair. He makes at least two appearances in public each week and, more often than not, uses the occasions to deplore the present state of affairs.

Humanity needs . . .

Few of the some 10,000 who gathered under the cloudless Mediterranean-blue sky one summery Sunday morning were aware of the fact that the Pope had proclaimed it World Vocations Day, upon which priests were to devote sermons to the virtues of a career in the service

of the Church. Recruiting posters on church facades throughout Italy urged young people to join religious orders ("A call to greater service to the Church! Humanity needs priests, monks, nuns. Youth is generous and will respond!").

At four minutes before the hour the shutters were swung open in a top-story window of the enormous sixteenth-century Apostolic Palace overlooking St. Peter's Square. An aide in a morning coat unfurled from the sill a tapestry-like banner bearing the papal coat of arms—a three-tiered crown, the keys of the papacy, and the fleur-de-lis of Giovanni Battista Montini. Attention in the piazza turned to the distant open window. A father stopped photographing infinite combinations of relatives grouped around a boy in a white Mao jacket who had just made his First Holy Communion. A trio of erect, German-speaking women in mannish hats interrupted unsmiling conversation. A girl in a snug mini-skirt grasped her *carabiniere's* hand and turned her eyes from his face to the white curtains that were stirring in the breeze. Clusters of nuns, tourists with guidebooks of various languages in hand, drivers of horse-drawn taxi-carriages hoping for fares when it was over, youngsters clinging to the base of the Egyptian obelisk in the piazza—all waited for the Pope to come into view.

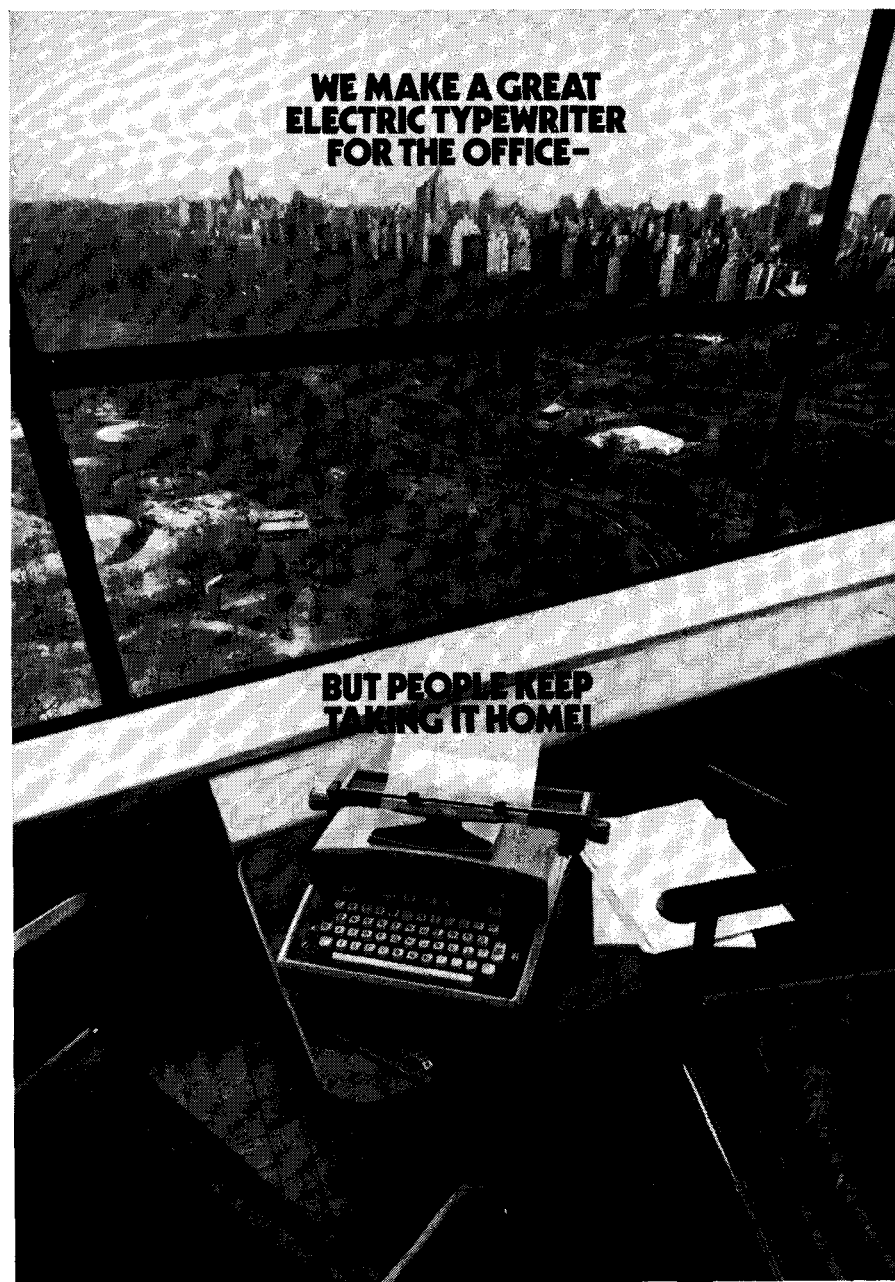
A moment after the cannon on the nearby Janiculum Hill boomed noon and the belfry of the basilica contributed a brief chorus of bells, the curtains were drawn apart and Pope Paul came to the window without announcement or introduction. Visible only from the waist, he was a tiny figure in white skullcap and button-front cassock. Many in the crowd waved, applauded, and cheered—always a surprise to Ameri-

can visitors, who anticipate a devoutly subdued reaction.

To those in the crowd who understood Italian, the Pope's first words must have fallen like drops of dispiriting rain on the sunny scene. "*I problemi*," he began. Always at the forefront of his mind—the all-consuming problems. A Pope under siege. His tremulous voice was carried throughout the spacious square by a public address system. "The problems of vocations are the most serious in the Church today." Too few young people are entering the priesthood to carry on the work of the Church. Many already in are leaving; some because they believe the Church is isolated from the real social problems of the world; others because they have become disaffected by crushing clerical discipline; still others to abandon celibacy and get married. The Pope continued: "Without priests and nuns, how could the Church carry out its mission? What would become of the preaching of the Gospel? What would become of the salvation of the world?"

In other public appearances the Pope employs similar hyperbole in addressing himself to different problems: the criticism of his stand against contraceptive birth control; unauthorized experimentation with the liturgy and particularly the Mass; radical theology that questions basic dogmas; the challenge to the authority of the Pope himself; new and unorthodox catechisms that seek unacceptable modernization of religious education. The Roman Catholic Church, bemoaned the Pope, "is tormented, menaced, suspected, and rejected."

On that World Vocations Sunday plainclothes Vatican gendarmes mingled with the crowd. Aided by Italian police, they had watched people



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THE VATICAN

entering the piazza during the morning and tried to detect anyone who might cause trouble, but on past occasions demonstrators had gotten by them with bolts of cloth concealed under their coats. Unrolled when the Pope appeared, the banners bore slogans of protest to papal views on birth control and divorce.

A parliamentary Pope?

Standing in St. Peter's Square on World Vocations Day, I recalled Pope Paul's appearance at that window the first Sunday after his election seven years ago. When he had stepped into view he was not alone as is the custom. At his side was Cardinal Suenens, Archbishop of Malines-Brussels, who, it was rumored, had worked hard in the secrecy of the conclave for Montini's election.

Suenens had been paying his respects to the new Pope when the hour came for the scheduled appearance, and Paul asked his old friend to join him: a spontaneous act of camaraderie? a gesture of appreciation? a calculated signal of the Pope's regard for the liberal sentiment the Belgian cardinal represented, and of his intention to give Suenens high office in this papacy? Many Vaticanologists leaped to the last conclusion, and they soon were disillusioned.

Whatever motivated the Pope that day, the two men have since drifted far apart on this century's Roman Question: what course the Vatican should be following in this period of ferment comparable only with that of the Reformation.

Cardinal Suenens, wearing a black working cassock, is a study in *chiaroscuro*—dark gray hair and slate-blue eyes, his scholarly face untroubled but unsmiling. He is a symbol of opposition to Paul in the hierarchy: he has taken issue with the Pope's stand against contraception; he wants future Popes to be elected for a limited term rather than for life, and to be chosen by representatives of all 3000 bishops rather than by 100 or so cardinals. Many of the cardinals are aged, and most of them are conservative. Italians form the largest bloc of them.

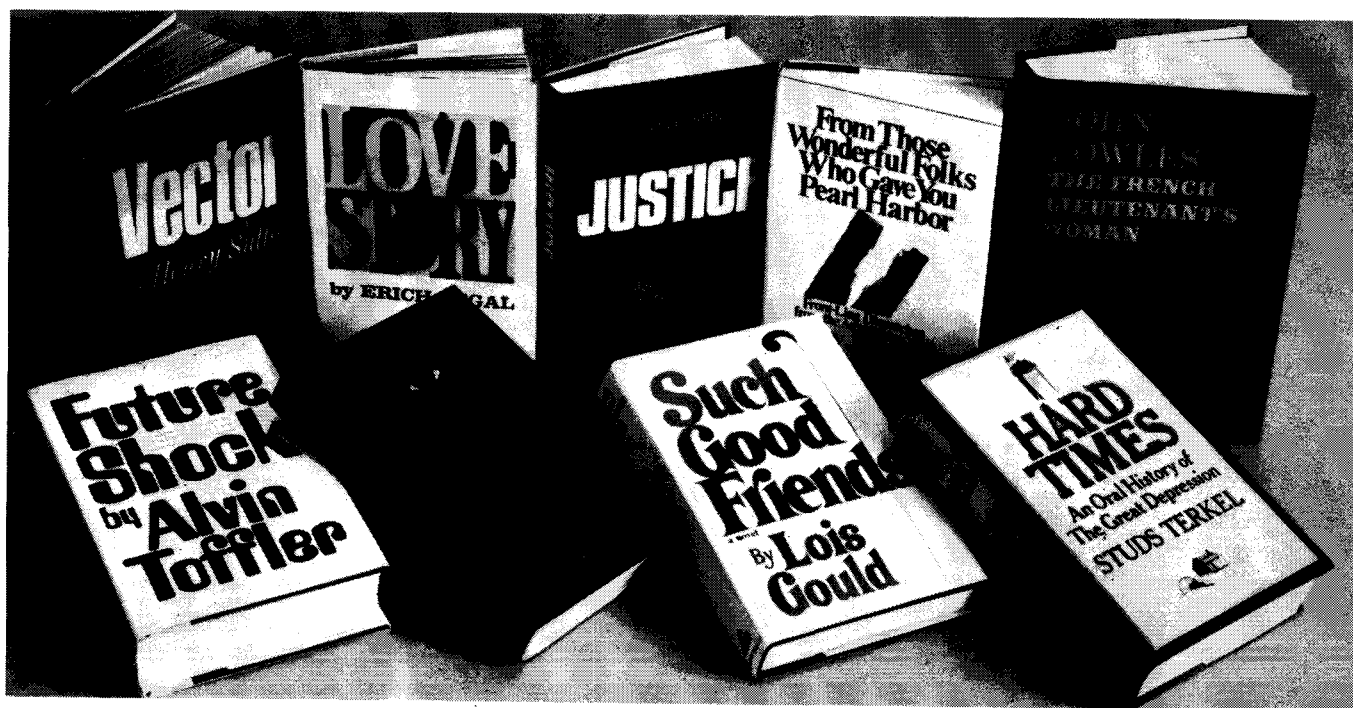
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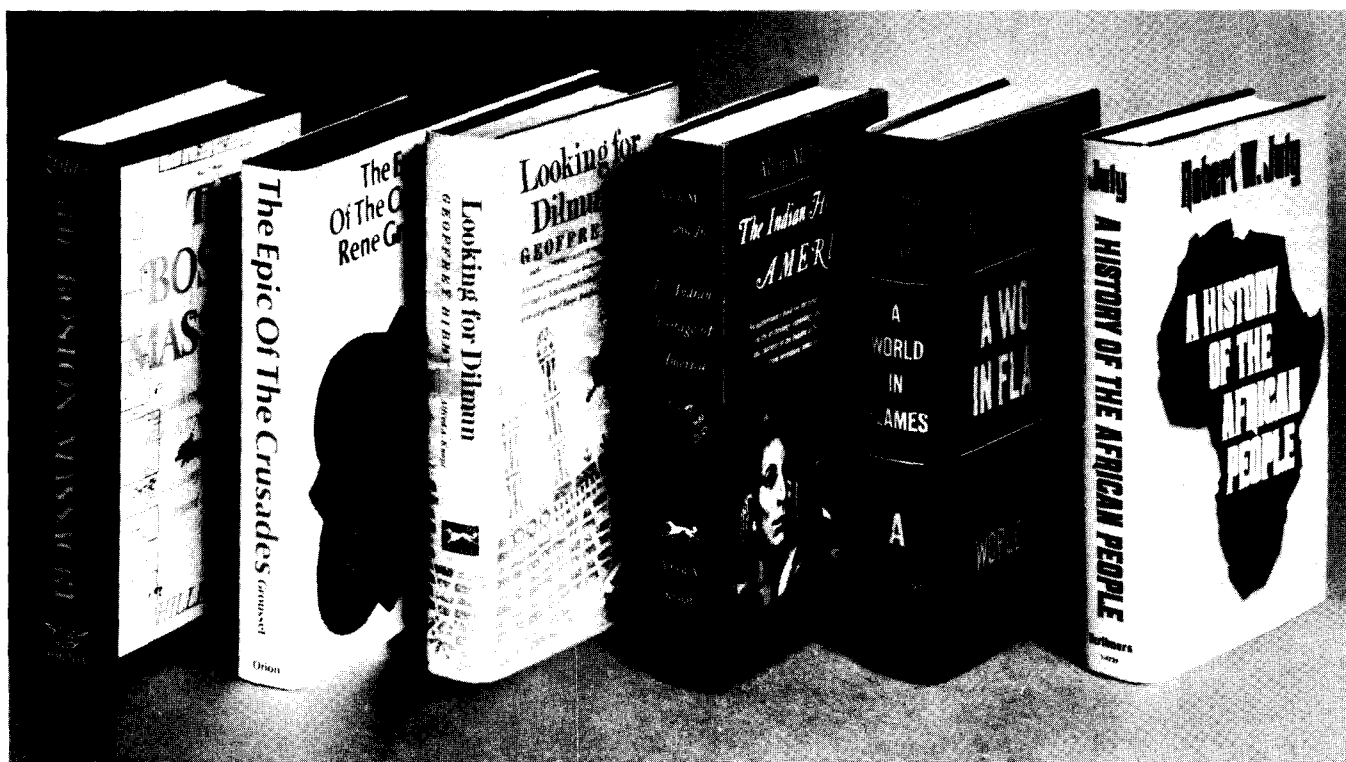
THE VATICAN

Essentially Cardinal Suenens wants to change the Church of Rome from an absolute monarchy into a constitutional monarchy. The "parliament" to which the still-powerful Pope would be responsive would consist of the world's bishops. Cardinal Suenens and his co-activists have no hope of actually achieving this, but they have obtained a few concessions in papal style if not in substance.

Pope Paul's trip in November to Asia and Australia, for example, is explained at the Vatican as an act of deference to the bishops. The Pope's decision to go to the Far East did not surprise anyone. The purpose of the trip did: to attend regional meetings of bishops in Manila and Sydney. He will be the first Pope to honor such bishops' conferences by his presence. But gracious gestures such as this toward the bishops have failed to satisfy the basic grievances of Suenens and other dissidents. They want full collegiality—that is, they feel the Pope should act in complete concert with his bishops and should take no major decision without their collaboration. In effect, this would mean a greater voice for the bishops at the expense of the papal Curia. The Curia, for the most part a reactionary Vatican bureaucracy, advises the Pope and runs the day-by-day affairs of the Church.

The Pope's forthcoming trip to the Far East conferred a certain relevance on Henry Cabot Lodge's first audience as occasional and non-titled envoy to the Vatican. The Lodge appointment as a two- or three-times-a-year envoy was seen at the Vatican partly as a plum to the President's old political friend and partly as evidence of the official American view that there are benefits in high-level relations between Washington and the Holy See.

Relations have been maintained circumspectly since Myron Taylor's mission as "Personal Representative of the President to His Holiness Pope Pius XII" lapsed in 1949. A U.S. Embassy second secretary has carried out whatever business arose with the Vatican's Secretariat of State. By simply dispatching Lodge on periodic visits, Mr. Nixon averted any Senate fight over the confirma-



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THE VATICAN

tion needed for an ambassador or personal representative accredited to the Holy See, and the President sidestepped the controversial question of diplomatic recognition.

Mini-schism

Hostility to Pope Paul's policies has not been restricted to the hierarchical level of Cardinal Suenens. He has encountered comparable trouble in trying to cool the fires of rebellion among many priests. The case of Don Enzo Mazzi, a forty-two-year-old slight, wiry ecclesiastic, is more troubling to the Vatican than most breaches of discipline because it has occurred so close to home.

For more than a year and a half now, Don Mazzi, defying his bishop and the Pope's deputies, has persisted in leading a minuscule schismatic movement in the city of Florence. It started when he published a catechism that was objectionable to the Archbishop of Florence, Cardinal Florit. It is a document of social protest as much as of religious instruction, depicting true Roman Catholicism as a Church of the poor deployed against the rich. Like the more notorious Dutch catechism, Don Mazzi's is hostile to the hierarchy—the bishops, the cardinals, and by implication the Pope himself—regarding them as self-serving bureaucrats who get in the way of direct contact between the people and God. The anti-Establishment priest has a natural appeal for many of his parishioners in the working-class neighborhood of Isolotto, who regularly give the Communist Party a large majority in elections.

When Don Mazzi refused to withdraw the catechism, Cardinal Florit dismissed him from his parish church of Our Lady of Grace. One thousand or so people of the parish periodically carry protest placards to the steps of Florence's exquisite fifteenth-century cathedral. These processions, strangely and intentionally silent to demonstrate more sorrow than anger at the cardinal's rejection of the priest, have failed to soften the archbishop's attitude.

On a visit to Don Mazzi, I found him constantly in the company of a coterie of radical young students and

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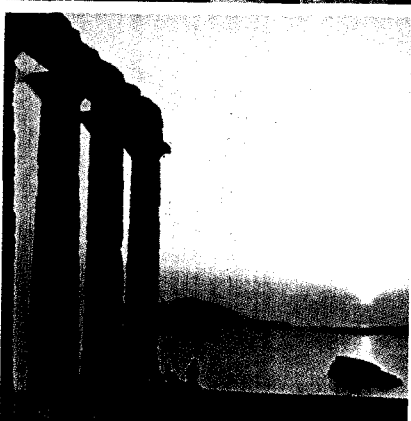
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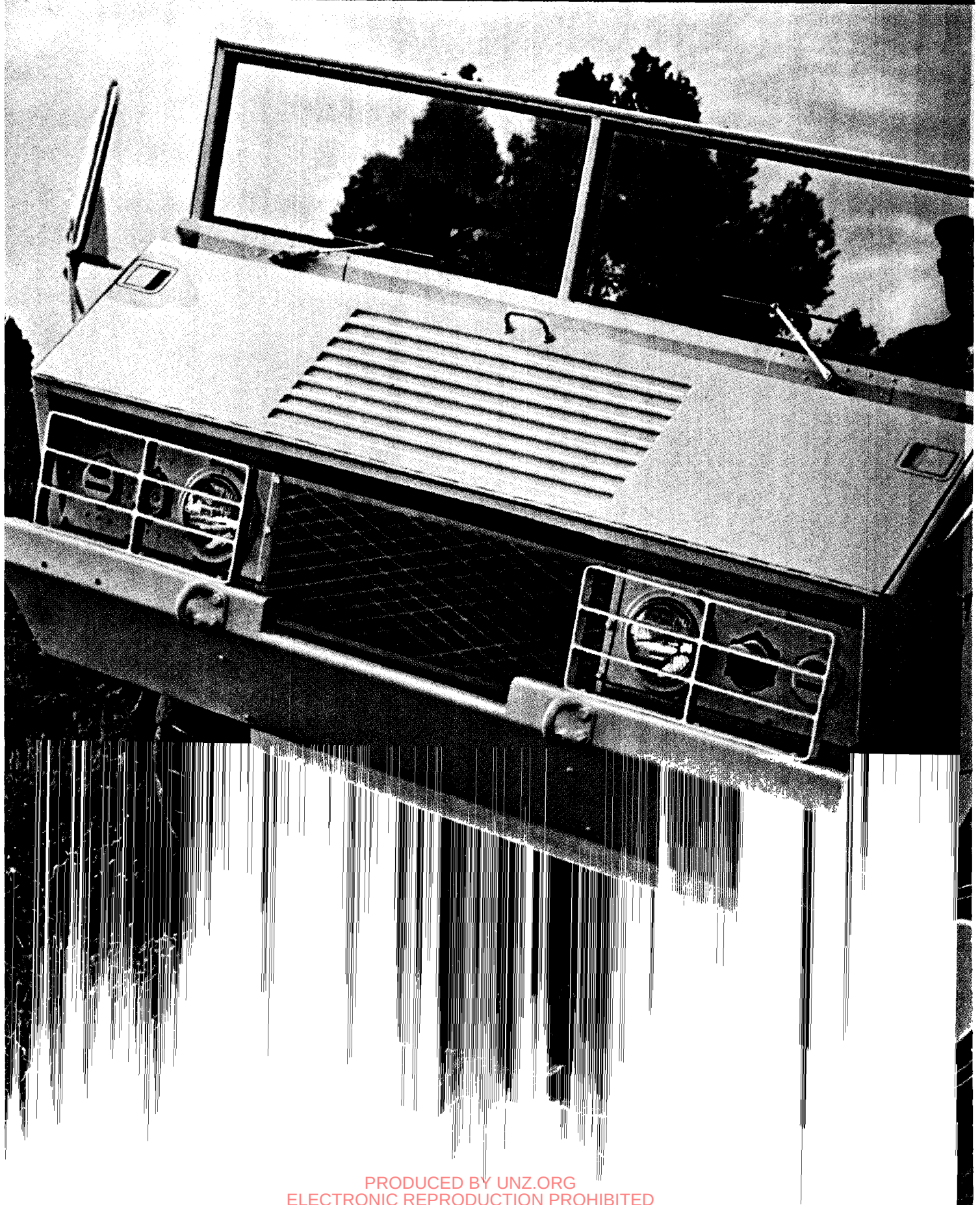
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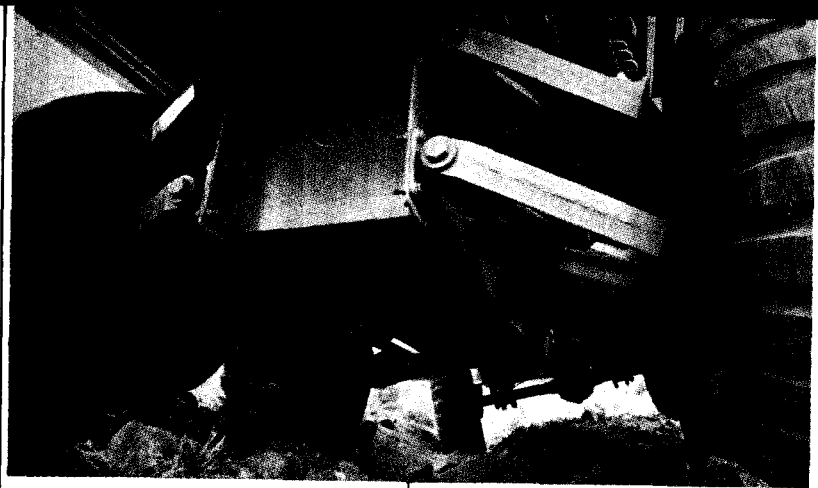
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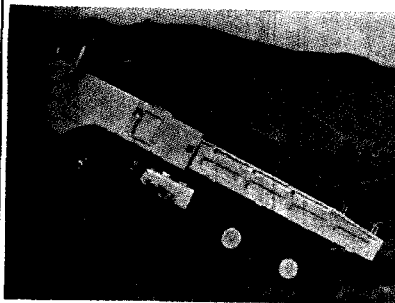
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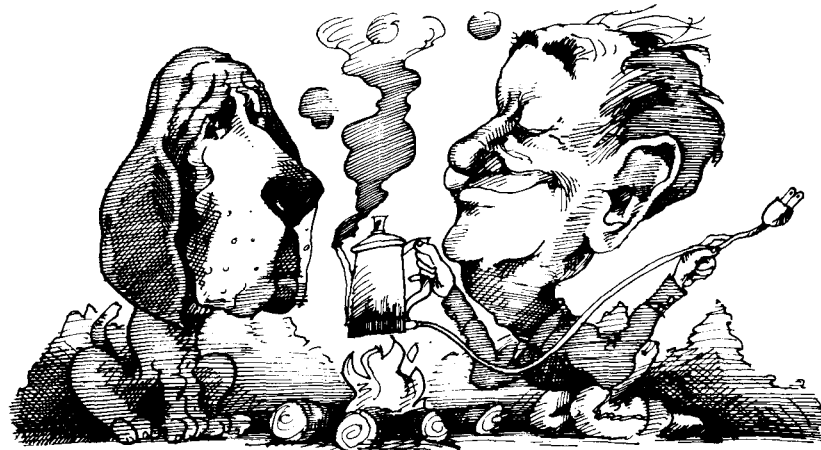
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workers, who form a chaperoning committee around the quiet-voiced priest. No action is taken without their concurrence and no public statement issued without their collaboration. The young counselors sat around the table with us and helped compose Don Mazzi's replies to my questions. They reject the concept that a priest is ordained to teach and administer the sacraments for the community and instead see Don Mazzi not as their leader, but as their delegate within the Church. It is difficult for the onlooker to sense whether Don Mazzi agrees with this thesis of total democracy in a church community or whether his originally sincere protest movement has been captured by stronger personalities.

In any event, denied use of a church building and suspended from his functions as a priest, Don Mazzi continues to hear confessions, to visit the sick and administer the sacrament of Extreme Unction to the dying, and to celebrate Mass and distribute Holy Communion—in a piazza. He circumvents the ticklish question of the legality of marriage performed by a suspended priest in an artful way: a couple whom he joins in matrimony is also married at the Civil Registry, even though this is not a valid marriage in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church.

Both the Vatican and Cardinal Florit have refrained from calling for police action against Don Mazzi, which is possible under Italian law. This might provoke repercussions more unpleasant than the rebellion itself.

On an issue larger than the parish mutiny, divorce, the Vatican has shown itself ready to risk repercussions. The Italian Parliament's imminent passage of a bill permitting divorce in Italy for the first time caused Pope Paul to abandon the policy he had inherited from John XXIII of keeping the Vatican out of Italian politics. Paul's secretary of state wrote a letter to the Italian Foreign Ministry expressing objections to a divorce bill that was awaiting a final vote in the Senate, claiming it to be a violation of the concordat existing between the Holy See and the Italian government. That treaty had the effect of per-

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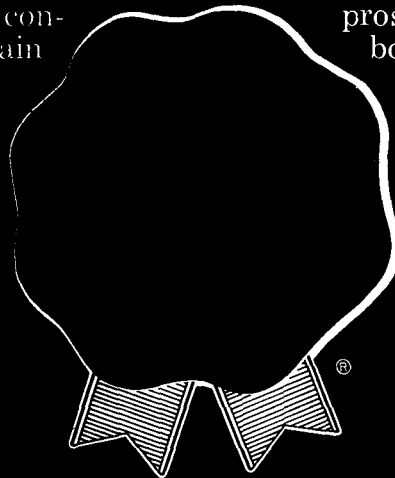
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petuating the ban on divorce in Italy.

The Vatican note set off a storm. Politicians outside the Church-affiliated Christian Democratic Party denounced it as intolerable interference in Italy's domestic politics. The controversy accentuated the cleavage in the Italian coalition government: the Christian Democrats oppose divorce; the two Socialist parties favor it.

Seldom in recent times had the Church and its affiliated organs been so openly active in Italian politics as during the recent election of regional parliaments. Young members of the national Catholic Action, a lay organization with ecclesiastical advisers, distributed leaflets on street corners. They put up posters with the word *DIVORZIO* across the top; the V in "divorce" was enlarged into a great wedge splitting a home in two. At the bottom was the warning *VOTA BENE*, "Vote Well." Priests devoted Sunday sermons to warning that divorce would destroy the Italian family, the core of the nation's social stability, and would invite the evils of drugs and delinquency.

The election results yielded no conclusive evidence of how effective this sort of campaign had been. The Christian Democrats won about 38 percent of the vote, almost precisely the same as their total at the last national election. Neither did the ballot count provide a sure clue to what the results might be in a national referendum which is to follow parliamentary enactment of divorce laws.

The unabashed presence of the Vatican in the campaign increased the already considerable pressure from many sides for revision of the Lateran Pact. Some critics within the Church suggest that the treaty be scrapped altogether. They argue that the pact is of questionable validity since it was signed by a fascist dictator, Benito Mussolini, and by a representative of Pope Pius XI, an authoritarian in his own right, who was not overly mindful of individual liberty.

In a spectrum of opinion there is much agreement that it is a treaty full of anachronisms, injustices, and special privilege. Many articles are in open contradiction to Italy's post-

World War II constitution. Christian Democrats realize that renegotiation of parts of the concordat is the price for holding together their government coalition with the two Socialist parties. Pope Paul expresses willingness to discuss revisions.

Pope Hamlet?

The question is: How much is the Pope prepared to give up? The consensus is that he won't, and in the present climate, can't, give up very much. A diplomat assigned to Vatican affairs explains, "The Church is, after all, an Italian institution. Its headquarters are in Italy. This is the native land of a substantial part of the Curia and of the Pope himself. The Church is still basically run by Italians. They feel that if they can't retain the concordat substantially as is in Italy, then they can't hold on to anything anywhere. With things collapsing on them elsewhere, it becomes especially important to win this. Furthermore, they are fearful of opening the door to similar unilateral demands for revisions by the other countries with which the Vatican has concordats."

The Holy See will cling tenaciously to some provisions of the treaty. Vatican property enjoys exemption from taxes. Priests, monks, and seminarians are exempt from military and jury duty. More important, in the concordat Italy acknowledged "the sacred character of the Eternal City" and promised "to prevent in Rome anything which may be in contrast to said character." The documents add that "offenses and public insults committed on Italian territory against the person of the Supreme Pontiff, by deeds or writings," are punishable. Newspapers are thus censored in comment on the Pope, Italians are under constraint in anti-Church demonstrations, and plays like *The Deputy* are prevented by police from opening.

The pervasiveness of the Church in Italian political life is partly due to the Lateran treaty. Roman Catholicism was designated as "the sole State religion" (although, in a different spirit, the present constitution guarantees all persons the right to profess freely any faith). The state recognizes holidays established by the Church (of Italy's twenty legal holidays each year, more than half are of a religious nature. Military

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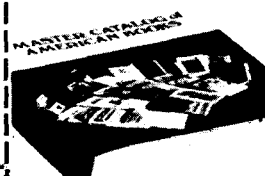
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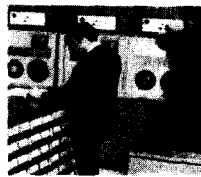
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duties must not prevent Italian soldiers from fulfillment of religious obligations. The wearing of ecclesiastical habit without authority is a crime on a par with illegal use of the military uniform. The teaching of Roman Catholicism is mandatory in all public school grades, and the instructors and books must be approved by Church authorities.

Pope Paul's resistance to his critics, detractors, and opponents show him to be a man who will not yield easily on adjustments to the Lateran Pact. The seventy-two-year-old Pope is variously represented as an aimless leader, an indecisive Hamlet (an epithet once applied to him by Pope John), a defeated man who finds solace in his ruling on retirement of bishops, which would enable him to retire with some grace at the age of seventy-five.

In truth he may be none of these, but rather a determined person who has dedicated his pontificate, at all costs, to the task of preventing the drowning of doctrine in a flood of suspect ideas and innovations. The burden weighs heavily; there is truth in the latest pun that *Paolo Sesto* (Paul the Sixth) should really be called *Paolo Mesto* (Paul the Sad).

—IRVING R. LEVINE

PESTICIDES

In the eight years since *Silent Spring* was published, Rachel Carson's warnings about DDT as a universal contaminant have been vindicated by scientists on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. A number of nations (including Russia) have banned this chemical insecticide, and at the end of 1969, the American public concluded that an imminent ban on DDT was assured in this country as well. But such was not the case.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture announced in November of last year that it was "canceling" the registration of DDT for certain purposes, including use on tobacco, shade trees, aquatic environments, and around the home. Under the complex federal pesticide regulations, however, such a cancellation provides the manufacturer with an appeal procedure that may take several years to complete. DDT's leading manufacturers have already embarked on an appeal. Conserva-

tionists argue that if USDA were really serious about restricting DDT, it would have resorted to an alternative procedure, "suspending" DDT's use until the appeals procedure definitely established the extent of the pesticide's hazard. Conservation organizations are now in court seeking a suspension of DDT's sales. But unless they succeed, the United States is likely to remain for some time in the position of permitting the use of a suspected carcinogen in the open environment.

The appearance of DDT during World War II seemed to offer a solution to the pest-control problem that had plagued man for ages. It was developed as a pesticide from an old formula by the Swiss chemist Dr. Paul Mueller, and named for the first letters of its complex components, *dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane*. During the war it worked wonders in smothering large-scale attacks of typhus and malaria. In 1948 Mueller was awarded a Nobel Prize in chemistry for his work on DDT.

Competent scientists were confused at first by DDT's special assets, which served to mask its defects. Its persistence, in fact, seemed to be a blessing (or at least a convenience) for the farmer or forester who could get by with only an occasional application of it to his crops.

At the same time, in small doses, DDT seemed to be relatively harmless to living things aside from insects. Few birds, fish, or mammals are killed outright by DDT, if it is used with restraint, in contrast to the effect of age-old pesticides such as arsenic. DDT and its chemical relatives also have a remarkably good safety record among people who work with them. The tragedies we hear of among farm workers, and even among children who find and swallow pesticides, are usually caused by the nonpersistent yet highly toxic varieties.

But the chemists made a fundamental mistake when they turned loose in the world, without adequate tests, a poisonous substance. Instead of pursuing alternate methods of cultural and biological controls which attack only pest insects, the chemists took the line of least resistance pointed out by DDT. They formulated similar chemicals, close relatives to DDT, but many times more toxic. These newer persistent

pesticides include aldrin, dieldrin, endrin, chlordane and heptachlor—substances which do not break down in the environment for many years. No one is quite sure even today exactly how they kill, but they are known to affect the central nervous system.

Bad trip

DDT and its chemical relatives work in an insidious way. Many small organisms ingest them in minute amounts without harm, storing them in their tissues. This innocuous start sets off a poisonous train of events; it is this sort of process which has caused communities to lose, for example, their robins. Here is how it works:

A local park department sprays its trees with DDT to control certain insects. The leaves, still carrying residues of DDT, eventually fall to the ground, where they are eaten by earthworms. The earthworms are among the smaller organisms not particularly vulnerable to DDT. They concentrate large quantities of the poison in their tissues. Later robins feed on the DDT-laden earthworms, building up residues in their own bodies until they reach fatal level.

Even more insidious are DDT's effects on reproduction. Once more, birds serve as a frightening example of how these poisons work. DDT poisoning contributes to the increased production of liver enzymes, leading to the breakdown of estrogen in a bird's body. Since estrogen helps to mobilize calcium, one result is the production of eggshells deficient in calcium. Thinner, more fragile shells become the norm.

In California, pelicans now crush their eggs simply by sitting on them in the nest. Other large birds, such as hawks and eagles, produce eggshells which are too thin to protect the embryo. Scientists fear that many of our most magnificent birds, including the bald eagle and the peregrine falcon, may be wiped out in the United States within a few years.

And what of the effect of these poisons on human health? DDT causes cancer in laboratory rodents and in trout. Though scientists are not yet willing to extrapolate these results to man, they do urge great caution.

Pesticide residues have been de-

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PESTICIDES

tected in unborn babies and in mother's milk. DDT levels in mother's milk ingested by American infants average four times the maximum daily intake recommended by the Food and Drug Administration. And these levels are five times the DDT content permitted in the interstate shipment of cow's milk. It is a measure of our degraded environment that some doctors suggest infants should no longer drink their mother's milk.

Teratology, the study of birth defects, is concentrating increasingly on the role that chemicals play in the fact that 7 percent of all babies born alive today suffer from some defect. Doctors warn women not to spray their rooms with pesticides during pregnancy.

In a sea

We live in a sea of pesticides. Less than half of the chemicals sprayed from planes reach their target crops. The rest remains suspended as particles in the air, to be blown about at the wind's will. Samples of air from even such large industrial cities as Pittsburgh contain DDT. These airborne-pesticide levels increase in towns and cities adjacent to heavily sprayed farmlands or in areas where pesticides are manufactured.

Among farmers, as among the general population, the whole story of long-term effects of exposure to pesticides is not yet known. But more intensive study of the pilots who fly crop-dusting planes has turned up information. Their lengthy exposure to even nonpersistent pesticides brings on mental disturbances of considerable duration. The Federal Aviation Agency reports that "recovery from schizophrenic and depressive symptoms requires from six to twelve months following removal from further contact with toxic agents."

The planes we fly in, the theaters we visit, often are sprayed regularly with persistent pesticides. Pesticides are added to our clothes by dry cleaners. The rugs we buy have been treated with long-lasting pesticides by the manufacturers. The food we eat contains pesticide residues—what former Interior Secretary Stewart L.

Udall has called "the uninvited additive." Since persistent pesticides are fat soluble, they are most often retained in the fatty parts of animals or in oily fish. Fish oils, including that of tuna, and even refined cod liver oil, contain especially high pesticide residues. Similarly high residues caused many cases of Lake Michigan salmon to be taken off the market.

Another study that uncovered important data was carried out by scientists at the University of Miami. Terminal cancer patients were shown to have a far higher pesticide content in their tissues than victims of natural deaths. Interviews with the former's next of kin revealed that almost invariably they had been heavy users of pesticides around the house and garden. Like many other Americans, they had treated these dangerous poisons as casually as if they were cough drops.

These data are consistent with the belief that pesticides inhaled or absorbed through the skin cause far more damage than those we ingest with our food. Despite warnings by the Public Health Service and the American Medical Association that they may be hazardous to health, the U.S. Department of Agriculture until recently authorized the use of vaporizing devices to kill insects in restaurants and other public places. These devices often contain lindane, one of the persistent pesticides. Several manufacturers have filed appeals against USDA's decision to cancel the registration of their lindane vaporizers.

Even more serious doubts were raised recently about "no-pest" strips which are widely sold for use in the home. These paper strips, when hung in a room, release pesticide vapors to the atmosphere. The Public Health Service has disapproved of one of these products for home use, Vapona, which is manufactured by the Shell Chemical Company. PHS insists that the residues could contaminate food and be harmful to infants and elderly persons.

Yet these products are still registered for home use by the Department of Agriculture. Congressional hearings in 1969 disclosed that employees of Shell, acting simultaneously as consultants for the Department of Agriculture, testified to the safety of these strips. Under a recent ruling, labels on the "no-pest" strips

must carry this warning: "Do not use in nurseries or rooms where infants, ill or aged persons are confined."

Killers

Even before the government said it planned to phase out most uses of DDT, its importance had declined. According to a recent chemical trade magazine: "DDT's marketing problems began in earnest with the publication of the late Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. In '57 the U.S. Department of Agriculture sprayed 4.9 million acres with pesticide; in '67, USDA sprayed only 100,000 acres with it. Last year the figure was zero."

Nevertheless, in 1969, 120 million pounds of DDT were produced in the United States; only 20 million pounds were used domestically, the rest exported. (DDT, moving freely in the environment, is, of course, returned to us in the world-circling currents of sea and air.) Meanwhile, DDT's more potent relatives—dieldrin, endrin, and the others—are manufactured in ever-increasing amounts.

What other chemicals, besides its relatives, are replacing DDT? Here the picture is a little brighter, but still hazardous. Many of the less persistent pesticides, such as parathion, do not exhibit DDT's long-term effects, but they are extremely toxic to all kinds of life, including human life. It is little wonder, since they are closely related to the deadly nerve gases synthesized by German scientists during World War II. Carelessly used, they can and do kill farm workers both here and abroad. The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee has sought to outlaw their use.

Until very recently, the most widely used chemical weed-killers were thought to be harmless to human beings when applied as directed. But doubts have arisen since the discovery that the herbicide 2,4, 5-T, forty million pounds of which have been used in Vietnam as a defoliant, causes birth defects in animals, and consequently may be a hazard to pregnant women. The federal government has taken steps to prohibit its sale for use around the home, although it is still widely available in retail stores.

Recent research in Sweden proves that the use of mercury as a fungi-

cide on cereal seeds presents enormous hazards to wildlife. Ultimately, scientists fear, its hazard to human beings may prove equally great. The Swedes solved their problem by banning the use of one extremely pervasive compound, methylmercury, and shipping it to the United States, where it is now used to treat wheat seed.

The chemical industry has challenged HEW's order to phase out DDT. The federal government has taken no vigorous steps against the other persistent pesticides. Clearly, the end of the contamination is not in sight.

—FRANK GRAHAM, JR.

STUDENTS IN FRANCE

The two days of street fighting in the Latin Quarter last May seemed shabby compared with the 1968 student rebellion that nearly brought down the Fifth Republic. But they did remind France, if France needed another reminder, that the spirit of "May 68," as the rebellion was called, is not dead.

Violence has been rebuilding gradually in universities and occasionally in factories. Last fall, students began their first regular year of classes since the rebellion, and Nanterre—the university outside Paris where the 1968 revolt began—became the center of agitation again. In March students fought bloody battles there with police, and lesser violence broke out at many of France's sixty-two other campuses. In the beginning of May, a wave of bombings began in Paris and the center of the country. The weekly *Nouvel Observateur* wrote that France appeared to be on the brink of civil war, and President Georges Pompidou was forced to reassure his countrymen that "the revolution is not at the gates."

Although no one was charged, it was clear that the blame for the new violence rested mainly with a group of students and young workers called the Gauche Proletarienne (Proletarian Left, or GP), a Leninist-style organization founded at the end of 1969 by some former leaders of the 1968 rebellion. The government arrested two successive directors of the group's newspaper, *La Cause du*

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STUDENTS IN FRANCE

Peuple—Jean-Pierre LeDantec and Michel LeBris—in March and April and accused them of publishing articles that encouraged murder and threatened the security of the state. Actually, as an editorial in the daily *Le Monde* pointed out, the language of the articles was no more violent than that of the "Marseillaise." On May 27, the directors went on trial in Paris with a third and unarrestable director, Jean-Paul Sartre, testifying in their behalf. The rest of the GP took to the streets with cries of "*Libérons LeDantec et LeBris!*" Fewer than 2000 of them fought 8000 riot-equipped police for forty-eight hours near the new Faculty of Sciences complex, ten blocks from the Sorbonne. The mass of students, however, did not join in. It was too late in May this time, too close to exams. The fighting also lacked a university-oriented "cause," and the police were out in force from the start. For the GP, it was simply a matter of bad timing.

The morning after the fighting began, the judge shocked even the prosecutor by sentencing LeDantec to a term of one year in prison, and LeBris to eight months. The Minister of the Interior banned the GP, calling it part of an "international conspiracy," and ordered the arrest of its best-known leader, Alain Geismar, a thirty-two-year-old physics professor.

The violence of the past year should not have been surprising. Conditions in universities and factories have barely changed since the 1968 revolt. The university reforms proposed by former Education Minister Edgar Faure in the summer of 1968 have, for the most part, failed. Conditions of poverty are visible, especially among the Algerian, black African, and Portuguese immigrants who make up one fourth of France's labor force. The government's only notable achievement has been its security policy—streets filled with police, an anti-riot bill passed, leftist newspapers seized, demonstrations banned.

The problem begins in the universities—where the 1968 revolt started, where the leftists are bred, and where they hold their base of power. While



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STUDENTS IN FRANCE

French students are probably less revolution-minded than the mass of American students (if only because they respect and study history more, and remember the bloody futility of the Paris Commune), they felt strongly enough about university reform to follow a small band of revolutionaries into the streets in 1968. If the timing is right, they are likely to do it again.

Scarce

The problem in the universities is nothing less than France's inability to accommodate industrialization. For the past 160 years, the universities have been turning out graduates with a rigid classical education—men with the background to be highly cultured lawyers, doctors, and teachers, but little else. It has been only recently that France needed anything else—technicians and businessmen. France produces some of the world's best upper-level technocrats at its *Grandes Ecoles* (a dozen or so special schools), but the country is starting to fall behind the rest of the Common Market in middle-level technicians and industrial experts.

The universities could be geared to produce the technicians, but entering students still favor liberal arts majors over science and business by three to one. As a result, there are not enough jobs to accommodate the students who want to be professionals, and at the same time not enough graduates to fill the technical ranks.

Part of the problem is in the professions themselves. Posts for lawyers, doctors, and teachers are limited by the government and by professional societies. Of the 25,000 students who entered medical school last year, only 6000 will receive posts when they graduate. From 1890 to 1970, the number of law students has increased twenty times but the number of law degrees only four times. Students who major in philosophy and sociology, which have recently become popular subjects, especially among leftists, have almost no chance of getting a job if they do not receive a teaching post.

In recent years, the job-scarcity

crisis has been compounded by an enrollment explosion in the universities—120,000 students in 1946; 200,000 in 1961; 640,000 today—the result of the postwar baby boom, increased prosperity, and a long tradition of guaranteed college entry for anyone who passes his *baccalauréat* examination at the end of high school.

The solution to the crisis is not so easy as it seems. Alain Peyrefitte, Faure's predecessor as Education Minister, threatened to impose a "selection" system to cut down the number of students and steer the others toward science. It was this threat that aroused the mass of students to follow the revolutionaries into the streets in 1968 with the cry of "Down with the selection!" Faure got the message. In his reforms, he rejected selection as "cruel, unjust, and dangerous." A tradition of 160 years makes French families believe that their children are entitled to join the ranks of the professional bourgeoisie when they pass their "bac." No French government is willing to challenge that tradition directly.

A kind of selection does exist: year-end examinations. Between one third and one half of the students fail their first year, and less than one fourth of the students who enter the university graduate. If their families are rich enough, the ones who fail hang around cafés or write. If not, they take jobs as clerks or salesmen. Such a class of unemployed and underemployed intellectuals was a powerful force in the French revolutions of 1789 and 1848. Almost every other industrial nation, including the United States, has a similar class. In France, it is larger and more volatile.

Hybrids

For the student revolutionaries, the formula of the past two years has been the same as in May, 1968: create turmoil on the campus, invite repression, fight back, and hope the rest of France joins in. They are convinced that the 1968 rebellion failed because there was no tightly knit organization to lead the way, and not enough workers were won over to the cause. The evolution in the student groups since the rebellion has been toward correcting those two deficiencies.

In May, 1968, the UNEF (Na-

tional Union of French Students) was the main student organization. It combined with highly political leftists from two separate schools. On one side were the Trotskyists and Maoists, most of them from families of intellectuals and labor leaders. They had broken with the Communist Party's youth organization because it was too moderate and stifling, but they were reasonable and scientific in their approach. On the other side were "situationists"—a small band of anarchists who believed the best way to start a revolution was by suggesting to students and workers that the power structure was phony, and that it could be defied. The situationists, who also called themselves "enragés," were the main force in the March 22 Movement, the 142 students who held the sit-in at Nanterre that started the 1968 rebellion.

The Trotskyist, Maoist, and situationist groups underwent important changes after May, 1968, while the UNEF became more moderate and faded from the scene. The Trotskyist *Ligue Communiste* now represents the right wing of the revolutionary spectrum. It has been essentially nonviolent and has concentrated its present efforts on winning working-class converts away from the Communist Party. Next comes the group associated with the Maoist journal, *L'Humanité Rouge*. It is similar to the "official" Maoist party in the United States, the Progressive Labor Party, but less powerful. Its members too are nonviolent for the time being and, like the Trotskyists, have denounced the "ultra-leftism" and "adventurism" of the *Gauche Proletarienne*. The GP calls itself "Maoist" but is better described as a hybrid of former Maoists and situationists, with an original ideology that bears only a slight resemblance to the thought of Mao Tse-tung. The GP is as fanatical as the American Weathermen, but its targets are universities and factories, not high schools. Its members have a physical and ideological toughness about them that is like that of the American Progressive Labor people, but their idols are "adventurists" like Che Guevara, the Black Panthers, the Arab commandos.

They are extremely serious about what they are doing. They believe that a revolutionary situation exists in France but that a direct armed



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STUDENTS IN FRANCE

confrontation today would be unwise. Alain Geismar, who was the head of a large teachers' union, revealed the GP strategy in a remarkable interview in *Nouvel Observateur*: "We do not take power one fine day, starting the attack with 1000 men and 1000 guns. The people will take power, but only when there will be millions of men in arms who will struggle for years. . . . We are convinced that a direct confrontation between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie can only lead to a bloody massacre of the popular forces, to a new Commune [the 1871 revolt in which 25,000 Parisians were killed]. This confrontation—a great part of the bourgeoisie desires it—is just the pit we must not fall into. How to avoid it? By engaging in a prolonged struggle, a popular war of very long duration. . . . In a modern country like France, we think the tactic of the popular guerrilla, actions of partisans—unarmed, then armed—is the only way that will permit us to shake and finally destroy bourgeois power. This will take time: ten years, twenty years, perhaps more."

The GP calls its movement the "New Resistance" and calls its commandos "partisans." In this analogy, French government leaders are the new Nazis, and factory owners the new collaborators. The GP's center of power is Nanterre, where its members are generally well-off philosophy and sociology students, who wear tight leather jackets and red scarves when they go into action. Last spring, the group managed what the French press called a "reign of terror" on the campus. Its members beat up other students, mainly Communist Party "revisos," in the halls. They took over a classroom and made it into a *crèche sauvage* (a day-care center for the children of local immigrant workers) with revolutionary slogans painted all over the walls. When right-wing students, who have been fairly well organized in France since the Algerian War, smashed the *crèche* over Easter vacation, GP members held the dean responsible, occupied and wrecked his office. The group has almost single-handedly forced the resignation of four deans in two years.

In the factories, the GP is not so strong, but it has an audience. It advocates sabotage and violent strikes and leans toward colorful stunts. The group recently organized workers at the huge Renault plant at Boulogne-Billancourt to refuse to pay their subway fares. GP commandos raided the Métro station at Passy, in one of the most fashionable districts of Paris, stole 30,000 subway tickets, and distributed them to workers. The most imaginative exploit was a raid on the gourmet food store, Fauchon, in the Place de la Madeleine. About a dozen GP members stole cartons of rich food and wine and distributed them to immigrant workers in Ivry and Nanterre.

In Jean-Luc Godard's film *La Chinoise*, which anticipated some of what happened in 1968, leftists sat and talked about revolution among themselves. Now GP members delight in violent adventure for its own sake and in "going to the people." They have little taste for the youth culture of rebellion, so popular in the United States. They see rock music and drugs as part of a conspiracy of bourgeois exploitation. Most of them have short hair, tight and thin faces. But like Weathermen, they seem to have prejudices about workers deriving from their own middle-class upbringing. The GP newspaper *La Cause du Peuple*, contains articles, poems, drawings that are childish. The kids think that is what appeals to workers. A sample:

Peugeot, your factories are covered
with dry wood!
You have wanted too much to play
with fire!
You will reap what you sow!
Too bad for your big houses.
Too bad for your offices.
Too bad for your hired thugs.
Too bad for you.
The better for us.

Front door

While the revolutionary left has grown more powerful in the past two years, the established left has grown weaker. The Communist Party (PCF), which was the largest party in France from the end of World War II until General de Gaulle came to power in 1958, today holds only 34 of the 487 seats in the National Assembly. The party lost 39 seats in the June, 1968, elections. The Socialists have 55 seats (against 118 before

May 68). The PSU (Unified Socialist Party—the party furthest to the left, closest to the students in May 68, and formerly led by Pierre Mendès-France) has only one representative in Parliament today. None of these parties has been able to recover from the 1968 whipping. The Gaullists, even without De Gaulle, are in total control now, with 287 votes in their own party and another 100 almost guaranteed from friendly centrists.

The Communists opposed the student uprising from the start. Their daily newspaper, *L'Humanité*, called the students "pseudo-revolutionaries" pursuing "political adventurism" (Cohn-Bendit called the PCF "Stalinist filth"). The party was quick to blame the defeat at the polls in 1968 on the revolutionary leftists. The Communists are convinced that they can take over the government of France through the front door, without a bloody revolution. Their main strength is the party-affiliated labor union, the CGT (General Confederation of Labor), France's largest union, with 2.3 million members out of a work force of 20 million. The CGT's membership is concentrated in France's giant automobile and aircraft factories. Two years ago in May, workers at several of these—notably the Renault works at Flins and Cléon and the Sud-Aviation plant at Nantes—went on strike in support of the student rebellion, occupying their factories and often locking up the managers. The CGT was able to gain control of the strikes, if only barely, when the issue changed from control of working conditions (and the overthrow of the government) to wages. At that point the revolutionaries were licked.

This year on May Day—the holiday when the Left traditionally shows its solidarity with a parade to the Place de la Bastille, the Communists made a great show of unity with the Socialists and their labor union, the CFDT (French Democratic Workers Confederation, with nearly one million members), but they treated the student leftists like scum. Burly CGT marshals shoved the moderate students of the UNEF toward the back of the line, and the revolutionary students brought up the rear. The route was lined with police, and the Communists tried to provoke them to attack with chants of "The rioters are in the rear! The

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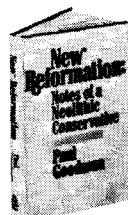
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rioters are in the rear!" At the Bastille, the Communists and Socialists disbanded quickly, leaving the students face-to-face with the riot police. Rock throwing, window breaking, and long chases ensued.

"One is compelled"

The current government is well prepared materially for another May 68, as it showed in the "petit Mai" this year. President Pompidou is convinced that the way to stop big rebellions is to make sure little rebellions do not get going. He took a much softer line two years ago and seems to regret it. The most massive intervention came last November, when a large Moratorium Day demonstration was planned near the U.S. Embassy in the Place de la Concorde. The government brought out 14,000 police in riot gear, and they began arresting people long before the demonstration was set to begin; even well-dressed middle-aged passersby taking their promenades were brought in. In the end, the police arrested 3491 people, including a large number of Americans. Only a few were charged with a specific crime. The others were held up to forty-eight hours under a French law of preventive detention.

In the past two years, Paris has been an armed camp. Rifle-carrying gendarmes are called out whenever there is a chance of a demonstration, even if it is not scheduled. Several busloads of police wait every day and night just off the major intersections of the Latin Quarter, to be there if something happens. The French police force now includes 16,000 mobile gendarmes and 14,000 CRS (Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité), riot police who were notoriously savage in May 68.

The latest weapon in the government's arsenal is a tough anti-riot law, enacted a week after last spring's fighting in the Latin Quarter. It introduces the doctrine of "collective responsibility" to French jurisprudence, makes leaders of demonstrations that get out of hand responsible for the violence that occurs, even if they do not commit violent acts themselves. After it was introduced, the bill provoked bitter criticism, even from moderates, and the government toned it down somewhat.

The French have a tradition of extralegal politics, and public opin-

ion on the government's law-and-order moves is ambiguous. Although a majority seems to favor the new anti-riot bill, a poll in the daily *Figaro* a week before the National Assembly vote showed that 41 percent agree with the statement "In our society, one is often compelled to demonstrate in order to defend his interests."

Violence in France continues despite the policy of rapid intervention, the vast numbers of police, and the brand-new law. Most of it is hit-and-run bombing or Molotov cocktail throwing, and it is impossible to prevent. Urban guerrillas can do great damage—a pipeline here, a power station there. Even government officials must look nostalgically on the days of May 68, when at least things were in the open, and everyone knew where everyone else stood.

—JAMES K. GLASSMAN

ZAMBIA

Professors in South Africa sometimes like to stand in front of a wall map and show a visitor the "natural" sphere of influence of their white supremacist country. Invariably, their pointers sweep as far as Zambia, locked inland with Rhodesia to its south, Angola to its west, and Mozambique and Malawi to its east. The professors' casual gesture suggests one of the dramatic conflicts in Africa—the struggle of black Zambia to free itself from the economic web of the white regimes in southern Africa.

Since gaining independence from Britain six years ago, Zambia has tried to turn from the South and reach the other black African nations. Psychologically, this has worked. Zambians talk and act as if their lines were all out to the rest of black Africa. Economically, at least so far, it has not worked. Zambia's four million people are still dependent on the white-ruled economies south of them. But this dependence has dwindled recently. The Zambians are trying to open new channels to black Africa. The most important is the thousand-mile railway that the Chinese Communists are building from the Zambian copperbelt to the Indian Ocean port of Dar es Salaam in Tanzania. The success of Zambia's drive to the North probably depends on three

factors: the strength of President Kenneth Kaunda, the health of the copper industry, and the acquiescence, no matter how reluctant, of white southern Africa.

Odd man

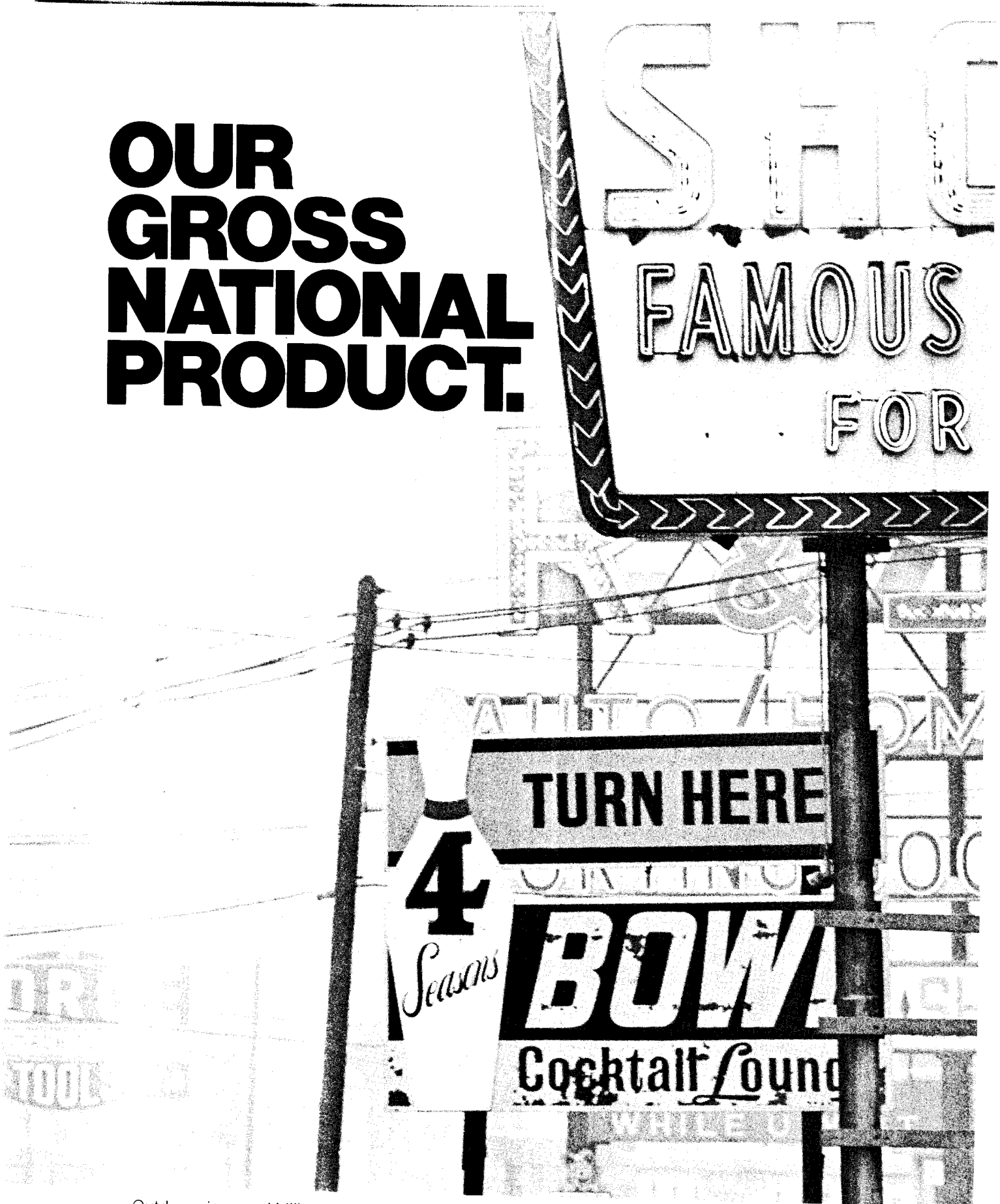
To South Africans, there is an inevitability about Zambia's staying in the web. Zambia, after all, used to be Northern Rhodesia, a partner with Rhodesia in the British Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Zambia shipped all its copper out through the railroads of Rhodesia and lived on Rhodesian and South African manufactured goods that came back the same way. Many of its 70,000 whites were South African, and they kept the mines going. The most important mining company was Anglo-American, which, despite its name, came from South Africa.

In the South African view, only the stubbornness of Kenneth Kaunda has kept Zambia from getting into line and doing what is natural and inevitable. In a recent broadcast, Radio South Africa said that ten countries naturally fall into the southern Africa regional development area: the white-ruled countries of South Africa, Southwest Africa, Angola, Mozambique, and Rhodesia, and the black-ruled countries of Botswana, Swaziland, Lesotho, Malawi, and Zambia. "Of these ten," the broadcast went on, "only Zambia has opted out." Yet, the broadcast said, the potential of this area is unlimited, "for as its dynamic development catalyst, there is South Africa. . . . It is for President Kaunda to choose whether he prefers to be the odd man out."

But in Zambia, the black leaders find it unthinkable that they should tie their destiny to white supremacist regimes. "I am an implacable foe of imperialism, colonialism, fascism, and inhuman treatment of God's creatures," Kaunda has said. He spent much of his early political career fighting the color bar in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and is quite willing now to be odd man out.

The move out has been intensified by Kaunda's anger over the unilateral declaration of independence (UDI) by the whites of Rhodesia five years ago and Britain's failure to do anything about it. At great cost, Zambia has tried to comply

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ZAMBIA

with as many UN sanctions against Rhodesia as it could.

But for almost every dollar's worth of Rhodesian goods Zambia has stopped buying, it has bought a dollar's worth of South African goods instead. The restaurants serve South African wines and cheese, and the patent medicine boxes detail the dosages in Afrikaans. Even after helping to persuade the UN Security Council to impose a total ban on commercial relations with Rhodesia, Zambia has continued to ship 40 percent of its copper out by Rhodesian railroads.

Zambia's militant rhetoric in the face of this reality suggests more hypocrisy than courage to some of its neighbors. President Hastings Kamuzu Banda of Malawi, who believes he has faced reality by opening diplomatic relations with South Africa, has said, "As for my critics in neighboring countries, I treat them with utter contempt, because they are physical and moral cowards and hypocrites. . . . While they are decrying South Africa, they are doing so on stomachs full of South African beef, mutton, and pork." Despite these contradictions, there is no doubt that Zambia is determined to break away. But it will take a good deal of time and trouble.

Copper is the biggest problem, for it accounts for 90 percent of Zambia's exports and 60 percent of government revenue. Zambia can not afford to delay its exports for the sake of principle. Rhodesian railways still take out 30,000 tons a month, carrying them to the ports of Portuguese Mozambique. Another 15,000 tons also depend on white Africa, freighted on the Benguela railroad, through the Congo and Portuguese Angola to the Atlantic coast. Only 25,000 tons move exclusively through black Africa, from the copperbelt through Tanzania to Dar es Salaam. The Zambians will not be able to divert all their copper through black Africa until the Chinese finish their \$300 million railroad sometime after 1975.

Two years ago, an Italian state corporation completed a gasoline pipeline that could pump 9000 barrels a day from Dar es Salaam to the copperbelt, more than enough for Zambia. Formerly Zambia relied on

Rhodesia for gasoline. But, as Zambia's economy expanded, the country began turning elsewhere for sources of supply. While Rhodesia and South Africa together still sell as much to Zambia as they did before, their share of the market has dropped. It was 60 percent in 1964 and only 30 percent last year. Zambia's imports have doubled in five years, and most of the new goods have come from Britain, the United States, Japan, Germany, and East Africa.

The record on trade is confused. Before UDI, Zambia went to Rhodesia for most of its imports. Zambia's only imports from Rhodesia now are coal and electricity, both vital to the copper industry. That dependence could lessen in the next year or two as coal deposits are developed in the new Maamba mines in Zambia and the Yugoslav government completes a hydroelectric dam on the Kafue River.

Compliance with UN sanctions has been costly to Zambia. Expensive transport has increased the cost of living by 40 percent or more in five years. Zambia has been forced to give up some development projects to spend money on coal mines, the pipeline, and other facilities it would not need if it were content to rely on the South. President Kaunda has said that sanctions against Rhodesia have cost Zambia \$84 million up to 1968. Had it not been for the high price of copper in recent years, Zambia could not have absorbed this loss.

This careful but determined pull away from dependence on the South reflects Kenneth Kaunda's personality. He is a man of contradictions, many emotions, hesitant leadership, and vague rhetoric. Yet he helps ensure stability in a country beset by petty tribal jealousies and squabbling. Without a leader like Kaunda, Zambia probably would not have moved away from white Africa even as much as it has. A more conservative man might have followed Banda and remained in the net. A more militant man might have provoked South Africa to retaliation.

Much of Kaunda's strength comes from his background. He was born forty-six years ago to a minister from Malawi assigned by the Church of Scotland to missionary work in the north of what is now Zambia. He grew up among the Bemba tribe, learning to speak their language be-

fore any other. The Bembas are about a fifth of Zambia's population, the largest, most aggressive, and most resented tribe in Zambia, and much of the country's political troubles center on them. The Bembas feel Kaunda understands them, and so do the people who dislike the Bembas. Coming from a Malawi family, he can stand above the Zambian tribal squabbling and use his influence to alleviate it. Yet, his credentials as a leader in the political maneuvering for Zambian independence are so good that no one dares call him an interloper.

His other assets are a sincerity and frankness that charm and disarm most who meet him. He is often accused of moving too slowly, but once he acts, most people are persuaded that he is right. He shows no sign of acting out of selfishness or spite.

Good as copper

Outsiders wonder whether Kaunda helped or hurt his country by nationalizing the copper industry. Zambia is the third largest producer in the world, behind only the United States and the Soviet Union. Without copper, Zambia would be just another cut of poor and sluggish African territory.

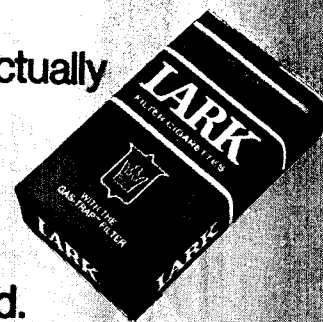
Some form of nationalization was probably inevitable. Until the first of this year, when the new decree went into effect, two foreign companies controlled the industry: South Africa's Anglo-American and Roan Selection Trust, owned mainly by Americans. This kind of foreign monopoly mocked independence, especially in a country striving for freedom of movement in southern Africa. When he announced the 51 percent take-over last August, Kaunda said, "Never again will we allow a group or groups of people to control completely the economic destiny of this nation."

So far, the change has made hardly any difference. The old executives still run things, for Kaunda gave the companies a lucrative management contract. At least for the next decade, private shareholders can expect dividends as big as or bigger than before, for the government must turn over most of its share of dividends to private shareholders to pay for the take-over. There has been grumbling about the value set by the govern-

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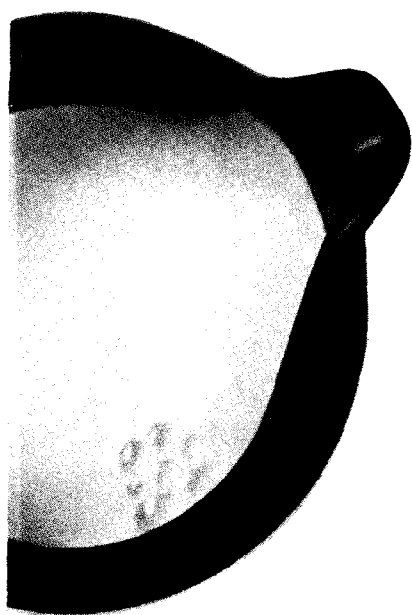
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Morning. Let's face it together.

ZAMBIA

ment for the assets of the companies —\$574 million. But profits have been so high that investors recovered their original capital long ago.

Ironically, though, Kaunda may have made himself more vulnerable to South Africa by the take-over. Zambia's ability to pay back the companies out of future profits depends on the price of copper staying high. Partly because of demand for copper arising from the war in Vietnam, copper averaged \$1500 a ton last year, reaching a high of \$1700 in December. A sudden slump in the price of copper below \$1000 a ton would make it difficult for the government to pay back what it has promised. Any reneging, especially to a South African company, would subject Zambia to intense pressure from the South.

In fact, South Africa could confound Zambia with kindness, offering economic assistance to lift it out of a financial morass. Would Zambia accept it? A few years ago, in an interview with British journalist Rich-

ard Hall, Kaunda was asked about the general idea of accepting South African aid at a time of economic crisis. "Honestly, I hope to God it does not happen," Kaunda replied. "It would be a really serious challenge . . . I would find it very, very difficult indeed to use South African money. I hope it would be the last money I would have to use on earth."

Nationalization may also have provoked trouble with Zambia's 50,000 black mine workers. They are the highest paid workers in Zambia, earning an average of \$1700 a year, twice the pay of the average factory worker, three times the pay of the average farm laborer, and twelve times what a subsistence farmer ekes out in an average year. An enormous gulf has grown between them and the rural folk, who receive little benefit from the rich copper revenue. Nationalization aroused the suspicion of the mine workers, particularly when Kaunda appointed several union leaders to the government-controlled board of directors of the mines. One director, David Mwila, president of the Mine Workers Un-

ion of Zambia, said in a recent interview that the black workers are "afraid that we will not be able to negotiate for wages effectively if we are board members." The mine workers fear that the government wants to hold back their wages and decrease the gap between them and the rest of the country.

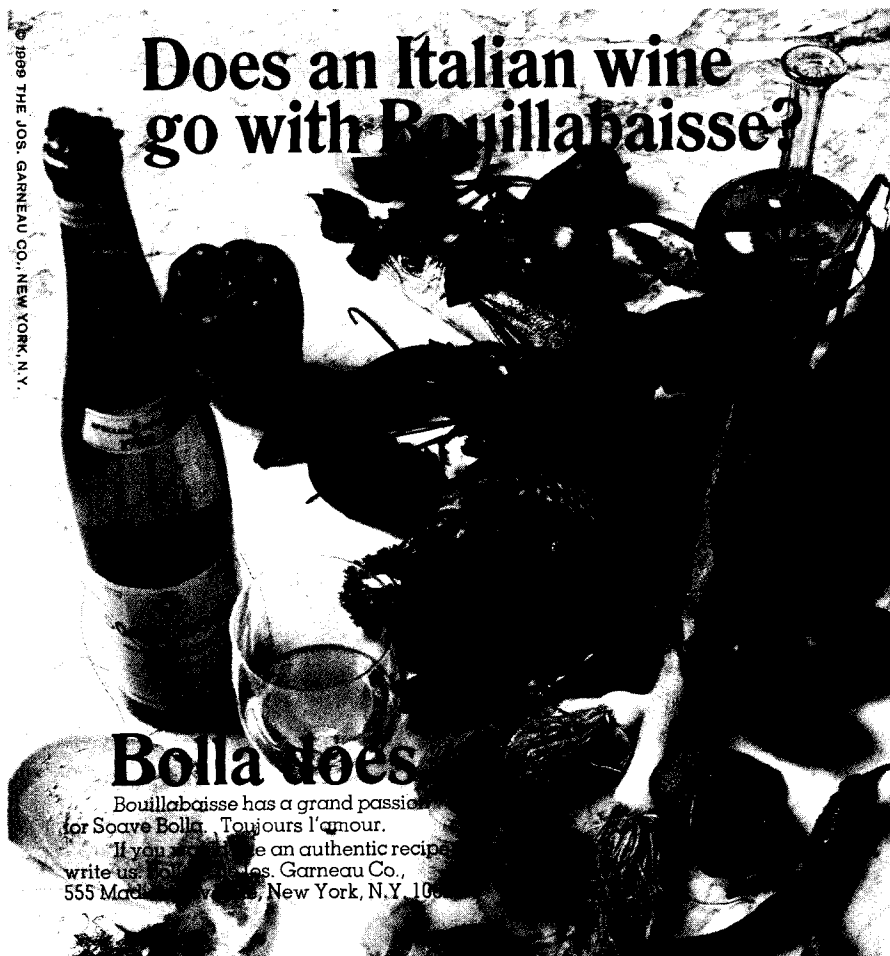
A strategic question hangs over Zambia that may make all the other considerations insignificant. Will the white southern regimes allow an economically independent and militantly black nationalist government to remain very long on their borders? The South Africans have a good intelligence network in Zambia, keeping an eye on the activities of the various guerrilla movements headquartered there. The Zambians also suspect that the South Africans spend money to influence voting and politics. More important, the Portuguese have retaliated against Zambia for harboring Mozambique freedom fighters. Several border villages were bombed by Portuguese planes and stormed by Portuguese soldiers last year.

The Zambians know they would be vulnerable if the white regimes decided it was time to punish them. That is why Kaunda is buying a number of British Rapier land-to-air missiles. It is also why the Zambian government limits the activities of the guerrilla organizations. They are allowed to headquarter in Zambia and even stage raids from there, but not to train there. When a guerrilla group attacked the Benguela railway in Angola, vital to Zambian copper exports, Kaunda kicked it out of the country. Nevertheless, if the guerrillas grow stronger, as they probably will, Zambia will become more exposed to the anger and retaliation of the white regimes of southern Africa. Breaking away might then turn out to be even more difficult than it is now.

—STANLEY MEISLER

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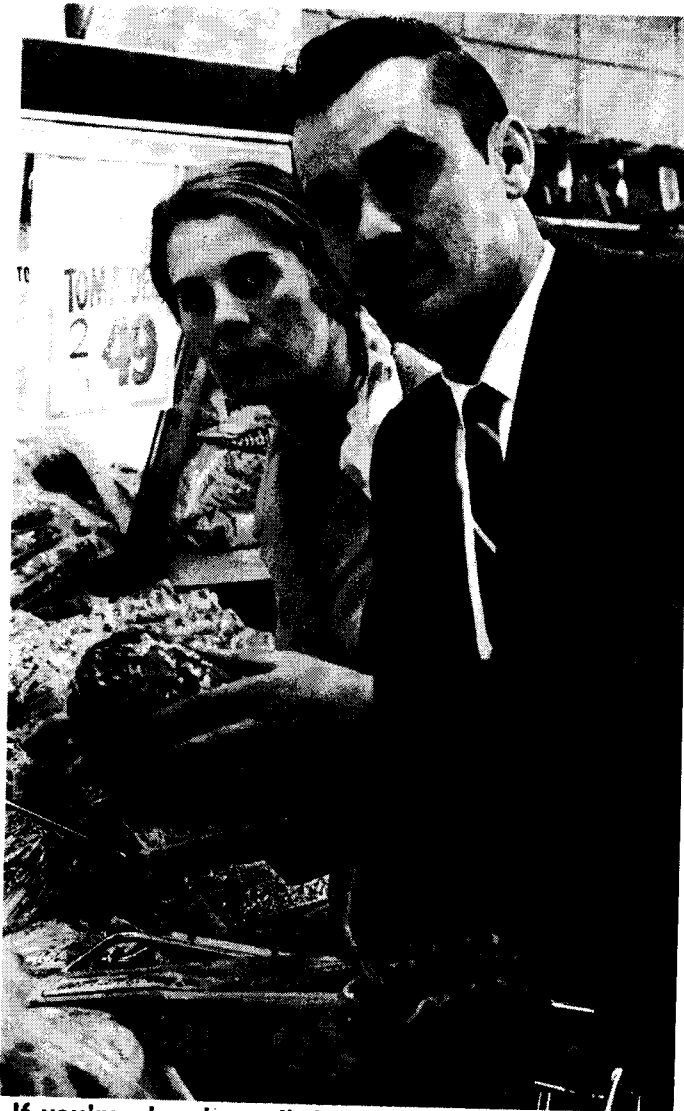
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REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Irving R. Levine, a correspondent for NBC News, is currently based in Rome. Frank Graham, Jr., is the author of *Since Silent Spring*. James K. Glassman is a young journalist traveling this year in Europe; his report "The SDS at Chicago" appeared in the December, 1969, *Atlantic*. Stanley Meisler writes from Africa for the Los Angeles *Times*.

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THE MAIL

Appraising Famous Writers

SIR: I spent ten months as an instructor at the Famous Writers School, subject of Jessica Mitford's article "Let Us Now Appraise Famous Writers" in the July *Atlantic*. The people with whom I worked were among the most generous, intelligent people I have ever known. The School treated them (and I assume still treats them) horribly.

These are highly skilled people who have spent years learning their craft. They are paid less than many unskilled workers; they are denied the respect due them as craftsmen, supervised as if in a nursery school, and continually discouraged from any originality or creativity in dealing with students.

Students are led to believe that each letter of criticism is personally written by the instructor. It is not. As the student has his notebook full of assignments, so the instructor has his notebook full of prewritten paragraphs, identified by number, for each assignment. After writing the opening paragraph, he consults this book and types out, not personal comments, but a series of numbers. Later, the paragraphs are written out in full by a computer-typewriter. The instructor closes the letter with another "personal" paragraph, including the grade. In some of the later lessons in the fiction course, which I taught, the instructor may write as much as two thirds of the letter, but the rest is canned paragraphs. If an instructor wants to write the entire letter, he must get permission from his supervisor—and few take the time to do so except for extraordinary students. I had two such students the entire time I was there.

The school may teach people to

read more intelligently. Possibly it teaches people that writing is not what the ads imply—a quick and easy way to financial success. None of this justifies the cynicism of Bennett Cerf and his colleagues, nor the lies and coercion by which the salesmen manage to make far more money than the instructors in their tiny offices beside the Saugatuck.

CECELIA HOLLAND
Pasadena, Calif.

SIR: Some years ago, as manuscript reader for a large literary agency, it was my pleasure to deal with an enormous accumulation of amateur manuscripts (perhaps thirty or so a day, all read and criticized for a fee), many of which were written by FWS graduates or students, many of which were submitted with the comment that their instructors had given them an "A" or a "B." These manuscripts not only were, without exception, totally unsalable, but showed not even a random insight into the principles of professional writing: they were inept, dreary, and dull, and caused at least one reader to suspect that FWS was not only not teaching people, it was in most cases making them *worse*—because the school deals, at the heart, in the kind of market criteria which have not been functional since the 1930s. Confused by literary writing, ignorant (or professedly ignorant) of pornography, unaware of paperback, the FWS might ideally teach an ideal student to sell the Sunday supplements of local newspapers of a decade or so back.

The fraud, in short, does not end (but truly begins) at the point of enrollment. We fee readers at this large literary agency had a rationalization which enabled us to live with ourselves at night: we concluded that

anyone who was so ignorant, arrogant, stupid, and inept as to be involved in this kind of thing in the first place deserved everything that came to him, and in the bargain these people were cluttering up the markets for the professionals and making it harder than ever for an unsolicited manuscript of promise to get a fair reading.

BARRY N. MALZBERG
New York City

SIR: As articles editor of a well-established (and high-paying) monthly travel magazine, I find the results of the Famous Writers School's overpromotion and underachievement crossing my desk with depressing regularity.

Dwight Macdonald once noted as one of the great fallacies of democracy the idea that anyone can write; and the pile of useless, half-baked, and often illiterate material that inundates the desk of any editor listed in writers' market publications bears him out. All too frequently the authors of this nonsense claim proudly that they have taken the Famous Writers course. I do my best to keep an open mind on submissions, but have come to regard it as axiomatic that any material accompanied by this boast will be unacceptable.

JOHN F. BAKER
New York City

SIR: As a shirt-sleeved instructor of the Famous Writers School for over four years—not one of the Guiding Faculty—I was amused by Jessica Mitford's cursory and naïve appraisal in your July issue of our teaching methods here at FWS. Here are the cold, hard facts, briefly.

Fifty-five writing instructors arrive here at 8:30 A.M., five days a week, work until 12, and take one hour for

lunch—no Madison Avenue soirees. We then work until 4:30 P.M., and some of us much longer than that. During that time, we edit, appraise, and evaluate the work of six to eight students, and write one-to-two-page letters commenting on their work in depth. If the situation calls for it, we may spend as long as three hours on one student's work. Can the same application and dedication be said for the faculty of any university in the United States that offers writing courses?

Sometimes we find a spark of creativity in the crude writing of a foundry worker in Gary, Indiana, a young GI just back from Vietnam who wants to write about his experiences, or a septuagenarian in a rest home outside Tulsa who thinks his adventures in Alaska are worth recording for posterity. We may not be able, through editing and constructively critical marginal comments on the manuscript, to make great writers of these people, but we can correct grammatical errors, spelling, punctuation, and point the way toward better communication. This is all we promise to do, and we work pretty hard at it.

JACK SHARP
Westport, Conn.

SIR: I enrolled in FWS one year ago this month. I have not had anything published. What am I receiving for my \$900? I look out on a beautiful Montana scene of mountain grandeur, and I see green of various colors and hues. Yes, I see apple green, chartreuse, emerald, fir green, glaucous green, aquamarine, etc. Right out of my *Roget's Thesaurus*. I didn't own one before I started the course. Now I *listen* to people converse, and I remember and *write down* interesting and picturesque comments.

The other day I was driving through the Gallatin Gateway Canyon (the area of Chet Huntley's project), and the young lady with me said, "Isn't that a beautiful scene, it's almost pretty enough to be a beer commercial." Before I became aware of writing, I would have answered, "uh" and forgotten about it. I have learned to observe the beauty of a robin sounding the earth for its morning breakfast, the flickering gold of the sun announcing daylight on a mountain lake, and the flaming caldrons of red.

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This week's perfect gin and tonic secret.

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pink, and orange in a Montana sunset. I have relearned to read. Robert Frost has come alive for me, and as Walt Whitman says, I shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through eyes of the dead.

How in heaven's name could anyone from a community tucked away in Montana find information unobtrusively tucked away in the Life-long Learning Bulletin of the University of California Extension at Berkeley. We conservative, backwoods, short-haired Montanans envision Berkeley as a place of mad, long-haired bank-burners ready to blow up the library.

The FWS course is highly personalized, and it gives you the feeling of professionalism. I like good old Bennett sitting there with his *What's My Line?* manner, looking over my shoulder. He was always a favorite of mine; and I particularly like my last instructor, who said, "I think you have a fine future as a writer." I would certainly be naïve if I took those words literally and expected to wake up the next morning as Rod Serling.

JOHN A. DOWDALL
Helena, Mont.

SIR: Jessica Mitford mentioned the sizable—and growing—financial holdings of the Famous Schools, but did not mention the type of financial arrangements they impose on their students to make this possible. A newly enrolled writing student agrees, by signing a bank note to the First New Haven National Bank, to borrow, in advance, the *entire* amount of the course: \$873. This note he is required to repay to the bank every month for two years at the rate of \$36.38, including 15 percent interest on the loan. Since few students can submit more than one assignment every two months (because the "instructors" take three or more weeks to return them), the average amount charged for criticizing one piece of work is \$73.

Let me add, as a personal note, that although my account (I was one of their dupes!) is fully paid and up to date, I have recently received a note threatening to turn my account over to a collection agency. Repeated phone calls to Mr. Arthur Walkley, supposedly in charge of student finances, brought the crisp response from his secretary: "Is this a student?

Oh. I'm sorry, Mr. Walkley isn't in; I don't know when he'll be back. No, he won't return the call." Asked to transfer the call to Mr. Arthur Burns, the signee of the threatening note, she immediately replied, "I'm sorry, Operator, Mr. Burns isn't available either."

(Mrs.) T. F. ZEHPFENNIG
Wayland, Mass.

SIR: I am one of those poor "gullible" people who fell for a very hard but highly polished hard sell, served with just the right amount of flattery to get you to buy. I was promised I could try out the Famous Writers Course for six months, and if I found I did not have time to continue it or if I lost interest, all I had to do was notify the school and I would be released of all obligation. Well, I did change my mind, and I have been trying to get released for several months now. To date I have paid \$319 for this course and have never sent in even the first article. June 2, 1970, I received a letter from Edward L. Hayes saying I must pay \$479.18 for nothing.

ROBERTA C. BIRCH
Jacksonville, Fla.

SIR: The article "Let Us Now Appraise Famous Writers" by Jessica Mitford in your July issue is riddled with error and innuendo, and is composed of half-truths, statements taken out of context, and similar material. It is unfortunate that *Atlantic* refused our invitation to send an editor to our offices to verify the facts. The result is an article which contains at least twenty-three errors in fact or in misrepresentation, according to our latest count.

Members of the Famous Writers School Guiding Faculty were either quoted out of context or not quoted at all when they spoke positively about the School. Miss Mitford's article is principally based upon a 1965 *Fact* magazine piece. Her allegations center around the School's dealing with two former students.

The first involves a seventy-two-year-old woman from Oakland, California.

1. It was stated that "a salesman had charmed his way into her home." In fact, the lady had submitted not one, but two requests to receive information about the School. In addition, upon enrollment, she had signed a statement

which we require from potential students seventy years of age or older, acknowledging that she was not taking the course for career opportunities.

2. It was stated that the Oakland lawyer who told Jessica Mitford of this case had written to the School demanding return of the woman's down payment and "got an equally stiff refusal in reply." The interesting point here is that Miss Mitford fails to identify the attorney as her husband, Robert E. Treuhaft. And, in fact, the School's reply said that the woman had previously advised us of her health problems and that we merely asked her to supply us with a doctor's statement to that effect.

3. It was stated that the woman, at the attorney's request, wrote in her own words "a garbled, semiliterate account" of the salesman's visit. In fact, earlier correspondence from the same woman does not indicate that she is semiliterate or incapable of communicating. Added evidence is the fact that she held an assistant professorship at the University of Pennsylvania before retirement.

Later in the article, Miss Mitford cites the case of a Finnish "immigrant" who was coerced into signing for the course—although she speaks little English.

1. In fact, our student-information records show that the woman attended college in England and France, studying mostly secretarial subjects and English. According to the form she herself completed for us, she can speak English as well as five other languages.

2. As a further indication of her familiarity with the English language, she listed her favorite authors as Charlotte Brontë, Margaret Mitchell, and Anne Duffield, and said that she regularly reads *Reader's Digest*, *Life*, and *U.S. News and World Report*.

3. In fact, she had been paid for articles submitted to various magazines before she even enrolled in the Famous Writers course.

These two incidents document the misuse of facts throughout the article. Those who know better—students, educators, and government—need no more defense of Famous Writers School in the face of this unfounded attack. For those who are still uncertain, the doors of our School in Westport, Connecticut,

are always open. This invitation, of course extends to *Atlantic*, even now, just as it did before publication of this article.

JOHN J. FREY
President, Famous Schools
Westport, Conn.

SIR: The "two-page letter of criticism and advice" I received from FWS on each lesson was far more helpful than from other courses I've taken. There were personal notes from the instructors, and I had the privilege of writing to the School for advice.

I liked the idea of different instructors grading my lessons. I received invaluable unbiased opinions and had contact with several interesting people.

I am sold on FWS, they encouraged me to finish the course, which I did. I received invaluable information on ways to research, which I am interested in. They kept urging me to write, write, read, read, which I did.

REBA D. GRUBB
Tucson, Ariz.

SIR: The salesman from FWS who called on me returned my aptitude test, and I just can't call him "high pressure." He made it very clear, as did the literature I received, that the Guiding Faculty did not work on the manuscripts.

After enrolling, I was assigned a counselor for the duration of my studies. My instructors were able to comment on my improvement because they graded one lesson in the basics of good writing section and then one in my specialty. Their criticisms, which always began with my strengths and then moved to my weaknesses, seemed thoughtful and never falsely encouraging. I knew absolutely nothing about the short story, and I didn't get A's, but I think I learned a great deal more than a friend who spent \$70 on a university extension course where she got straight A's and couldn't even decipher the text!

My contacts with everyone at the school were cordial and personal. When a death in my family made it difficult for me to complete my studies in 1968, I was granted, without requesting it, a year's free extension. When my long-awaited second baby arrived and writing was impossible for a time, I was again granted a free

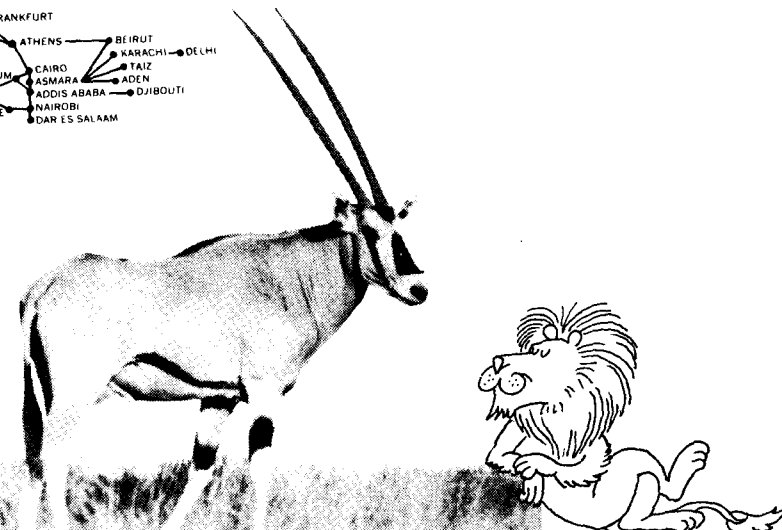
The wild game. EAST AFRICA With Europe in the bargain.

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unrequested extension which enabled me to finish.

The course is overpriced. You learn nothing about the quality story in the Fiction section. Still, my studies gave me an inner impetus to write that now continues to satisfy this idea I have of myself as a writer, and I have begun to read all the goodies I missed while growing up and a science major in college.

DEE ANN PALMER
Redlands, Calif.

SIR: I am a published writer, living in a small town in western Kansas. Since we writers are not too numerous, many persons call me to ask advice in getting guidance in writing and selling. Many have previously sent inquiries to the Famous Writers School. All have passed the test and been assured they have talent enough to become selling writers, and all have been subjected to enormous sales pressure. To me the truly wicked part of the pitch is the premise that the cost is really very low because the students will make more than enough money to pay for the course within a few months. I would like to bet that not more than one

enrollee in 500 makes enough to pay for the course *ever*.

To me Bennett Cerf's association with the project is enormously reprehensible because the ads do suggest—and the salesmen vow—that he or his equivalent is right there at your shoulder every minute.

HELEN D. FRANCIS
Hays, Kan.

SIR: I was never naïve enough to suppose that Faith Baldwin or Bennett Cerf would correct my manuscripts or even see them, but I do agree with Miss Mitford that the advertising for the Famous Writers School is quite misleading. I certainly thought that the Writers Group would give general advice and have a say in the management of the School, as well as other duties. I'm disillusioned to find that such is not the case.

JOSEPHINE P. DRIVER
Newburyport, Mass.

SIR: A "field representative" of FWS assured me I could recover the cost of the course with sales the first year. I paid the tuition and did all twenty-four assignments. My sales for the

three years totaled ten dollars, for a short article to be published in May, 1968, "or later." It hasn't been published yet. These experiences lead me to suggest that you publish a reprint of Miss Mitford's appraisal to sell for five dollars, paperback, or deluxe "buckram bound two-tone" for ten dollars. Either would be a bargain for the buyer.

GULLIBLE
St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: The salesman for the FWS who came to my door was a cultured, perceptive man in his middle fifties. After first pressing me to sign his contract and give him a check, he left me the contract without extorting any check, but with the agreement that I could "think it over" for twenty-four hours. Next day I sent in the contract and a check for the full amount.

Before my enrollment I had written several short stories, but been much too shy to confront any live human with them. The impersonal nature of the school therefore appealed to me, though I thought the fee exorbitant. I was persuaded on the basis that one instructor would

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hold my hand through the entire course. As Miss Mitford points out, this was an erroneous assumption.

The instruction books were bulky, repetitive, and rudimentary. Some paperback novels of what seemed to me mediocre current novelists were thrown in as models of literary achievement. Of the twenty-four assignments, only three allowed me an assessment of any of my short stories. The other twenty-one assignments were busy work of a stilted, stereotyped, sterile variety. While I thought the criticisms of my short stories constructive, I generally waited six weeks for the return of the corrected assignments. Most model stories in the Famous Writers magazine, while smoothly written and occasionally exhibiting a clever twist, I felt were simplistic, conventional, and even insipid.

I did finish all the assignments, but only because I knew I'd been "taken" and felt, therefore, a need for guilty reparation. In retrospect, I feel the Famous Writers School is just one more manifestation of so-called mid-cult snobbism and affectation of which Westport itself is probably the most perfect manifestation. If some more materially successful so-called writers exploit other more naïve, aspiring ones, perhaps it is because the same weed proliferates in both of them.

PAMELA ROBERTSON
Mount Kisco, N.Y.

SIR: Jessica Mitford's article vividly illustrates the threat to consumers often presented by correspondence schools.

It would be marvelous if the mere mention of my Consumer Frauds Bureau could always have the magical effect described in the article, but at present we have to do a little more work to mediate successfully consumer complaints of this type.

LOUIS J. LEFKOWITZ
Attorney General
State of New York

SIR: There was the time when our famous artists (writers) could be looked to as the social conscience of society. In fact, they are rationalizers without the intellectual integrity of a crooked used-car salesman, who at least has the ingenuous temerity to dirty his own hands on his own deals.

GLENN McDONALD
Bakersfield, Calif.

SIR: Respecting Jessica Mitford on the baddies who hustle out of Westport, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah. Nothing more pleasing than seeing the ones who need getting got. Good for Miss Mitford and good for you.

GORDON LISH
Fiction Editor, *Esquire*
New York City

SIR: As a student of the Famous Writers School I cannot let Jessica Mitford's indictment of the school go unchallenged. I will concede that their advertising and sales policies are at least as bad as she points them out to be. But correspondence schools fulfill a legitimate purpose, and if they are overpriced and falsely advertised, it is a fact of life we who must rely on them have to live with. It is an old saying among con men that you can't steal from an honest man, and anyone who takes a correspondence course as a shortcut to riches deserves to be fleeced.

After reading Miss Mitford's article, I went through my assignments to "critique my critiques" so to speak. An excellent example of the type of criticism offered by the instructors can be found in two lessons that happened to be criticized by Edward L. Spencer. On the first I received a C+, and he really tore them apart. On the second I received an enthusiastic B+, and he still found some excellent criticism. This is typical of the kind of help I receive on my assignments. What did Miss Mitford expect the instructor to do for a D student? Discourage her while she is still trying?

Miss Mitford's denunciation of the sales and advertising techniques used by the school should not be reserved just for FWS, but should be cast at all correspondence schools, encyclopedia and Bible publishers, and sideshow barkers. To those who are really serious about learning to write, who have no other opportunity open to them, who are willing to put in the inordinate amount of time needed to learn the correspondence way, and who are willing to get soaked good for what little they get, I heartily recommend FWS. To those who want to get rich quick I recommend Saratoga; it's quick and painless and the odds are better.

WALLACE H. PROVOST, JR.
East Nassau, N.Y.

SIR: Compared to textbooks in col-

lege writing courses I have taken, FWS material is superior and acknowledges that writing is not taught. What the course does teach is motivation.

JUNE HAMILTON
Glendale, Calif.

SIR: I've been a student of the Famous Writers School for thirteen months, and I wish to hell Jessica Mitford had written her article fourteen months earlier.

EDWARD J. RONCZKA, JR.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Advice and Consent

SIR: The adverse criticism Ray Mungo's article ("If Mr. Thoreau Calls . . .," May issue) received in your June "Mail" section frankly surprised me.

Abigail Hamblen, using her letter to convey the axiom that progress always has a price, seems to have missed Mungo's implicit question of the value of progress—has it been worth the price?

Burton Fagan attacks Mungo's naïveté in the out-of-doors. He also writes about starving Nigerians and barefoot Pakistanis the way my kindergarten teachers talked about starving European children when I refused to eat my prunes. These are side issues, if they are issues at all. He may as well have attacked Mungo's religion. It is equally relevant.

Irene Saylor simply said she didn't agree with Mr. Mungo, and that's fine.

I liked Mungo's account of his tour of the ecological battlefield. His unpretentious style hid no biases. I enjoyed the trip down the river.

DAN BROCKMAN
St. Petersburg, Fla.

SIR: As one of those historians who, according to the *Atlantic* (June, 1970), "speak with forked tongue," I should like a chance to comment. Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., citing Virgil J. Vogel as his authority, charges

The *Atlantic* welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

that historians have "deformed" history so far as the American Indian is concerned. I readily concede that the Indian deserves a better break than he has generally received from those of us who write and teach the history of the United States. At the same time, I submit that he deserves more responsible spokesmen than Vogel or Josephy. I protest the misrepresentations that these two resort to, and challenge the peculiar version of history that they would foist upon us.

Josephy asserts that the debate on Indian removal, arising during the presidencies of Jackson and Van Buren, "increased conflict between North and South, and added to the States Rights and Nullification embers smoldering in the South prior to the Civil War." If Josephy, or Vogel, has evidence to back these assertions, he ought to share it with the benighted historians he denounces. In fact, Indian removal was not a sectional issue but was pressed with as much official determination and public approval in the North as in the South. The Indian question did not add to but detracted from the seriousness of the Nullification crisis. By siding with white Georgians against the Cherokee Nation and against the Chief Justice, President Jackson gained popularity in Georgia, thus decreasing the willingness of that state to support South Carolina in the latter's attempt to nullify the tariff laws.

Josephy mentions as one of the historical "untruths" the statement (from Current, Williams and Freidel, *American History: A Survey*) that American civilization "owed very little to the aborigines of the New World." He, or Vogel, has torn the quotation from its context; the words conclude a paragraph presenting the theme that the civilization of the United States has derived much more from the European inheritance than from the New World environment. Josephy is entitled to believe, if he really wants to, that American civilization is an amalgam of European and aboriginal elements in more or less equal parts, but he has no right to call those who differ with him liars.

Again quoting out of context, Josephy labels as "false" the statement that, at the time the Europeans arrived in America, none of the Indians "had any conception of the

wheel." He says "the wheel was known in Middle America and was used on children's toys." But he fails to point out that these toys (wheeled animal figures, not wheeled vehicles) were produced by the Maya about A.D. 1000 and were later forgotten. So far as is known—except perhaps to Vogel and his pupil Josephy—even the great civilizations of the Aztec and Inca empires had no wheels of any kind when the Spaniards appeared.

If you ask me, Vogel and Josephy are the ones who speak with forked tongue.

RICHARD N. CURRENT
Professor of History
Univ. of N.C. at Greensboro

SIR: How in the Black Hills did Mr. Josephy manage to overlook John Tebbel's *The Compact History of the Indian Wars*? Mr. Tebbel relates with beautiful objectivity (maybe a *vague* tinge of Indian-directed sympathy). The book is as enthralling as it is tragic and as interesting as it is informative.

Mr. Tebbel delves deeply into the Trail of Tears incident, and introduced me to an Andrew Jackson I'd

never, in my most agonizing nightmares, dreamed of. (Incidentally, Mr. Tebbel covers a great deal more material—and all of it well.)

Charles Eastman's (a Sioux) *Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains* is a fascinating book, but for some reason beyond my comprehension, it hadn't been checked out of Colgate U.'s Case Library for twenty-three years when I had the good fortune of finding it.

ELIZABETH GAITHER
West Edmeston, N.Y.

Alvin Josephy replies:

1. In reply to the Gaither letter: I did not say or imply that no good books had ever been written on American Indian history. My thrust was directed at books—principally those used as texts in schools—on American or sectional history as a whole, those that would convey a full, balanced, and rounded version of our past.

2. In reply to the Current letter: I stand on everything I said and would not retract a word. I'll be glad to read the next edition of Professor Current's *American History* and look for revisions.

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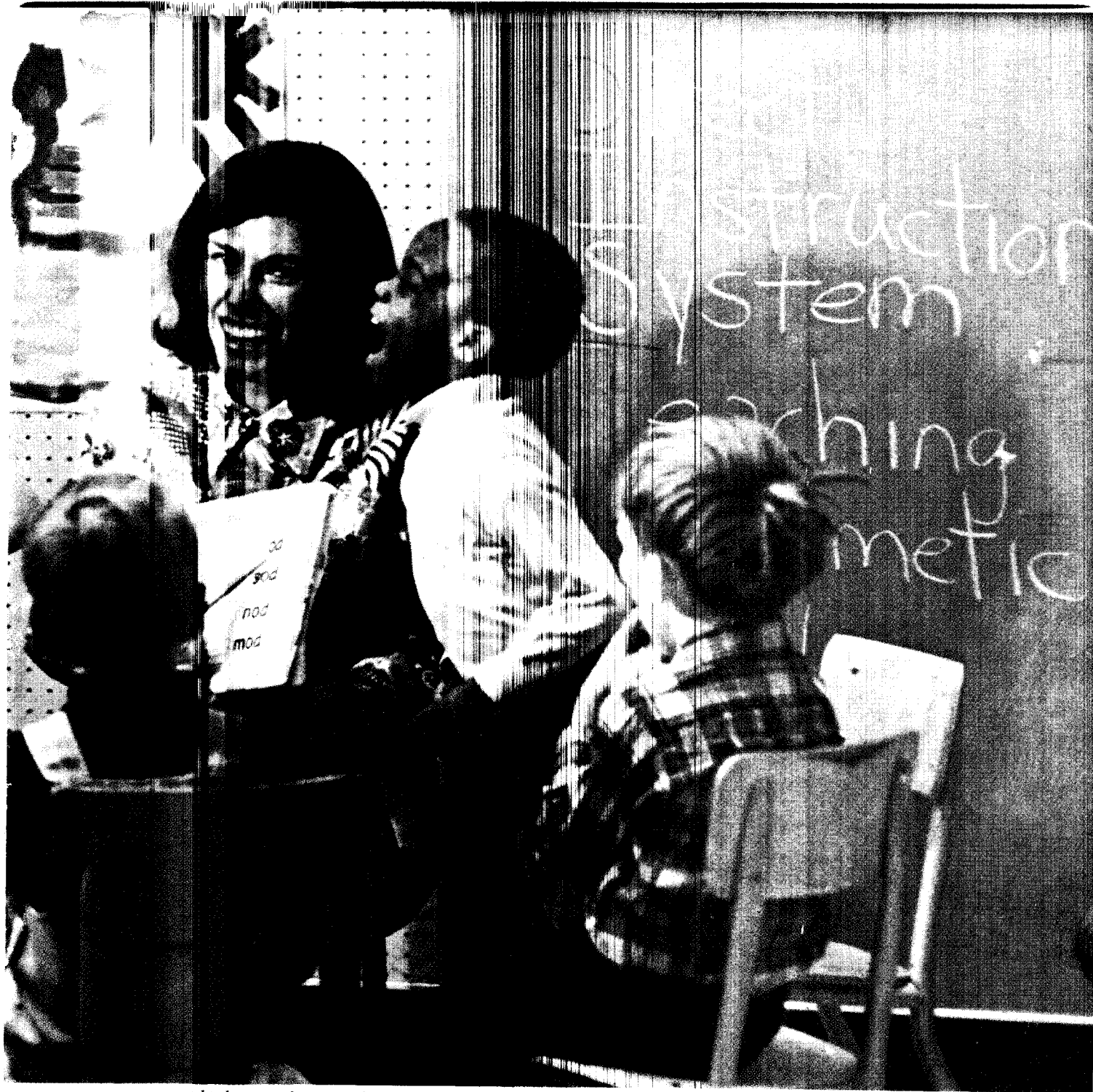


Dr. Harry Weintraub, Principal, drops in on Miss Simmons' class during a Distar™ reading session. Distar arithmetic and language programs also are used in the school.



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Can you teach kindergarten children—including the disadvantaged—how to read? A new teaching system published by Science Research Associates, an IBM subsidiary, shows the way. This story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.



A kindergarten class in Brooklyn, N.Y. Schools in 45 states already use the Distar™ Systems published by SRA, a subsidiary of IBM.

Ruth Simmons teaches kindergarten at P.S. 321 K, in Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Harry Weintraub is the Principal. Between them, they've taught and observed all kinds of youngsters—bright, slow, and the educationally disadvantaged.

"Usually, we don't teach formal reading to children before the first grade," says Dr. Weintraub. "But last year we experimented with a new system called Distar that starts them off in kindergarten.

"This system provides teachers with a technique designed to reward even the slowest child with a sense of success. You have no idea how important this is for such youngsters."

The Distar System evolved from five years of research by Siegfried Engelmann and colleagues at the University of Illinois. The program includes material for teachers, workbooks and take-home sheets for children.

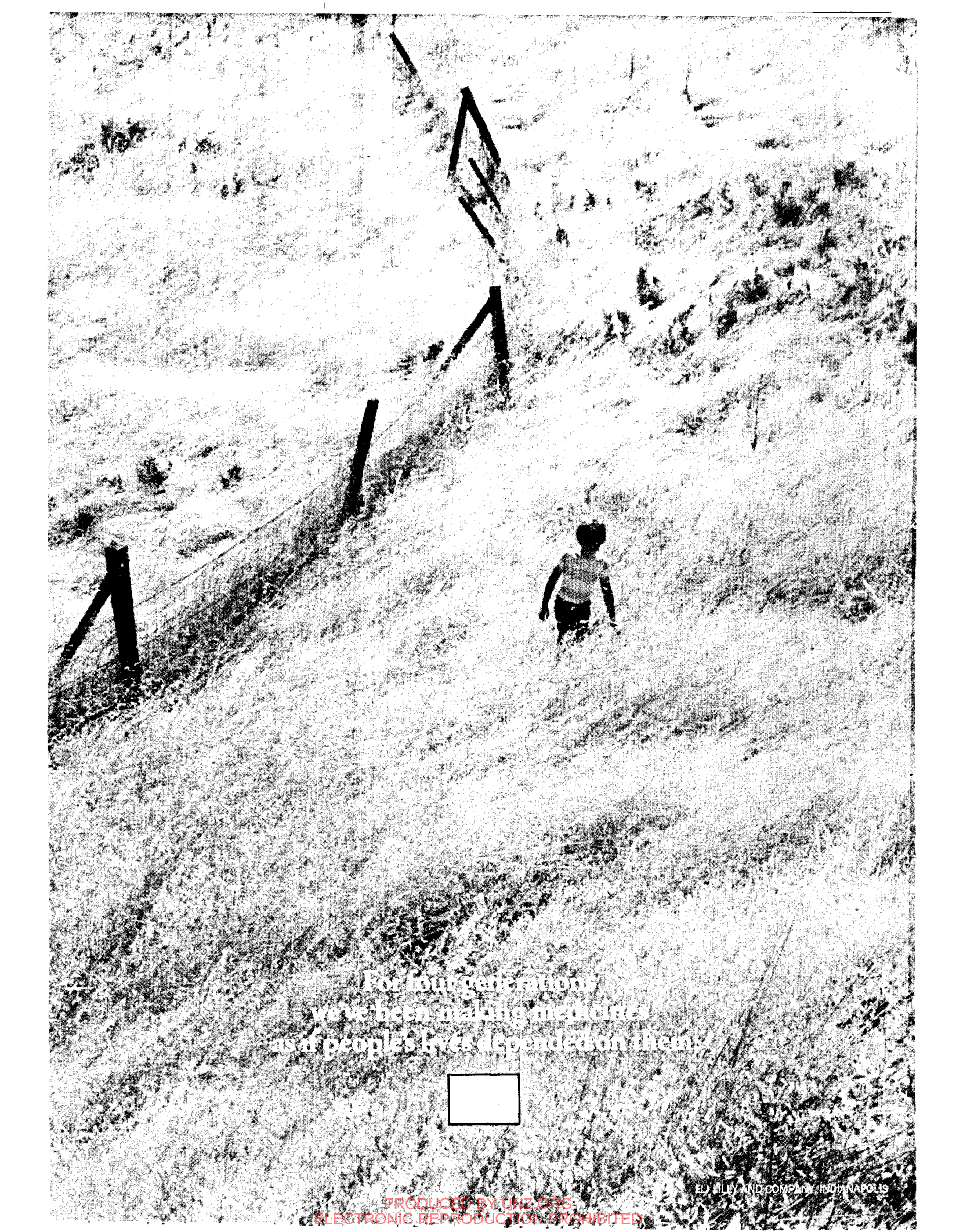
Miss Simmons explains some of the classwork. "We teach the *sounds* letters of the alphabet represent. If a child finds it hard to grasp, we don't point out his troubles. We merely reprogram the lessons a little to give his problem special attention without anyone becoming aware of it.

"When the children learn these sounds, we teach them how to put several of them together. All of a sudden, they're reading words. And do they feel great!

"Our District Superintendent, Dr. Anthony Ferrerio, introduced Distar to two schools in our district last year after hearing how successful it was in schools around the country.

"I'm very enthusiastic about it. I know my kids will be reading *stories* before they get to the first grade. And that's really something."

IBM

A high-contrast, grainy black and white photograph of a child standing in a field. The child is positioned in the lower-middle part of the frame, facing away from the camera. To the left, a fence made of wooden posts and wire runs diagonally across the field. The background is a vast, open field with some sparse vegetation. The overall tone is somber and evocative.

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A THEORY OF THE LOWER CLASS

Edward Banfield: The Maverick of Urbanology

by Richard Todd

"The lower-class individual lives in the slum and sees little or no reason to complain. He does not care how dirty and dilapidated his housing is either inside or out, nor does he mind the inadequacy of such public facilities as schools, parks, and libraries: indeed, where such things exist he destroys them by acts of vandalism if he can. Features that make the slum repellent to others actually please him. He finds it satisfying in several ways."

—*The Unheavenly City* by Edward C. Banfield

Strange sentiments. Written, as they are, in 1970, by a social scientist, they might easily be heard as Swiftian irony. But in fact they are delivered in earnest, and as these lines suggest, Edward Banfield's *The Unheavenly City* contradicts almost every received idea about urban problems, including the widespread assumption that they have reached a new point of crisis.

The "urban crisis," Banfield argues, is largely a matter of perception. In the first place, our social problems are not predominantly urban, except in a nearly useless statistical sense. (Most urban statistics depend upon the Census Bureau's definition of a city as any place with a population greater than 2500.) The bulk of poverty and substandard housing exists outside the big, or even the medium-sized, cities. Cities, Banfield says, have historically been creators of wealth, and so they are today.

His second objection to the notion of "urban crisis" is considerably more complex and more vulnerable. It has to do with what has been called, in another context, "the revolution of rising expecta-

tions." But in this case, it is the doers, not the beneficiaries, of good works who have undergone a revolution in feeling. Banfield argues that in all quantifiable ways life for the least privileged has improved, but that the society's decreasing tolerance for hardship—our heightened expectations for the general welfare—have outstripped this progress: "... although things have been getting better absolutely, they have been getting worse *relative to what we think they should be.*"

There is an obvious question: Are ever higher standards not a good thing? Banfield replies quite earnestly that, on balance, no, they probably are not. A "crisis mentality" breeds actions that have effects contrary to what they intend, and it stirs hopes that cannot be fulfilled. All of this assumes, of course, that there are rather narrow limits to what money, goodwill, and even intelligence can accomplish, and this is precisely Banfield's opinion.

Banfield, who is fifty-three, is professor of government at Harvard. *The Unheavenly City* is his tenth book, and by far his most ambitious and outspoken. Its themes have been present in his writing from the start; a deep skepticism about the possibilities for human cooperation is the quality that unites Banfield's work. But in this book he is questioning one of the fundamental changes, over the past century and longer, in our way of seeing the world: the progressive reassignment of responsibility for human welfare from the individual to society.

As iconoclastic as it is, *The Unheavenly City* has arrived propitiously, for its purposes, at the dead low tide of liberal confidence. At the end of a decade in which more money and energy than ever before has been mobilized to solve the problems of

the cities, we perceive failure, program after hopeful program ending in disappointment. Still, it is commonplace to say that if only we *truly* shifted our effort to the cities we could succeed; that the war has sapped our moral energy; that a country cannot pursue two policies so contrary to one another as our foreign and domestic policies have been: convincing commonplaces indeed. But they may be wrong, and if so, we are left singularly ill equipped to hear a contrary idea, as was plain in March with Daniel P. Moynihan's famous memo.

Moynihan's two purloined words seemed to contradict the best impulses of the decade. Neglect could not possibly be benign: neglect was the sin we had to expiate. The *New York Times* said of the memo that it "can only encourage the most retrogressive elements in the White House, the Cabinet and the Congress." Moynihan's explanation of what he meant resembled, as it happened, Edward Banfield's analysis: "... as things get better" [Moynihan said] "the perception for the last couple of years has been that things are getting worse. If we go into the 70's with the idea that there were no advances in the 60's . . . then we will lose what we have gained." Moynihan's *second* controversial memorandum, which urged that the solution to the problems of the ghetto was the generations-long task of "dissolving" the Negro lower class (by which he meant transforming it into a working class), happens also to be Banfieldian philosophy.

All of this is not to cast Banfield as the shadowy figure behind the Moynihan affair; it is only to suggest that a reading of *The Unheavenly City* would have nicely prepared one for those incidents, just as an understanding of the book may be essential for urban debate of the next years. If Banfield is right, at least, the noblest efforts of the past thirty years have been wrong, what progress has occurred has been accidental, and only a 180-degree shift in sensibility can begin to save us.

The questions the Moynihan memo raised, questions of class and race, are central to *The Unheavenly City*. It is Banfield's overall contention that we have exaggerated the one problem of race—at the expense of the more relevant problem of class. Banfield argues that American class structure, more than any other single thing, limits what the society can do to improve life in the cities.

Class structure, of course, has been a difficult concept for America to deal with. Insofar as we defined our classes at all, we have tended to do so strictly according to visible symbols of prestige, of which the main one is wealth. The primary study of American class structure, Lloyd Warner's *Social Class in America*, has a revealing subtitle, "The Evaluation of Status." The assumption is that one's

class standing is a matter of who "looks up" to whom. The indices of prestige are tangible items: if not money, then a big house, a degree, an old family name. This objective view of class structure may be the most useful one possible; it is, in any case, the one that is most easily reconcilable with the American Dream. If mere objective differences separate the classes, in time those differences can be erased. Another American student of classes, John Dollard, concluded in 1937, "the dominant aim of our society seems to be to middle-class-ify all of its members."

If this is so, Banfield says, we have failed and we cannot hope to succeed. The drift in our society now is not toward a grouping around the middle, but toward polarization. But it should be said at once that Banfield has unconventional things in mind when he talks about class. For traditional concepts of class, Banfield substitutes a *subjective* definition; one determined not by the cars you own, or the clubs you join, but by values. In this, his work owes more to anthropologists than to American sociologists. The central value in Banfield's class hierarchy is the concept that anthropologists refer to as a "time-horizon."

A time-horizon, roughly speaking, is the amount of future an individual (or a culture) can comprehend and accommodate. That primitive tribes cannot see beyond the autumn has been a useful way of defining their world view. Banfield argues that the same criteria are applicable to a civilized society. Time-horizons have been mentioned in previous discussions of class as a secondary characteristic: the poor tend to have short time-horizons because they face overwhelming immediate needs. But Banfield makes this characteristic primary. Banfield's lower class is lower-class because it is, in his phrase, "radically present-oriented." A continuum of increasing time-horizons describes the other classes: working, middle, and upper. Banfield's upper class is "the most future-oriented . . . expects a long life . . . is concerned also for the future of . . . the community, nation, or mankind."

Of course, the upper classes also tend to have more money. There is at least a rough correspondence between conventional class groupings and Banfield's, a point of constant confusion in *The Unheavenly City*. If most lower-class people are poor and most upper-class people rich, it is nevertheless not their money that defines their class. Banfield is at pains to make this clear: "a person who is poor, unschooled, and of low status may be upper class; indeed, he is upper class if he is psychologically capable of providing for a distant future. By the same token, one who is rich and a member of 'the 400' may be lower class: he is lower class if he is incapable of conceptualizing the future or of controlling his impulses and is therefore obliged to live from moment to moment."

Thus Banfield's lower-class slum dweller whose

Richard Todd is an associate editor of the *Atlantic*.

slum "pleases" him becomes a somewhat more complicated figure than is suggested by the quotation with which this discussion began. Banfield is not saying all slum dwellers love their slums, or that the poor love squalor. But he is saying that a squalor-valuing culture exists, and he chooses to call this culture "lower class."

Lower-class behavior in Banfield's mind is "pathological," the behavior of other classes "normal." But he allows that some proportion of what appears to be lower-class pathology may be, in reality, an intelligent response to perverse conditions. A man caught in machine-gun fire is "radically present-oriented," and rightly so: similarly, a man living in desperate poverty may be quite rational in taking his pleasure in drugs and violence rather than planning for a future that he has no reason to believe exists. Banfield's contention, though, is that social scientists have tended to see *all* lower-class behavior in this way, as a normal response to abnormality. This is an oversimplification, he says, and often a rather conscious one, intended to influence policy.

Banfield asserts that the true situation is more complex: a pervasive lower-class culture exists that inculcates violence, self-destructiveness, and an inability to look beyond the immediate present. These aberrations become values, not subject to easy remedy; perhaps not soluble at all.

There are sufficient opportunities for confusion when this is taken abstractly, and they only multiply when one stops to ask who the members of the lower class actually are. Most of them are black. Banfield is not unaware of the difficulties of this position. He denies emphatically that race determines class. "Despite all that was said to the contrary . . . some readers may suspect that when the author uses the words 'lower class' what he has in the back of his mind is 'Negro.'"

One of his colleagues, James Q. Wilson, has said in Banfield's defense: "He is one of the few men who is truly free of racism: he thinks that race simply doesn't matter."

There are lower-class members of every group, Banfield argues, and *most* blacks are not lower class. If Negroes are disproportionately represented in his lower class today, Banfield says that they occupy a role that long antedates their arrival in the city. In Boston, in 1817 (he offers), there was one female prostitute for every six males over the age of sixteen, and gambling houses were open twenty-four hours a day. The lower class then was white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant. It became, in Boston and elsewhere, largely Catholic and immigrant in composition. Had Negroes been able to enter the "inner city" in large numbers with the immigrations of the nineteenth century, the urban lower class would be racially mixed, and the city would be surrounded by racially mixed environs.

The black situation, Banfield insists, is complicated, but not dominated, by prejudice: prejudice

"was not the main disadvantage of the Irish, Jews, Italians, and others. Nor is it the *main* one of the Negro . . . today." The Negro's main disadvantage is that he is the latest comer to the central city, poor, unskilled, and so an inhabitant of the slums and a likely victim of class culture, as well as of class prejudice.

Banfield insists that there is, in fact, more class consciousness at work in the land than racial prejudice, and that Negroes misperceive (and are encouraged to misperceive) hostility against them as racial, when it has its true origin in class hatreds and fears. (For a white man to assume of a middle-class Negro that he is lower class is racial prejudice; for a white man to regard a lower-class Negro as he regards a lower-class white may be prejudice, but it is class prejudice.) All of this can be expected to seem highly artificial to a Negro who has experienced the brutal facts of discrimination, but Banfield argues that the distinctions are not only more accurate but socially more useful than responses (such as the Kerner Commission's) which blame "white racism" for the plight of the blacks. Banfield strikes out, for example, against the notion of the "ghetto," a word that began as an angry metaphor and in a few years has become simply a denotation. Banfield remarks: ". . . the overemphasis on prejudice encourages the Negro to define all his troubles in racial terms. Driving it into him that he is forced to live in a ghetto, the victim of white man's hate and greed, and so on, makes it all the more difficult for him to feel that he is a man first and a Negro second."

In a chapter called "Rioting Mainly for Fun and Profit" Banfield applies this attitude to the racial violence of the sixties; his argument is that, in fact, the riots were *not* primarily racial. He is tartly impatient with the conventional rhetoric that accompanied the riots: "The assumption that if Negroes riot it must be *because* they are Negroes is naïve."

"Rioting Mainly for Fun and Profit" illustrates much of what is strong and what is weak about *The Unheavenly City*. Banfield suggests that if we look at the riots in terms of the motivations of the rioters, we see several separate things going on, ranging from the "rampages and forays" of youth to spontaneous outrage and calculated demonstrations. It is a mistake to call the former type racial, and Banfield feels that the riots of the sixties were largely rampages and forays. He points out that at the start of the incidents, in 1964, his view was in fact the common analysis among people of various political dispositions. Thus Kenneth B. Clark said that calling the Harlem riot of that year a race riot was not simply an explanation "after the fact" but "independent of the fact." A few years later, Clark said: "The dark ghettos now represent a nuclear stock-pile which can annihilate the very foundations of America."

Banfield suggests that the facts had not changed

as much as the interpretation—though the interpretation had acted to change the facts. The riots accelerated as explanations for them became more prevalent. Banfield believes that the riots did indeed have political content, but that those rioters who were politically minded couldn't have been sustained without the majority of rampagers and looters. To the extent that the riots were racial at all, he contends, they depended on the existence of substantial numbers of working-class blacks amidst the lower-class residents of the slums. (Only in this sense could discrimination be blamed for the riots: without discrimination the working-class blacks would live someplace else.) But far more important, Banfield feels, was the influence of television and restrictions on police activity.

This case is rather impressionistically made, and that is typical of the book. Banfield approvingly quotes an observer: "One thing that impressed me was that these Negroes who were hurling stones, were throwing them right into their own people. That's why I believe this didn't start out to be a race riot. These were just young hoodlums working off their frustrations."

Who is to say what weight this observation ought to have? The instinctive liberal response is to point out that behavior which appears to be irrational may, in the context of years of oppression, be supremely logical.

It is just this sort of response on which Banfield casts a suspicious eye. He quotes a number of very familiar reactions to riots of the sixties, from such figures as Bayard Rustin, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy: unless "major steps" are taken, Kennedy said, "we will reap a whirlwind that will be completely uncontrollable." Banfield asks embarrassing questions about this sort of rhetoric. What is its effect? Whom can it benefit? (The speaker profits, not the spoken-about, he implies.) "Even if these predictions had been based on actual knowledge, and even if by making them—and *only* by making them—it had been possible to secure the needed reforms, one would have to say that making the predictions increased the probability of there being riots. . . ."

Riots conceivably are a good thing, Banfield allows, but we can't be very sure of that. What sense of identity they lend the black lower class may be offset by the harm they do the black working class. They may encourage reforms, but those may be the wrong reforms. They may simply cause injustice and repression. "Explaining as 'racial' behavior what can as well or better be explained in other terms would seem to be a dangerous game," he concludes, "even when played with the best of motives."

It is on this level—an intricate questioning of assumptions that normally are attacked only by the mindless right—that Banfield operates most persuasively and valuably. It is useless to read *The Unheavenly City* as a prescription, though Banfield

does offer ten possible actions—of which he quickly says that they are not politically feasible, and wouldn't do much good anyway. (Samples: Define poverty in terms of the nearly fixed standard of 'hardship' . . . and bring all income above the poverty line. . . . Make it clear in advance that those who incite riot will be severely punished.")

The substance of the book is Banfield's continual insistence that we see the country through an artificial filter, that we must understand the grip of class culture on our lives before we can make some limited efforts at improvement. As long as there is a substantial lower class, the worst of our difficulties can never be eradicated. This is true: it is true by definition, if the lower class really exists. But Banfield's vision of that vast undergrowth remains speculative. How much of the behavior that destroys self and society is a class-cultural phenomenon? How much is merely "situational"? We truly don't know. We must find out.

In the meantime, Banfield's pursuit of this thesis leads him down some alleys one is not likely to visit elsewhere in American social science. If the lower class, for example, was once almost exclusively white and now is largely black, it is logical to ask what happened to those white lower-class individuals, and to their descendants. If they rose in great numbers to other classes, that fact would seem to contradict the whole notion of "a radically present-oriented lower-class culture." Banfield's explanation is that the lower class probably has, in the past, failed to reproduce itself. Its high birth rate was offset by a corresponding death rate. But if the lower class was dying out in the nineteenth century, its ranks renewed only by immigration, that is probably no longer the case today. The lower class is swelling, Banfield suggests, as improved public health lowers its death rate, and its birth rate remains high.

What might the society do about that? How to rescue infants from a fatal class culture? Banfield toys with some solutions that are worthy of Herman Kahn: "As a matter of logic, the simplest way to deal with the problem—and one which would not involve an infringement of parents' rights—would be to permit the sale of infants and children to qualified bidders both private and public." He goes on to say that such a plan wouldn't be advisable: selling infants is morally unpleasant, and it might also encourage the lower classes to have children as a cash crop.

Amusingly, and somewhat disingenuously, Banfield remarks: "This book will probably strike many readers as the work of an ill-tempered and mean-spirited fellow. . . . I should like therefore to assure the reader that I am as well-meaning—probably even as softhearted—as he. But facts are facts." That is never really quite true—that Banfield seems

ill tempered—though it is true that he betrays an occasional delight in being dour about the human condition, and an excessive ease with reason divorced from feeling. But these are the dark side of a sensibility that constitutes much of the book's value, its revelation of a complicated conservative mind.

Banfield was born in 1916, on a farm outside Bloomfield, Connecticut. He has the look of a rural man—tall, slouching, with a broad, weathered, great-eared face; he moves across Harvard Yard as if he would like to plant corn there. He is a rural man now by choice, retreating to a 400-acre farm in Vermont. At Harvard he is known for his privatistic ways. Though he lunches regularly at the faculty club, he scrupulously avoids faculty committees and politics.

Banfield's political history drifts steadily rightward. After graduation from Connecticut State College, he put in a short stint (as reporter and advertising salesman) for a small Connecticut weekly, and subsequently went to work in Washington and elsewhere for the Farm Security Administration. By the conclusion of his first project, a study which showed that a loan program to small farmers was making them poorer, he had become a skeptical bureaucrat. During his New Deal experience Banfield became close to Rexford Tugwell, and Tugwell later brought him to the University of Chicago, where he taught and earned his Ph.D. He was heavily influenced by Milton Friedman and Leo Strauss and the *laissez-faire* atmosphere in political science that prevailed at Chicago.

Banfield remained a nominal Democrat until Stevenson's second attempt at the presidency, but ever since he has supported the Republican ticket. Supported, but not voted for. It has become a Banfieldian quirk not to vote, a policy he defends with his theory of "voter rationality." (Briefly, that the inconveniences of voting are only in extraordinary circumstances offset by the rewards—that is, the possibility of affecting the outcome. Banfield sometimes illustrates this idea with an anecdote about a Cambridge couple who drove several hours from their Vermont summer home to the Massachusetts polls, one to vote for Edward Kennedy, the other against.)

By 1958, with his first published book, *The Moral Basis of a Backward Society*. Banfield had already, in a quiet way, assumed the tone and the attitudes of his later work. The book, which he wrote with his Italian-speaking wife, described life in a severely impoverished Italian village, for which Banfield has a cold and antiromantic eye; he recalls the effects of the death of a pig on a peasant family: the "laborer and his wife were desolate. The woman tore her hair and beat her head against a wall while the husband sat mute and stricken in a corner." The villages exist in the grip of a class-cultural ethic that Banfield calls "amoral familism," in

which the individual's concern never extends beyond his family, and thus cooperative ventures for the common good are impossible. Banfield remarks, in a familiar voice, that although a solution to the village's problems might appear simple, "Under the most favorable conditions it might take three or four generations for nature to restore and reinvigorate the social bonds which have been withered and desiccated for a century or more."

The problem Banfield finds in the United States, in *The Unheavenly City*, is of course quite different, but his wary vision remains intact. The dominant cultural dictate in this country, he feels, is a perilously optimistic belief in the chance of wholesale reform.

Banfield is a conservative in the broadest sense, unlike, for example, Milton Friedman, with whom he simply shared a preference for market solutions over governmental solutions. In Banfield's case it is skepticism about *all* solutions that characterizes his outlook. He is willing—more sometimes than that—to entertain a tragic sense of life and of the United States. He sees in everything complexity and uncertainty, including his own philosophy.

"I wonder about myself," he has said. "I try to feel the things other people feel, but I don't. It seems that in everything I've done I've seen problems and no solution. So you wonder. Is that the nature of reality, or is it the personality of Edward C. Banfield?"

Banfield maintains that things are better than they seem, but he also insists that they cannot ever be what we pretend they might be, and that our pretense is dangerous. It is hard to think of a time when this predisposition has enjoyed less favor than it does today. Our perception of "crisis" extends far beyond the cities to the planet, and it stirs (contrarily) that impulse in American culture which has believed in the possibility of the new, the whole, the perfect. Even to nonradical minds, existing in a thicket of practicalities and contingencies, alternative visions persistently break through: we live in discontinuity, the old processes don't work, we need new mechanisms of government and new ways of connecting with each other, with the earth. But believe that it can happen, Banfield intones, and you ask for ruin.

It is an alien contemporary mind that is able to survey the country and conclude that one of its most serious problems is the growth of an unreasonable ethic of hope and charity. An alien mind—but surely one to attend—that feels able to say, as Edward Banfield has, ". . . vast numbers of people are being rapidly assimilated into the ethos of the altruistic classes and are coming to have incomes—time as well as money—that permit them to indulge their taste for 'serving'. . . . How preoccupied can a society be with reform without thereby loosening the bonds that hold it together? If there is an urban crisis, perhaps this is its real basis." □

FRAGMENTS OF AN INTERVIEW IN THE TENTH YEAR OF EXILE

by Kenneth Harney

The Dalai Lama's view of
reincarnation
is of a personal nature, he said.

"I was never
obsessed
with divinity. Should one
request to be
called
what I am called—
God
God-King
Infinite Ocean of
Infinite Origin?
I am a man and a monk,
and I emphasize the last.
Is your tape recorder
transistor?
I was a boy in a village
in the east,
two,
when they told my parents
I was He.
I left in a sandstorm
as you probably know."

The Sixth Dalai Lama
in the seventeen hundreds
had the singular
misfortune
of being found fully grown
when tradition called for
an infant.
King of Lhasa and unwilling monk,
he would slip
from the palace plain-robed,
rendezvous
with courtesans of noble birth,
an historical fact,
drink wine
sequestered in chambers,
writing lilting

erotic verse in scrolled diaries.

A test for the people,
the people said,
The sixth reappearance of
Chen-re-si

takes the shape of rake,
but we know him:

Om Mani Padme Hum!

Hail to the Jewel in the Lotus!
before he was poisoned by an assassin.

"I am here in peace
with sixty other
monks, where
as you can see,
we have no clocks
or time.

Only the pine forest
which extends without end,
prayer wheels
and granite blocks to
build into temples.

That peak of snow
reminds me of what we left,
although it is more than a
decade, and 200,000 dead
in Tibet.

You thought it was less?
Genocide isn't always
on the front pages."

The Seventh through Twelfth
never ruled as kings,
four being poisoned in childhood.
But the Thirteenth . . .

The Thirteenth preceded the present
for forty years,
lavish

on the Lion Throne.

He took

heavy sweets and buttered tea

at five every morning

on silver trays,

bring me

two blue Austins, two-doored,

one orange Dodge,

carried fender by fender on backs

over the Himalayas,

and we'll make roads.

But he was loved.

He lessened land taxes,

Threw out the Chinese

and died old

with his head facing east.

"Do you remember my escape?
Now I garden,
read scriptures,
meditate
administrate—
we are 85,000 who are free—
negotiate, if necessary,
with foreign powers,
rid myself of titles and money.
Should I be sad?"

*Until recently a
Peace Corpsman in
India, Kenneth
Harney interviewed
the Dalai Lama in
his exile "capital" of
Dharamsala in the
Himalayas. He
intended to write
an article, but he
found in the verse
form a succinct way
to convey the thoughts
and person of the
Buddhist monk
who once ruled Tibet.*



BLOODY ULSTER

An Irishman's Lament

by Brian Moore

"England must rule us, directly, totally," writes a former Ulsterman, who sees firm rule from London as the only hope for peace in tortured Northern Ireland.

We are driving in on a wet afternoon, coming from the town of Lurgan, where I spent the night at my sister's house. The new motorway is called the M.I. It is international in design, kin to the Ventura Freeway into Los Angeles, the Long Island Expressway into New York, the Autoroute Paris-Sud: to those new roads I took away from this place which still, foolishly, I sometimes call "home."

We veer right. The car flees into an off-ramp and, precipitate, stops with a rubber-mouse squeak of tires. Now, in an older, familiar world, we move forward again. A wet, mean street. *Belfast*.

To our left, in a narrower street, paving stones have been uprooted from the sidewalks and lie ready in handy, hurl-size fragments. A giantess' knitting ball of barbed wire is strewn across the middle of the roadway. A young British soldier, in tin hat, his waterproof cape decaled with camouflage patterns, an automatic rifle crooked under his left armpit, waves us on. Hurry it up. Keep moving. We are tourists: he seems to know it.

Coming off this new motorway, I do not know what part of the city we are in. But now we join a slow queue of cars sightseeing these troubles. My father was doctor to the nuns at Beechmount Home for the Sick, a few hundred yards from here. And, further down this road, I would sit, a schoolboy in short trousers, waiting in our old Austin car while he made afternoon sick calls at Saint Mary's Training College for Teachers. The Falls Road. The Catholic part of town.

The British Army commander has said the damage is as bad as in a war area. That is true. I am reminded of war. Street barricades, yards of broken

windows, buildings burned down. There are soldiers everywhere; some even nap on the sidewalk, heads pillowed on their helmets. Buildings need paint. The city is as neglected and run-down as in the war years when Hitler bombed its insides out. I remember how slow they were to clear up that mess. It occurs to me that there is something sick about Belfast. Perhaps it has always had this sickness. Perhaps it is incurable. We must talk about that.

But talk about what? And who am I to talk? A Catholic who is no longer a Catholic, an Ulsterman who holds a Canadian passport and lives in California, an Irishman who has lived longer out of Ireland than he lived in it. What can I know of Ulster's present troubles?

Yet here I am. These are the British soldiers I saw last summer, advancing across the tiny screen of a portable television set in the living room of my house in California, six thousand miles from here. Stood, my arm around my Canadian wife, my back to the Pacific Ocean, staring at the set while Walter Cronkite of CBS told us that this is the way it is, and the way it is is that, suddenly, I hear an accent I never thought to hear on the American airwaves, a flat honest-to-Ulster voice, thick with rage, talking about "the civil rights march in Darry." Civil rights? In Londonderry? What in the name of Cromwell is going on over there?

Now, in Belfast, I stare out the window of my brother-in-law's car. This is what's going on. Riots. The same old riots we had in my childhood. Mobs of rampaging Protestant *lumpenproletariat* trying to terrorize their equally ignorant Catholic *lumpenproletariat* neighbors. Street fighting, beatings, burnings; people forced out of their homes; a death or two. Ordinary people set against ordinary people because there is something old and rotten still alive here: there are not enough jobs to go around, and religious issues help to mask the truth, which is, in large part, that this Ulster is the backward fief of a Conservative oligarchy, a group which makes up

only 9 percent of the population yet owns 92 percent of the land. "Nice" people, who maintain themselves in power by exploiting their poorer Protestant brethren and discriminating against the large Catholic minority. People who went to the best British schools, who served in Guards regiments, who sit on the boards of the interlocking directorates which control what industry there is, and who, naturally, want it to continue this way *in saecula saeculorum*; just as the local Catholic hierarchy and the few remaining old Catholic "Nationalist" politicians don't really want any drastic change either. Martyrdom keeps the faith strong; martyrdom gets the old rabble-rousers re-elected. The same old garbage, yes. The same old, stupid mess.

And yet, this time, there is a difference. These troubles, unlike all the other riots in the fifty years of Ulster's unhappy constitutional existence, were inspired by an outside force. Television. American television to begin with. Programs on which the Catholics saw the success of the population numbers game as exemplified by black civil rights marches, on which would-be local rioters could see looters scooting through the streets of Watts and Philadelphia with major appliances in tow; television on which clashes between students and police at Berkeley and Columbia could be absorbed as an educational visual aid by the students at Queen's University, Belfast.

Television, the agitprop of modern revolt. For the first time in Ulster's history the marching mobs in Londonderry and Belfast carry banners other than pictures of King Billy crossing the Boyne River to defeat the Papists, signs other than the old Orange yells of No Surrender! F--- The Pope! and the old Irish countercries of Up The Rebels! and Erin go Bragh! Now the signs are not inflammatory, but propagandistic: One Man, One Vote: Ulster Civil Rights Association. The standard-bearers of these new banners dutifully incline them in the direction of the television camera: the devout making obeisance toward their altar. And rightly so. Television begat them. Only television can win for them.

For Ulster has had worse riots before. Much worse. You should have seen the 1935 riots. The point is, you didn't. Riots? Not to worry if you were the Northern Ireland government. The police force was, and is, a Protestant force. If Catholics stage a protest march, the police will charge. If Protestant mobs, frustrated by unemployment, want to let off steam by bashing a few Papishes, the police will look the other way. That is the status quo. But that is becoming history, as the absolute powers of the

old Ulster Prime Ministers, Lords Craigavon and Brookeborough, are now history. Now the Electronic Eye sees. Police make a baton charge at noon, smashing their heavy truncheons into civil rights marchers' faces. At six that evening, blood flows from those beaten faces on the BBC television news and is seen by millions of British voters. Can this be happening in what is, after all, part of "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland"? A British Minister of the Crown is sent to investigate. Correspondents are flown across the Irish Sea. And troops. If you are the loyal government of a loyal corner of the United Kingdom, it is hard to protest the sending in of British troops.

Meanwhile, those nosy television crews poke in everywhere, creating their own violent tale: they have made a folk heroine out of Wee Bernadette Devlin, the Rosa Luxemburg of the Catholic civil rights movement; they stuck their cameras in front of Major Chichester-Clark, Ulster's Prime Minister, and the kindest thing one can say about him is that he lacks charisma. That is supplied by the Reverend Ian Paisley, the Frankenstein monster figure created by the major's policies. A tall violent commanding man, the Reverend P. is führer of the Orange militants, a man in love with his queen, a hater of the Pope, his fantasy enemy.

Heroine and Heavy. Confrontations staged for the BBC national television news. No wonder the Ulster Establishment is alarmed. A word with the British General Officer Commanding, and now the troops are lens-shy. Near Saint Paul's Catholic Church I notice that the street adjoining the church has been barricaded by its residents against Orange intruders. Bakery vans have been placed end to end across the street, blocking all access. Bernard Hughes, Bakery, says the legend on each van. Memory takes me in sudden painful emotion. I ask my brother-in-law to slow down. I lean out of the car window, thinking to take a photograph.

A soldier comes up, fast. He thinks I am photographing him. "Not allowed, mate," he tells me, waving his gun barrel like a man shooing off a cow. I lower my camera. Hughes Bakery. The mad-eleine of memory.

My father, in an infrequent traverse through the kitchen, stops and asks the maid: "Where did we get this?" There is a loaf of wrapped bread on the kitchen table. Ormeau Bakery is printed on the wrapping paper. My father is puzzled. My mother is summoned. "Hughes and Kennedy are the Catholic bakers," my father says, holding up the offending loaf. "But Ormeau is cheaper, and they say their bread is very good," my mother tells him. "Hughes's bread is very good," my father says. "I don't care if it's a few pennies more. We shouldn't buy from Ormeau. They're Protestant bakers."

Catholic butcher, Catholic baker, and definitely Catholic candlestick maker. Besides, they will lend their bread vans to defend your street.

Brian Moore now lives in California. His novels include *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, *I Am Mary Dunne*, and *Fergus*, which is being published this month.

We drive on. My mind oscillates. UP THE I.R.A. is painted on the back wall of a working-class dwelling. Was it painted thirty years ago? Or last night?

The I.R.A. A young man in the prisoner's box in the Crumlin Road courthouse in Belfast. He would be asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed on him. He would stand up, pale-faced, undernourished, wearing the ill-fitting black suit of the thirties urban poor. He would say: "As a soldier of the Irish Republican Army, I refuse to recognize this court. Long live Ireland!" He would then be sentenced to death, or to life imprisonment, depending on whether he had shot a policeman or tried to blow up a police barracks. He and others like him would be off in back fields somewhere in Enniskillen or Dungannon, with one of their number keeping watch, while the others went through some antiquated small arms drill, learning to be soldiers of the Irish Republican Army. This "army" was illegal in the real Irish republic to the south. This "army" did not recognize the Republican government because that government had made truce with the British. The I.R.A. was our Black Panthers. We despised them. Because of them, Catholics were beaten up by special police. Because of them, the Old Etonians, our masters, could keep the silent Protestant majority in a state of dumb fealty to the British Crown and the Ulster Unionist Party. The I.R.A. was like a foolish boys' game. It gave some purpose, I suppose,

to the pinched lives of those unemployed, under-educated young Irishmen who joined it. Its leaders were small losers, willingly headed up a fascistic back alley, fledgling Nazis who admired Hitler as Britain's enemy. It kept us all, Catholic and Protestant alike, frozen in the past, unable to better our condition. It was, and is, the perfect red herring.

My brother-in-law drives on. The graffiti announce that we have left the Catholic area and are moving in Protestant streets. NO POPE HERE announces a whitewashed wall. GOD BLESS OUR QUEEN says the sign under the papal warning. Protestant territory; but these streets are equally drear, the same shut little workingmen's dwellings, the same stale corner pubs, tawdry sweetie shops, and gimcrack, sludgy little grocery stores. Is this all that the right to vote, the pick of available jobs and housing, the welfare state, has brought the Queen's Irish Protestant liege-men and -women? Yes, it is. They have so little, they feel they cannot afford to share it. So turn the Papish out.

As we enter the Crumlin Road, I see a chalked warning: REMEMBER 1690. It is the one date in history I will not forget. I was born, further down this road, in Clifton Street. When I looked out my bedroom window on the top floor of our house, across the street I could see, graven into a stone plinth on top of a building, the figures 1690. On the plinth, a cavalier stood in his stirrups, brandishing his sword over his head as he stared in stone-eyed



triumph at the chimneys of the York Street Flax Spinning Mills. He was William III of the Dutch House of Orange, atop the Kremlin of the Orange Order, the central Orange Hall, world headquarters of the Orangemen's movement. Yes, that same King Billy "of glorious, pious and immortal memory," who defeated James II, the Papist champion, at the Battle of the Boyne on July 12, in the year of grace, 1690. REMEMBER 1690? Yes, I do.

* * *

The Glorious Twelfth. It came during school holidays, but we weren't allowed out. Unlike other Catholic children, we didn't mind being kept in on that day. For we had the rare distinction of being the only Papishes in the world with a grandstand viewing position, right across from the balcony where Sir Joseph Davidson, grand panjandrum of the Orange Order, watched the men set out on their march to Finaghy Field. A thrilling day for me, and I mean it, for what better excitement for a school-boy than to have all those wild men, thousands strong, parading under your window and to know that you and yours are the very enemy they seek to destroy?

The Glorious Twelfth. There was something heartrending and grand and wild and real about it all. They started assembling at seven in the morning, coming in on lorries and bicycles from villages around the city, walking the darkened streets from Ballymacarrett and Queens Island, from York Street and the mills, taking the early trams across the city. Quiet now, and sober, in their dark-blue Sunday suits, wearing big gray tweed caps or black Masonic bowler hats, and, tied across their chests, the broad silk Orange sashes their fathers wore before them; some with silk Masonic ceremonial embroidered aprons, with stiff cuffs, white gloves; many uniformed bands, a tiger skin for the drum major; bagpipes and flutes and snare drums and clarinets and cornets and big slide trombones. Massing in the side streets like the mobs of Paris, smoking and spitting, talking in low, morning voices. And now their shield arrives, the B Specials, the infamous special police, Orangemen all, drafted for special duty on this day, coming in on police carriers, armed with revolvers and batons, ostensibly under the orders of the regular police, but in reality, a law unto no men but their own violent selves.

Ten A.M. By God, it put blood on a person's bones to see them skirl out to the meeting point, playing snatches of bagpipes and brasses (I still weep with impossible emotion when I hear a pipe band), and now they are coming up Clifton Street like good ones, the street wet with rain they ignore, the showers pelting down on their best blue Sunday suits and on their elaborate, many-colored, silk Lodge banners, carried with many trailing guide ropes and ornate streamers (banners curiously reminiscent of

the banners seen in Southern European religious processions), and now as they assemble at the parade start, coming in to mass in Carlisle Circus, the rotunda at the top of our street, it is no music at all, just row on row of silent men between these bright, silken banners, the bands silent, a few cars growling in among the marchers, stuffed with dignitaries and men too old for the walk, each lodge and chapter waiting in a side street to join the main river, and now they are formed and begin to come, stepping out with a Left! Left! Left-Right-Left! and the drumbeat to keep the step, Baraump! Baraump! Baraump-umpp-umpp! and as they march out of Carlisle Circus and start down Clifton Street, going in the direction of Saint Patrick's Catholic Church (its gates locked, doors barred, the only day of the year the church is shut), the marchers raise their eyes up in the drizzling Irish rain, and there he is, statue-still on his stone gray charger, standing on that graven date of 1690, with his faging sword raised over his head to clout the faging Fenian gets, King Billy, begod! And now, in the forefront of the procession, a wee man begins to caper ceremonially, like Puck, and prancing, turns to face the marching rows of men, and the drumbeat is stilled, all you hear now is boots, boots, on the iron tramlines in the middle of the street. From his coat pocket the wee man takes a penny whistle, and capering, puts it to his lips and tootles the tune of "The Protestant Boys." This is the signal. The young lads, two of them to a drum, who are carrying the big Lambegs, strip the tarpaulins down off those drumskins and stick an Orange lily on the top of each great drum, while the drummers are stripping off their coat jackets and rolling their shirt sleeves all the way up to their elbows, and now the lads strap the drums onto the drummers, pulling the buckles tight in back, for the Lambegs are five feet in diameter and a man cannot hold one up by himself for more than a few streets, but now the Lambegs are up on their chests and long, thin rattan canes are put in their fists, and they take a big breath and it's up with the fists and hammer them skins with the long thin canes and you couldn't hear the world end for the terrible bloody din of it, the din that will hammer the fear of Christ into those Papish hearts, sitting silent and afraid in their wee houses in those mean streets just off the parade route. The Lambegs! Blatter! Blatter! Blatter! and maybe the drummers hear the penny whistle but the rest of us hear only the drums, and see the drums, and as the thin rattan canes slap against the drumskins, the skin on the drummers' knuckles is stripped to raw flesh and the blood runs between their fingers, spilling in red, gory trickles down their bare forearms as they come down our street toward the balcony of the Orange Hall, where Sir Joseph Davidson himself stands in top hat and some sort of Thirty-Third Degree Orange-Masonic fig, and when the loyal Protestant crowd lining the streets, waving penny Union Jacks,

sees the drummers' blood, sees that blood spilt for England, that true, blue blood, and the Catholics, sitting sullen and afraid behind their shut doors, hear that faging din: three drummers abreast in rows of three, nine Lambeg drums in each thunderous phalanx, and now the drummers, exhausted, let their bleeding arms hang loose and that's the signal to break out the pipe bands, joyous and triumphant music with a good Orange tune, and we Moore children, watching from our window, know the words of that tune and the marching men know it too, but it is early morning and they march silent, not singing. But there is always some poor woman with a drink taken, waving a penny Union Jack from the sidelines and wanting to act up and let a yell out of her and show her knickers to the marching men, and she will sing the words and the marchers will hear her and they will wink at each other and smile.

*Do you think that we will let,
A dirty Fenian get,
Bespoil the Royal Orange Lily-oh!*

No, they will not. Soon, they will arrive at Finaghy Field, just outside the city, a staging ground for violence. They will have a terrible thirst on them from the march and black pints of porter will be poured and bottles of Guinness's stout, and whiskey for those who have the price of it, and with their ties off and their collars loosened, they will hear the big men of the Orange Order and of the Unionist Party blame unemployment on the rising Catholic birthrate, warning against the nationalists who would sever us from Britain, and where would we be without the jobs and benefits that Britain provides us with, lads, and now, three cheers for the Royal Family, and hip, hip, for the Orange Order, and hooray for the Party in Power. (That same party which is in power today, which has ruled Ulster for fifty years.) And then, drunk, they will disperse in midafternoon to walk back with their bands and their drums, back to their mean houses and the unemployment assistance, which is what most of them live on, year in and year out in this Irish corner which has always been the most depressed area of the British Isles. And so, as they start off home, knowing the big day is ending and it is drab Do-Nothingsville for all the other days of their year, they will up and beat the lights and livers out of any Catholics they can lay their hands on. And they will find them, for the Catholics, resentful and bored, have sat all day in sullen hate and now are looking for a fight. And these are riots. The same riots we have now. The same old, awful mess.

* * *

My brother-in-law's car comes down the Crumlin Road and turns into the familiar rotunda of Carlisle Circus. We start down Clifton Street. Our house, the house I was born in, is now a Catholic Home for Fallen Girls. The Orange Hall has not fallen. King

Billy still stares across his city. I was born beneath his stony stare in 1921, just at the end of the Irish Civil War, at the time Ulster became a state within a state. English soldiers, brought over to keep Protestant Irish workingmen from Catholic Irish workingmen's throats, fired a sudden volley of rifle shot down Clifton Street. My mother, abed, thought a bomb had dropped. She dropped me. English soldiers. Englishmen here to save us from ourselves, not knowing why they are here, or what these Pad-dies want. And yes, what do we want?

The Catholics of Ulster do not want to join the Irish Republic to the south of them. That republic is, alas, no economic advertisement for independence. It is the Sicily of Northern Europe: it cannot offer the people of Ulster even the crumbs of the British welfare state. Ulster's Catholics simply want their ration of British crumbs. They want an end to gerrymandering in voting privileges, they want an end to discrimination in matters of housing and jobs. Simple? Yes. Thanks to television and these new-style troubles, they have come close to getting these things. But not close enough.

Driving down Clifton Street, home at last, I remember the first evening I saw this fuss on television. There, far away in California, I sensed an exile's truth, that truth which now homes in on me. This news item is dying: if it dies, nothing will change here.

It must escalate. Blood must run in the streets. Ulster people must die like dogs. Unless they do, nothing will change. The British public cares deeply about dogs. It does not want to think about the Irish who are a centuries-old nuisance. We must, in the next year, get together, all of us, Paisleyites, Devlinites, civil rights groups, students, Orangemen, I.R.A. men, the lot, we must prove once and for all that we cannot be left any longer in the dead hands of our Unionist masters, those masters who, in fifty years, have made us incurably, terminally sick with foolish religious prejudice and thus completely incapable of managing our own affairs. Our Ulster government is incapable of change: we are incapable of founding another. We must now become wards of the English state. England must, at last, accept its responsibility toward us, which is to rule us, directly, totally, as part of that "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland" which our passports proclaim us to be. Forever and ever, amen.

That young English soldier advancing against the grimy backdrop of industrial Belfast. I sensed it when I saw him in black and white on my tiny television set in California. Glum, I know it now, in living color, as we reach the bottom of Clifton Street. He fired down this street to save us Irish from ourselves the night I was born. He must save us now. He is our savior. We must turn again to him. That English soldier. The wheel has come full circle. □

EXCHANGES

by James Dickey

—being in the form of a dialogue with Joseph Trumbull Stickney (1874–1904)

Under the cliff, green powered in from the open,
Changed and she
And I crouched at the edge
Five hundred feet above the ocean's suicide in a horizon
And bubble of oil. Smog and sweet love! We had the music for the whale-
death of the world. About us the environment crumbled

In yellow light. There was no forth-
coming of wave-silver, but silver would flash now
And then through, turning side-on in many mullet
To the sun to die, as I tuned
The wild guitar. This won't get any worse
Until tomorrow, I said
Of Los Angeles, gazing out through "moderate eye
damage" twisting the pegs and under the strings

—The gray crane spanned his level, gracious flight

Knowing better than to come
To rest on anything, or touch
Zuma Point here and now.

—O sea

*Of California, thou Pacific,
For which the multitude of mortals bound
Go trembling headlong and with terrific
Outcry are drowned:*

Day-moon meant more
Far from us dazing the oil-slick with the untouched remainder
Of the universe spreading contracting
Catching fish at the living end
In their last eye the guitar rang moon and murder
And Appalachian love, and sent them shimmering from the cliff

-The burning season shone

On the vast feather-shapes of the open
Sea tranquilized by off-
shore drilling
 where gulls flapped in black
Gold black
Magic of corporations—

—So here did mix the land's breath and the sea's:

Among the beautiful murders
 Showering down ballad
 After ballad on the rainbows of forever lost
 Petroleum that blew its caps and turned on
 All living things, we sang and prayed for purity, scattered everywhere
 Among the stones
 Of other worlds and asked the moon to stay off us
 As far as it always had, and especially far
 From L.A. I playing from childhood also
 Like the Georgia mountains the wind out of Malibu whipped her
 Long hair into "Wildwood Flower" her blue eye *—whose eye*
Was somewhat strangely more than blue

Closed

—and if we lived
We were the cresting of a tide wherein
An endless motion rose exemplified.

In

—*The gentle ecstasy of earth*
 And ruination, we lay on the threatened grass
 Of cliffs, she tangled in my strings, her dark hair tuned
 To me, the mountains humming back
 Into resolution, in the great low-crying key
 Of A.

—I saw the moon and heard her sing.
I saw her sing and heard the moon.

O vibrating mountains and bronze
 Strings, O oil-slicks in the moderately damaged eye
 And the sides of fish flashing out
 One more time birds black with corporations, turn me over to those

—Maddened with hunger for another world:

She lies in
Glendale.

In Forest Lawn.

O astronauts,
 Poets, all those
—Of the line of wizards and saviors, spend your lives
 And billions of dollars to show me
 The small true world
 Of death, the place we sang to
 From Zuma. I read and imagine everything
 I can of the gray airless ground
 Of the moon sphere cracked and bombarded
 By negation pure death, where death has not
 Yet come
—where yet no God appears:

Who knows?

There might be some unknown
 Consolation in knowing California
 Is not the deadest world of all
 Until tomorrow: might be some satisfaction
 Gone spatial some hope
 Like absolute zero, when the earth can become

—The last of earthly things
Carelessly blooming in immensity

and live men ride

Fleeing outward

—a white flame tapering at the core of space their hatches
—Firm-barred against the fearful universe until

In the easy-leaping country
 Of death, beings *—still armored in their visionary gold*
Do human deeds.

What deeds?

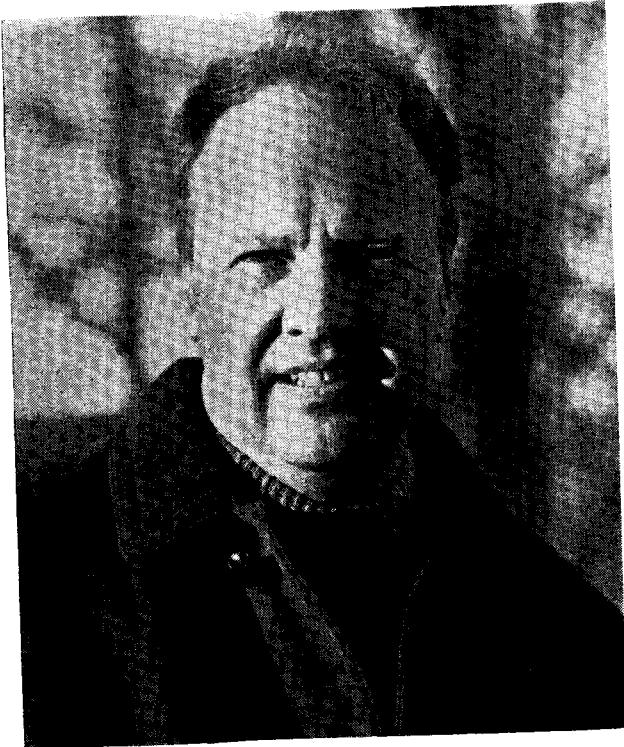
Will Los Angeles rise from the Sea
 Of Tranquillity, on a great bubble
 Of capped breath and oil? Not yet;
 The first men will see that desolation
 Unimproved, before the freeways
 Link it to Earth. Ah, to leap or lie
 On some universal ruin
 Not ruined by us! To be able to say—*Am I dead*
That I'm so far?

But where I stand,

Here, under the moon, the moon
—Breaks desperate magic on the world I know,

On Glendale. *—All through the shadows crying grows, until*
The wailing is like grass upon the ground.

It is I



Howling like a dog for the moon, for Zuma Point no matter what
The eye-damage howling to bring her back note
By note like a childhood mountain
In the key of A or, lacking that, howling
For anything for the ultimate death pure death
For the blaze of the outer dark for escape
From L. A. smoldering and eye-
burning along the freeways from rubber-smoke
And exhaust streaming *into the endless shadow*
Of my memory. —Let me grind alone
And turn my knuckles in the granite

Of the moon

where underfoot the stones
—wild with mysterious truth

lie in their universal

Positions, in a place of no breath
And one machine

and for these reasons and many
Another I was quartered and drawn
To Cape Canaveral, with my tangled dream of Los Angeles
And death and the moon, my dead girl still tuned to me
In my tangled guitar. The environment crumbled
In red light, and raised up by dawn
Almighty buildings.

—I felt a timelike tremor in my limbs.

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I wished to be bound that morning
For the true dead land, the land made to sustain
No life at all, giving out the unruined light
That shines on the fish-slicks of Zuma.

—*Are we the people of the end?* Before
us all

The sun burst
From a machine timed slowly tilting leaning
Upward drawn moonward inch by inch faster
Faster a great composite roar battered
Like a board at the very bone
Marrow, and in the hard-shell case
I sat on, the strings vibrated not with
Mountains but made the shapeless and very
Music of the universal
Abyss

—*and all the air*
Was marvelous and sorrowful

as we beheld,
Exploding with solitude blasting into the eyes and body,
Rising rising in dreadful machine-
pain as we prayed as the newsmen fell to their knees as the quality of
life

And death changed forever
For better or worse

—*Apollo springing naked to the light.*

Nothing for me
Was solved. I wandered the beach
Mumbling to a dead poet
In the key of A, looking for the rainbow
Of oil, and the doomed
Among the fish.

—*Let us speak softly of living.*

Joseph Trumbull Stickney, who published as Trumbull Stickney, was born in Geneva, educated at Harvard, studied at the Sorbonne, and was the first American ever to receive its D.ésL. He returned to Harvard as an instructor in Greek and died of a brain tumor at the age of thirty. His poems were edited in one volume by William Vaughn Moody and George

Cabot Lodge and published posthumously in 1906.

The present poem, delivered as Harvard's Phi Beta Kappa poem in June, is an attempt on the part of a living poet to hold a dialogue with one who is dead, the present-day poet furnishing the context and material which comments on or answers excerpts taken from the entire lifework of Stickney.

“IF ASIA WERE CLAY IN THE HANDS OF THE WEST”

The Stilwell Mission to China, 1942-44

by Barbara W. Tuchman

To answer the question “Why are we in Vietnam?”—or Cambodia, or anywhere else in the Far East—one must know the story of China in our time. Barbara W. Tuchman, who explored the origins of World War I in her earlier books, has turned now to the history of American involvement with China from 1911 to 1945 and what that involvement bred. “‘Our future history,’” she quotes President Theodore Roosevelt as saying in 1905, “‘will be more determined by our position on the Pacific facing China than by our position on the Atlantic facing Europe.’ What he thought of as a wonderful wide-open opportunity has become, by one of the great ironies of history, the slough of despond in which American civilization is sinking.”

Mrs. Tuchman tells her story through the key figure of General Joseph W. Stilwell. “Why Stilwell?” she writes. Because he combined a career focused on China with background and character that were quintessentially American; because his connection with China spanned the period that shaped the present from the dramatic opening moment of 1911, year of the Revolution, to 1944, decisive year in the decline of the Nationalist Government; because in the final and critical years of this period he was the most important figure in the Sino-American relationship.

“Impatient, acid, impolitic, ‘Vinegar Joe’ was not the ideal man for the role but in knowledge of the country and language, friendship for the people, belief and persistence in his task, combined with official position and power, he personified the strongest endeavor and, as it was to prove, the tragic limits, of his country’s experience in Asia.”

The endeavor culminated in Franklin Roosevelt’s unprecedented and stern request to place an American, specifically Stilwell, in command of all the Chinese armed forces. “The future of all Asia is at stake along with the tremendous effort which America has expended in that region,” FDR told Chiang Kai-shek in his message demanding Stilwell’s appointment.

Of the man himself, Mrs. Tuchman writes in the prologue to her biography, “Known with reason as ‘Vinegar Joe,’ Stilwell was a man of high performance and utter integrity, too quickly disgusted with anything less in others.” He “despised, as he tactlessly did not conceal, the Generalissimo,” Chiang Kai-shek, whom he referred to as Peanut. Beginning with his first visit as a young lieutenant in 1911, his acquaintance with China was intimate and local, extending far beyond the Legation quarter and missionary compound of the usual foreigner’s experience. He traveled all over the country, often on foot, built roads for two famous warlords, and undertook a hazardous mission at the height of the civil conflict in 1927. His service included assignments as language officer in Peking from 1920 to 1923, as infantry officer in Tientsin from 1926 to 1929, as Military Attaché from 1935 to 1939, the years of Japanese penetration, invasion, and war from which came Pearl Harbor, and finally as Commanding General of the China-Burma-India Theater (CBI) and American Chief of Staff to Chiang Kai-shek in World War II.

His assigned mission in that war was to raise the combat efficiency of the Chinese ground forces so that they, and not American combat troops, should

fight the war against Japan on the mainland. This was to be accomplished through American arms, equipment, and training and through reform of the corrupt and inefficient Chinese military system. The program brought Stilwell into direct conflict with Chiang Kai-shek, who, writes Mrs. Tuchman, "preferred to rely for defense on the air power of the American Fourteenth Air Force and the assurance of its confident commander, General Claire Chennault, that if adequately supplied by his countrymen he could contain, even defeat, the Japanese. This program perfectly suited the Generalissimo because it provided him with a surrogate to fight Japan while allowing him to hoard China's limited military capacity for use against internal enemies." The most formidable of these were the Communists under Mao Tse-tung, who occupied a part of Northern China.

Fearing their challenge and that of other dissidents, Chiang "wished neither to risk loyal troops in costly battle against the Japanese, nor allow troops of doubtful loyalty to be trained, armed and equipped by the Americans lest someday they be turned against himself. He desperately wanted all the American help in arms, money and supplies he could get, not for use against the common enemy, whom he expected his allies would defeat in any event, but for the purpose which he, as its chief executive, considered most important for his country—survival of the Nationalist regime. This was the web in which he was caught and which fixed the terms of the long-existing struggle between himself and Stilwell.

"Stilwell offered no surrogate. 'If I can prove the Chinese soldier is as good as any Allied soldier,' he told a correspondent, 'I'll die happy.' To Chiang every unit trained by the Americans was one that lessened his control. He could not reject the program since he was utterly dependent on American aid, but he could stall and thwart and divert supplies. For more than two years two unyielding men, equally determined, mutually hostile, supposedly allies, wrestled over the fate of China."

These excerpts from Barbara Tuchman's biography of General Stilwell are selected from the period of his command in World War II and focus on only one facet of that command—the relationship with the dependent ally—with only passing reference to the two campaigns in Burma, Stilwell's long dispute with General Chennault, and many other aspects of the wartime experience. (The passages in brackets were written by Mrs. Tuchman for this excerpt.) Our selection begins six months after Pearl Harbor, the most humiliating six months ever suffered by the Western powers. In one stunning victory after another, Japan had knocked out the Americans, British, Dutch, and French from the

Philippines, Singapore, the Netherlands Indies, and Indochina. In May, 1942, after the collapse of an inadequate and bungled defense by the British and Chinese, Burma, too, fell to the enemy. Stilwell, then in command of Chinese forces in Burma, had found his ability to command silently nullified by Chiang Kai-shek, who communicated privately and directly with his divisional generals from Chungking, a thousand miles from the front. In the chaos of defeat Stilwell led a heroic but dismal escape of American personnel and Chinese troops over the mountains into India. Burma was left to Japanese occupation, completing the blockade of China except for the hazardous air route over the "Hump" of the Himalayas. With characteristic harsh frankness Vinegar Joe told the press, "I claim we got a hell of a beating. We got run out of Burma and it is humiliating as hell. I think we ought to find out what caused it, go back and retake it."

—The Editors

JUNE-OCTOBER, 1942

The loss of Burma, completing the blockade of China, raised the fear in American minds that China's will to resist would not survive her isolation. If China bowed and Japan were allowed to consolidate her gains, which now reached from the Philippines to the borders of India, the other peoples of Asia might accept Japanese control, in which case, in the words of Admiral William Leahy, the President's personal chief of staff, "The future of America in the Pacific would be hazardous at least." National interest clearly required tangible support for China. The question was how. With the Japanese in Myitkyina forcing the flight northward, the air transport route was aggravated in danger and difficulty. Priorities in aircraft were in any case assigned to Europe. Strategy in Asia was still uncertain. All that could be envisaged so far was the necessity of keeping China in the war as a base for air operations against Japan's sea-lanes and as an ultimate springboard for invasion. "Keeping China in the War," the title of a War Department plan at this time, meant in effect sending her enough supplies to keep her operational, and that meant in effect the reconquest of Burma.

Stilwell had a plan for the reconquest ready to commit to paper by the time he reached Delhi. Inevitably, after his experience in Burma, it called for American divisions. "My belief in decisive strategic importance of China is so strong," he wired the War Department on May 25, "that I feel certain a serious mistake is being made in not sending American combat units into this theater." General

George Marshall, the Chief of Staff, could not be persuaded to divert any strength from full commitment to a second front in Europe. All he could offer was to return the Tenth Air Force to Stilwell's command. The outlook for CBI was not encouraging and made Stilwell more than ever determined to carry out his project for training a Chinese task force in India.

This was an audacious plan, conceived in the midst of flames and flight and debacle in Burma, for the airlift of Chinese troops to India, where, together with the troops who had made their way out on foot, they could be reorganized, trained, and equipped under American direction, with American supplies, to form a force for the reconquest of Burma and the reopening of the Road to China. Stilwell had no American combat troops. The Chinese must be the vehicle of his return and their own saviors. Even while conducting the retreat, he had asked for and received the War Department's approval of the plan and the consent of Chiang Kai-shek in principle. Chinese consent was routine since they considered the negative bad manners, but to implement the consent was another matter.

Returning to Chungking on June 3, Stilwell found his reception by the Generalissimo and Madame surprisingly cordial, considering the fiasco in Burma. He was invited to the Chiangs' home at Huang Shan for the weekend, though too ill from jaundice to accept. Despite the surface cordiality, Chiang was thoroughly disenchanted with his allies, especially Britain. For the sake of Lend-Lease, to which Stilwell held the key, he could not afford to be too disenchanted with the United States. From the Chinese point of view, the campaign under Stilwell's leadership, despite Chiang's strenuous efforts to contain it, had ended in the loss not only of Burma but of the motorized Fifth Army with its artillery. This was what came of the "ill-fated strategy of attack," as it was called by a Chinese military historian. The result confirmed the Generalissimo in his mistrust of the offensive. "A hundred victories in a hundred battles is not the best of the best," according to a Chinese proverb; "the best of the best is to subdue the enemy without fighting." It was equally best, when defeat loomed, to succumb to the enemy without fighting. The crippling of two of his best armies, as Chiang considered them, was not what he had planned when he conferred their command on a foreigner. He had made the gesture

In the *Guns of August* and *The Proud Tower*, Mrs. Tuchman wrote of the roots of war during the first part of this century. In January Macmillan will publish her *Stilwell: The American Effort in China From the Manchus to Mao*.

to please the United States and enhance China's claim to Lend-Lease, and in any event had not intended it to be real. Stilwell's command was a case of *Yu ming wu shih*, "having the name without the reality," as distinguished from *Yu shih wu ming*, "reality without the name."

China's causes for disenchantment were real enough. After the great hopes of relief by the Allies, she was now worse off than before: the Burma Road lost, Yunnan invaded, and as a result of the Doolittle raid (carrier-based air raid over Tokyo from which the bombers landed on Chinese soil), the Japanese rampaging through Chekiang on a renewed offensive which the Chinese feared might presage another drive on Changsha, perhaps even on Chungking. In addition to their military failures the Allies failed to treat China as an equal. The Chinese resented their failure to match the Atlantic Charter by a Pacific Charter of anticolonial principles. They resented the emphasis on a second front in Europe, implying neglect of their own situation. This was already evident in China's exclusion from Allied conferences on the occasion of Churchill's second visit to Washington in June. More damaging was continued exclusion from the Munitions Control Board: China's direct request to the Combined Chiefs for admission, which would have carried membership on the Munitions Board, was turned down on June 13.

Cynicism about the war and a lapse into increasing passivity were the result. An attitude of "Let the Allies do it" prevailed in the teahouses of Chungking after the fall of Burma. To use barbarians to fight other barbarians was a traditional principle of Chinese statecraft which now more than ever appeared not only advisable but justified. Chinese opinion, according to a foreign resident, held that not only was China justified in remaining passive after five years' resistance; "it was her right to get as much as possible out of her allies while they fought." The exercise of this right became the government's chief war effort. The long endeavor to shake off the foreigners and emerge from dependence had not succeeded; China's problems had been too great. With dwindling capacity to cope with its own circumstances, the Kuomintang applied all its energy to making dependence pay.

Chiang Kai-shek raised the alarm at once. Unless the Chinese saw visible evidence of help from their allies, he warned the United States on May 25, "Chinese confidence in their Allies will be completely shaken," and this could presage "total collapse of Chinese resistance." The advance of the Japanese in Chekiang lent force to his warning. Morale was "never lower," Madame wrote to the Lend-Lease Administrator for China, Lauchlin Currie, on May 23, adding that the Generalissimo was for the "first time" pessimistic. Chiang followed with a letter to Roosevelt asking him to send Harry Hopkins to China in lieu of coming himself because the situa-

tion was at a "crucial stage such as I have never experienced before." Other messages warned of the rise of defeatists prepared to overthrow Chiang Kai-shek and come to terms with the Japanese. Already exceedingly worried, Roosevelt on May 5 had asked General H. H. Arnold (commander of the Army Air Forces) to "explore every possibility" of flying freight to China, for it was "essential that our route be kept open no matter how difficult." The American Ambassador in Chungking, Clarence Gauss, though not impressed by the threat of a separate peace, believed that prolonged passivity in the form of an "undeclared peace involving virtual cessation of hostilities" was not unlikely.

This was exactly the opposite of what Stilwell had been sent to achieve. The rationale of Lend-Lease was essentially the utilization of Allied manpower to fight the common enemy, and the object of Stilwell's mission was to see that Lend-Lease was used for its purpose. The obstacle that now rose in his way was the passivity, for understandable reasons, of the client. The Generalissimo would fight only insofar as failure to do so might cut off the flow of supplies. He could not obtain enough by negative threat alone; he had to promise military performance in order to commit America to supply the necessary matériel. Stilwell had the power of decision in this process. As the Generalissimo's Chief of Staff, his function, as the Generalissimo saw it, was to obtain for him what he wanted.

Stilwell did not see himself in the role of purveyor nor even "adviser" in the sense of an instrument to be used for Chinese purposes. He saw himself as a soldier whose function and object were to defeat the enemy, and for this he needed an army. With or without a spearhead of American troops, the bulk would have to be Chinese, and to be effective the existing Chinese Army, or whatever part of it was made available for fighting, would have to be reformed. If he was to be an adviser, he intended, like so many others before him, to bring about fundamental change. Whether in currency or judiciary or customs collection or political structure or agriculture, the long train of China's foreign advisers had in common a determination to reform. No one assigned to work in China under the conditions of 1942 could want less, unless he were of the Old China Hand variety, convinced the Chinese were "like that" and reform was futile.

Stilwell was the opposite of a cynic—a believer and a doer. When he saw something wrong, as Maxwell Taylor observed, he wanted to correct it. "Every American has his own solution for China," a Chinese observer has said. Stilwell's—for China's sake, the war's sake, and his own—was reform of the army. He saw China's 300 divisions sprawled all over the country, on the average 40 percent under strength, with commanders drawing pay for full strength and "officers getting rich, men dying of malnutrition, malaria, dysentery, cholera, the sick



"Vinegar Joe"

His particular animus was reserved for persons in high places. He could no more ingratiate himself with someone he did not respect than the dumb could speak. He would have liked to do the job proposed for him if he could have done it without the office. [By 1944] he was already Commanding General of U.S. forces in the CBI [China-Burma-India] theater, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Southeast Asia, Commanding General of the Chinese Army in India and its field commander in Burma, nominal Chief of Staff to Chiang Kai-shek for the China theater, Chief of the Chinese Training and Combat Command and Administrator of Lend-Lease to China, each of these with its appropriate staffs, pomp and paper work. Since he hated palaver and loathed pretensions, it was understandable that he preferred war in the jungles of Burma among leeches, mildew and outright enemies.

At the front, like General U.S. Grant, he shed insignia of rank and made himself comfortable "out of uniform." In non-regulation sweater, GI boots and his old stiff-brimmed campaign hat from the First World War, he could be found within a few hundred yards of the firing line, standing beside a Chinese battalion commander, chewing gum, smoking from a cigaret holder and talking Chinese. He was 61 [in 1944], a slight figure, lean and bony, five foot nine, with short cropped grey-black hair, a hard, lined decisive face and a deceptive appearance of physical fragility. He was in fact as fragile as steel wire.

As an officer his persistent concern for the welfare of the men, whether American or Chinese, was not journalists' copy but lifelong, unfailing and on occasion explosive. To the American people he was the hero of the celebrated walk out of Burma in a time of defeat, to the GIs he was Uncle Joe, to the British, whom he insisted on disliking except for those he liked, he was "difficult," to *CBI Roundup*, the theater journal, he was remarkable for singleness of purpose and sense of humor which "only fails him in case of monsoon and stuffed shirts." His motto was *Illegitimi non carborundum*, personally translated as "Don't let the bastards grind you down."

—B.W.T.

simply turned loose. Ammo and weapons being sold. Open traffic with the enemy on all 'fronts.' . . . Transport being used for smuggling. None to move troops." Chiang Kai-shek "never goes to look at his Army," and his constant talk about trucks, planes, and guns "only reveals his complete ignorance of the necessity for training, replacements, leadership, medical care, SOS [service of supply], etc. etc." Stilwell knew the scope for reform was so great as likely to be defeating, but he believed that with Lend-Lease as his *quid pro quo* he could require reform, at least beginning with the Thirty Division program.

To weld a fighting force of thirty divisions from the sprawling feeble collection of Chinese armies was a task which had only the uncomplaining hardihood of the men in its favor. Every other factor in the Chinese military system was resistant. The country was divided into twelve war zones, with control decentralized so that the Japanese could not finish off the war at one blow. The result was to augment local power and perpetuate use of the armies as political counters and as virtually the property of the area commander. It also caused dispersion of the best divisions, leaving no strong force available for use against the Japanese, even had the will to action been present. The will was lacking partly because the Chinese believed they had fought the Japanese long enough and it was now someone else's turn; partly because of the tendency to hoard armies for local power, or in the case of the central government, for use against the Communists; and finally, because of lack of confidence. "Chinese could not believe Chinese troops could fight the Japanese," Stilwell wrote.

A total of just under 3 million men were nominally under arms, organized in some 300 divisions and other formations. Divisions were generally under strength because payment was made by lump sum to the commanding general, and the fewer troops he had to pay—up to a certain self-limiting point—the greater his profit. Units varied widely in quality, with those favored by the Generalissimo given the best in arms and equipment and uniforms. They had boots and leg wrappings, but the central government's supply system did not reach to all, and the average Chinese soldier marched in straw sandals and slept under one blanket for every five men. He carried two grenades in his belt and a long blue stocking around his neck stuffed with dry rice, his only field ration. Recruitment was by press-gang, which drained the villages and farms of their manpower. In the march to the base camp recruits were tied by rope and fed so scantily—usually only what could be seized at gunpoint from the villages en route—that as many as 40 or 50 percent were lost on the way. Roads were strewn with bodies along the

line of march. Within the units losses due to malnutrition and disease were high, sometimes reaching 40 percent or more in a year, so that a division of about 7000 might require 3000 new recruits annually. Adequate food, medical care, and sanitation—even the fuel for boiling water—were an added expense on the commander and consequently skimped. Although some commanders were genuinely concerned for the welfare of their units and took measures to reduce the death and disease rate, the majority saw no urgency about saving men. "The one thing we have plenty of in China is men," as one general expressed it. This was the comforting myth, but in fact the "plenty" was not enough to serve both the insatiable maw of the armies and the labor needed for agriculture.

Training was as inadequate as food, and the shortage of arms as endemic as disease. To combat all these deficiencies, beginning with a nucleus of the first thirty divisions, was Stilwell's object.

While still in Delhi he had drawn up a statement of military failings and needs which he took with him on his first day in Chungking when he went to report to the Generalissimo on the late campaign. Though ill at the time, he was seething with what he had to say and pulled himself out of bed to keep the appointment. He had hopes that telling the Generalissimo the truth about performance in Burma might accomplish something. Though Chiang had been sending orders every day from Chungking, he knew little at firsthand of current conditions or performance in military or other matters. In the Byzantine atmosphere of his court, no one was anxious to inform him of deteriorating realities, and the worse these became, the less he was told. This stemmed not merely from fear or servility but from a basic philosophic preference of the Chinese for preserving appearances. "Forgetting evil and speaking only good," according to a Chinese precept, "helps to hold society together and preserve men's dignity with one another." The result was to leave the Generalissimo in what Stilwell called "ignorance and fatuous complacency," making it that much more difficult to convince him of the need for military reform.

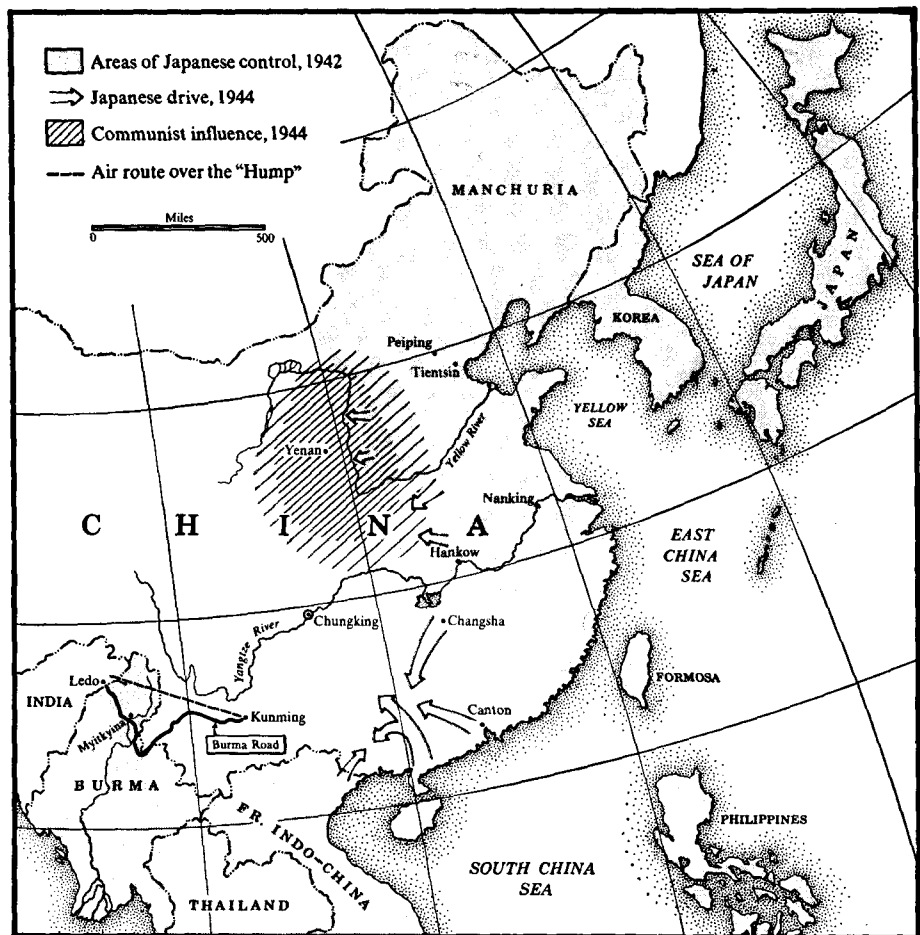
On this occasion he told Chiang and Madame the "whole truth" of the campaign, "Naming names . . . and it was like kicking an old lady in the stomach." But "NO ONE else dares to tell him, so it's up to me all the more." He then presented his program for military reorganization, of which the primary need was to reduce the total number of divisions and concentrate the available arms and equipment. Stilwell recommended "the merging of divisions to bring all units up to full strength and the assignment of all available weapons to these divisions as far as they will go. . . . A few dependable, well-equipped, well-supported divisions would be worth far more than double the number of the present average . . . as well as more efficient and

easier to supply and handle.” Even with present meager resources China could produce an effective striking force that would be “usable, as it is not now,” to hold the Japanese off until Allied offensive power turned the scales toward victory.

He also recommended a thorough sifting of the officer corps on the basis of merit, with promotions for the able and a “rigid purge of inefficient high commanders,” failing which “the Army will continue to go downhill no matter how much material is supplied for it.” He concluded on a sensitive point, urging that for commander-in-chief in the field, the Generalissimo must pick a man in whom he had confidence, “give him a general directive and then let him handle the troops without interference from anyone whomsoever.” He left the paper with Madame, who took a quick look and said, “Why, that’s what the German advisers told him!”*

The Generalissimo did not answer the memorandum. At a second meeting ten days later to discuss the promised assignment of troops for training in India he reverted to matériel: “the same old complex—planes, tanks, guns, etc. will win the war. I got a bit hot and told him that the only way to do it was to thoroughly reorganize the ground forces.” At this point Madame interjected that the Generalissimo had to consider “certain influences.”

Stilwell knew from his long experience of the Chinese army that Chiang was a prisoner of the complex of private interests in the military structure of his country. He could not be too free with the armies under the war-zone commanders, and he exercised undisputed control over only the ten armies belonging to the central government. Under the heading “Troubles of a Peanut dictator,” Stilwell analyzed the factors that limited Chiang’s freedom of action. He had allowed too many of his lieutenants to combine the political functions of governor and the military authority of commander in one person. “Now he finds it makes the boys too powerful and he’s been trying for a year to shake



them loose, without success. . . . The way it works is by threat. The Peanut wants to shake Hsueh Yueh [war-zone commander of Hunan] loose. If he pulls out troops, Hsueh squawks, ‘I cannot be responsible for the security of my area,’ and he might even arrange for a Jap reaction. The understrappers are told to pressurize and a flood of protest reaches various officials of the Central Government. They then tell the Peanut the opposition is very strong, and that forcing the issue might cause dirty work. So the Peanut lays off and waits. The plain fact is he doesn’t dare to take vigorous action.”

Yet a compact, effective, *usable* army seemed so obviously in the regime’s interests that Stilwell could not believe that “with the U.S. on his side and backing him,” Chiang should fail to grasp “the big opportunity of his life.” Chiang was exhibiting a client’s most exasperating quality—nonrecognition of enlightened self-interest; or what seemed to an American his self-interest. In his frustration Stilwell thought that only some influence outside the government could help China. “Either enemy action will smash her,” or, he wrote in a phrase that summed up the situation, “some regenerative idea must be formed and put into effect at once.”

Chiang’s resistance to Stilwell’s proposals was never fixed or solid but changeable and vacillating in proportion to what he thought Stilwell could

* General Hans Von Seeckt (former chief of the Reichswehr in the 1920s) when Military Adviser in 1934 presented a program in which he stressed quality as against size and recommended the training and equipment of 30, later enlarged to 60, divisions and a purge of the officer corps. A chief failure he noted was the choosing of officer candidates for patronage value without reference to merit, record, ability, or leadership.

obtain for him from America. He had to give in enough to keep American aid coming. The War Department at this time drew plans for a campaign to reopen the Burma Road using 45,000 tons of Chinese Lend-Lease matériel which had piled up in India, unable to be delivered. A renewed land campaign did not appeal to Chiang. He wanted the United States to concentrate on increasing the capacity of air transport over the Hump for two main purposes: to keep war matériel coming in for his own uses, and to fuel and maintain Chennault's air force, which, on Chennault's assurance, would take care of fighting the Japanese.

Air Transport Command (ATC) was operating with barely 25 planes, far from the 100 Roosevelt had promised. China's insistent demands for more transports were not being satisfied by the Munitions Control Board because of a general shortage of planes and crews. Nor was full satisfaction given to China's requests for war matériel, which continued as gargantuan as ever regardless of the blockade. The fault lay in the competing priorities of the European theater, but Chinese Foreign Minister T. V. Soong ascribed it to Stilwell. "In the absence of supporting telegram from you," he wired, the War Department was acting on China's requests "rather slowly." He urged Stilwell to "realize miraculous hold you have in this country from President, Secretary, and Chief of Staff downward and that any request from you will be supported, even including dispatch of American division to India." The recipient of this effusion was not overcome. "Emptied a bucket of soft soap all over me," he commented.

Prodded by Soong (brother of Madame Chiang Kai-shek), the Generalissimo became more responsive to Stilwell, and the shift was reflected in gradual assent to the program for training troops in India. At a conference on June 24, with Madame urging each of his points on the Generalissimo, Stilwell obtained most of his terms. Chiang even agreed to send 50,000 troops by air. "It was one of those sudden turn-arounds" that marked negotiations. The bait was the "Big Picture"—the plan to arm China for counteroffensive operations on the basis of 5000 tons a month over the Hump and 500 combat planes for Chennault's China-based Fourteenth Air Force. [With an air force of that size, maintained at strength and supplied by 100 transport planes operating over the Hump, Chennault claimed that he could, if given "complete authority in this theater," cut Japan's sea-lanes and "accomplish the downfall of Japan . . . probably within six months, within one year at the outside."]

To Chiang Kai-shek and Madame, Chennault's thesis was compelling. If 500 combat planes and 100 transports and "full authority" for Chennault could win the war, there was no need to reform the army

and disturb the dangerously delicate balance of cliques and persons and war-zone commanders which constituted Chiang's teetering seat of power. Air power required no Chinese effort; besides, it looked so easy. "If we destroy 15 Nippon planes every day," wrote Madame to Chennault in reply to one of his weekly combat reports, "soon there will be no more left." It became the Chiangs' fixed goal to induce the United States to provide the 500-plane air force and send over the Hump the supplies to operate and maintain it.

The endless torturing problem of flying tonnage over the Hump had become the fulcrum of the theater. Stilwell was obliged to inform the Generalissimo that under present conditions the ATC could not deliver a tenth of the 5000 tons a month originally estimated. In the manner of ancient kings, Chiang blamed bad tidings on the bearer.

[The issue of supply came to a head in the crisis of China's Three Demands. This was precipitated by the British loss of Tobruk, which caused the United States to divert to Egypt a number of heavy bombers and transports intended for China.]

Stilwell was summoned by Chiang Kai-shek and Madame, who used the occasion for a spectacular explosion. Every time the British suffered a defeat, China's equipment was taken away, raged Madame, "and such being the case there is no need for China to continue in the war." The Generalissimo claimed that China was "lightly regarded" and demanded a "clear cut answer" to whether America and Britain "considered it as one of the Allied theaters." He came at once to the point that really interested him: Lend-Lease. Less than 10 percent of the war matériel promised by Roosevelt was being delivered, he said, which amounted to "disobedience" of the President's orders. "As chief of staff to me, you are responsible for seeing to it that the promised material is forthcoming." Madame concluded in a tone of ultimatum, "The Generalissimo wants a yes or no answer whether the Allies consider this theater necessary and will support it."

The verbal ultimatum was followed three days later by formal presentation of Three Demands, with a time deadline. The demands were:

1. Three American divisions to arrive in India between August and September to restore communication to China through Burma.

2. Five hundred combat airplanes to operate from China beginning in August and to be maintained continuously at that strength.

3. Delivery of 5000 tons a month to be maintained by the ATC beginning in August. If these "minimum requirements" were not met, the Chiangs stated, the alternative would be "liquidation" of the China theater and a "re-adjustment" of their position requiring "other arrangements."

Stilwell was more than willing to forward the demands since, apart from the number of planes and the time limit, they were close to what he had

asked General Marshall for himself, but he refused Madame's subsequent demand that he forward them with his recommendation. He would not, he told her, support an ultimatum to his own government. Madame "got hot . . . and started to bawl me out," brought in her secretary, and "took down everything I said. Obviously mad as *hell*. She had snapped the whip and the stooge had not come across."

While an answer to the Three Demands was pending, Stilwell continued to press for his program for army reform. For the army as a whole he envisaged a force squeezed down ultimately from 300 to about 100 full-strength divisions. The first 30, after being trained and armed in the area of Kunming, would provide the troops for the Y-force, that is, the eastern prong of the double invasion of Burma. (In American planning this operation was known as the X-Y Plan, with X representing the force invading from India.) Stilwell planned a system of training by cadres, who in turn would train their fellows, rather than the training of whole divisions. The Chinese War Ministry agreed on the "general outline" but evaded a firm date.

[Meanwhile Chinese military resistance to the Japanese assault in Chekiang proved as ineffective as ever.] Ku Chu-tung, the war-zone commander in Chekiang, "was fifty or more miles in the rear, and never went up." Colonel David D. Barrett, Stilwell's former assistant in Peking, now Military Attaché, came back from a personal survey of the front with a report of a "bitched-up action." Chiang had again directed operations from Chungking "with the usual brilliant result. . . . Peanut ordered two armies to hide in the mountains and attack on the flank when the Japanese passed. The Japs simply blocked the exit roads and went on. . . . The troops had only the poorest equipment. No medical attention. No transport. Many sick. Most recruits were conscripts, delivered tied up. Conscription is a scandal. Only the unfortunates without money or influence are grabbed. . . . Why doesn't the little dummy realize that his only hope is the 30 Division plan, and the creation of a separate, well-equipped, and well-trained force?"

The answer to this exasperating question was to unfold only gradually. It was long before Stilwell could bring himself to admit that Chiang did not really want a well-trained, well-equipped fighting force; that it represented to him less a boon than a threat; that he feared that an effective thirty divisions might come under a new leader or group, undermining or challenging his own control, and that Stilwell's proposal to remove incompetent commanders would remove those loyal and beholden to him; that he was not interested in an army that could fight the Japanese but only in one that could sustain him internally; that for this he

believed it sufficed to have more divisions and more guns, planes, and tanks than the Communists.

Stilwell kept on trying. He was moved by the conviction of a man with a "regenerative idea," and he believed that the enormous bargaining power of American aid could exact army reform and overcome political obstacles.

In a new memorandum to bestir the Generalissimo, he strongly argued the philosophy behind his efforts. China must not think, he urged, in terms of military power she did not possess—a large air force and heavy artillery—but make use of what she had, "a large reservoir of manpower armed fairly well with rifles, machine guns and mortars." With the number of divisions reduced by 50 percent and brought up to strength, each unit could have a normal complement of these weapons plus improved artillery support. "I realize and appreciate the objections that are raised when changes in command are advocated," he concluded, and refrained from making any specific suggestions on that score.

To this memorandum, as to five others which Stilwell had submitted in the past month, the Generalissimo gave no reply. A request for an interview had gone unanswered for a week. Stilwell's tolerance was low. "This is the most dreary type of maneuvering I've ever done," he wrote home, "trying to guide and influence a stubborn, ignorant, prejudiced, conceited despot who never hears the truth except from me and finds it hard to believe. . . . I'm exhausting the possibilities one by one and when I get to the bottom of the bucket, I'll tell 'em. Then they'll *have* to do something."

[Stilwell's effort to get the Thirty Division program under way in time to launch a campaign for the reconquest of Burma by March 1, 1943, was a struggle against constant frustrations.] The essence of the problem was that American aid to China, whatever its military intent, was in effect going to a regime, not to a war effort. "Until we re-take Burma," wrote Colonel Dorn (Stilwell's aide) to the War Department on August 4, "all talk and planning to aid China are utterly meaningless. But all aid to China must have a string which demands action from them." Otherwise "the present regime will do nothing but hoard the material in order to perpetuate itself after the war." Almost casually he mentioned the essential factor: "They expect an upheaval or revolution of some sort. In fact T. V. Soong in Washington expressed the opinion that the present regime would be out of a job six months after the war. He ought to know."

The domestic issue was central and pervaded the air. Except for friendly recollections of conversations with the Communist leaders Chou En-lai and Yeh Chien-ying in 1938, Stilwell had little direct knowledge of the Communists. He knew the 8th Route Army was said to number

500,000 and that Communist strength was spreading in the North. According to some reports, only one district in Shantung remained under Central Government control. His only contact with the Communists since his return was secondhand, in a remark by Chou En-lai, who was still in Chungking, to John Davies (political adviser to Stilwell) in June. Half-laughing, half-serious, Chou had said that if the Generalissimo would permit, he would lead the Communist troops in a campaign to retake Burma, and "I would obey General Stilwell's orders!" Though he stored up the remark, Stilwell spared little attention on the Communists; he was absorbed by the problem of Chiang Kai-shek, who was in the foreground.

Though a Republican conservative at home, Stilwell was bothered, like many other Americans in Chungking, by the incompatibility of the ally he was charged with supporting. The problem occupied his pen on the hot summer nights. He wrote of the United States "forced into partnership with a gang of fascists under a one-party government similar in many respects to our German enemy." This was partly the result of the "silly, gullible and false propaganda" about the gallant six-year fight of the Chinese under the dauntless leadership of Chiang Kai-shek. There was "sympathy here for the Nazis. Same type of government, same outlook, same gangsterism," except that it was neither forceful nor efficient. Chiang "is not taking a single step forward or doing anything concrete to improve the position of China." Like Hitler he believed himself "infallible" and worked by "intuition." "How do you move a guy like that? How do you get his point of view?"

Foreseeing a civil war with the "Reds" after the war, Stilwell asked himself, "What can we do to help the Chinese people? Stop the silly propaganda . . . ? Where is the gallant resistance? Where is the great guerrilla warfare? Where is reform or even elementary understanding of the problem?"

Stilwell thought Chiang was "as intensely pro-Chinese, i.e. contemptuous of everyone else, as the Ch'ings [the Manchu dynasty] were," and haunted by the fear of being thought pro-American and of acknowledging his dependence on the United States. He might have applied the thought to his own situation. Though Chiang had used many foreigners, his attitude underneath was xenophobic. Hating the British and Americans as imperialists, he felt humiliated by his relationship with Stilwell.

As his troubles waxed he had become increasingly authoritarian and unapproachable, content to be set apart. Stilwell was not the only one who had difficulty obtaining an appointment. Chinese officials waited weeks to see him and often could make their problems known only through Madame, which they resented. By keeping rivals off balance through a technique of "fear and favor," in Stilwell's phrase, he appeared strong and indispensable, but he did

not know how to make a government. Though long on experience, his mind was narrow and his education limited. His most serious handicap was the lack of competent government servants. He never allowed a really able man to reach an important post lest he become too strong. Because he made loyalty rather than ability the criterion of service, he was surrounded by mediocrities. His brother-in-law H. H. Kung, who as vice president of the Executive Yuan headed the civil government and usually served as Finance Minister, was described by Cyril Rogers, representative of the Bank of England in China, as having "the mentality of a child of 12. If I were to record his conversations with me about banking and play it back, nobody would ever take Chiang's government seriously again." Kung nevertheless excelled at private finance, and his family was the favorite subject of Chungking gossip, of which it was said that 90 percent was untrue but 10 percent was even worse than the gossip. The Kungs and Soongs and various brothers and nephews and nieces made up the palace clique, under the matriarchal control of Madame Kung, who dominated her sister, Madame Chiang, and reached through her to the Generalissimo. Madame Chiang's influence on the Generalissimo had limitations which she ascribed to her failure to bear him children.

The Generalissimo's outlook was basically Confucian. The easy success of the Northern Expedition in 1927, confirmed by his success in maintaining himself at the top for fifteen years, suggested that the Mandate of Heaven had passed to him, in recognition whereof his manner, apart from periodic temper tantrums, was composed and enameled. He took for granted that the first requirement of all subordinates—including Stilwell as his chief of staff—was obedience. The disobedience of the Communists, their defiance of his authority, was what made them in his eyes more criminal than the Japanese. The Kuomintang had never succeeded in really uniting the country. Aware that the past had left too many pockets of doubtful loyalty, Chiang could not trust all his armies. The opportunity for social change had passed him by. Dependent more than ever on the right wing since the loss of the modernist and business community of the coastal cities, he could not afford to antagonize them by reform measures. He governed for survival and ignored what he wanted to ignore. As chief of a system without an exit, he was, as Stilwell wrote, "in a hell of a fix."

The American public, blanketed under the active propaganda of China's friends, partisans, and church groups, knew nothing of actual conditions. State Department officials like Maxwell Hamilton, chief of the Far East Division, and his predecessor Stanley Hornbeck, now shunted to the post of Political Adviser, remained fixed in the positions they had

staked out. Modern China, wrote Hamilton in a policy statement of February, 1942, represents "a mass movement of people led by a great leader. It is on this that the United States should build." Chiang Kai-shek's "determination, persistence and on the whole broad gauge outlook constitute perhaps the most important element in China as a fighting ally." At approximately the same time Ambassador Gauss reported, in reference to the concept of Chiang as a great leader directing the "energetic resistance" of China to Japan, "looking the cold facts in the face one could only dismiss this as rot."

President Roosevelt could see no alternative to support for the Generalissimo. More than anything else he feared a vacuum in the Far East after the defeat of Japan, and he was repeatedly advised that only Chiang could hold China together. He heard continually from China's friends, who from sincere or self-interested motives wanted to increase the flow of aid, that any slackening of support would lead to the collapse of the Chungking government. This was the ceaseless cry of Chungking itself. "Of course," Ambassador Gauss warned in a prediction which the future was to validate, "if anything happens [Chiang] will gladly blame everything on the failure to receive American aid."

Roosevelt gave America's support in the form of a blank check without exacting army reform or combat effort in return for arms and supply. To exact conditions from a chief of state seemed to him an invasion of sovereignty. Temperamentally he was predisposed against the *quid pro quo* management of Lend-Lease, although the War Department, at Stilwell's urging, favored it. Roosevelt did not like haggling and thought it would be ungenerous to exact terms from a beleaguered ally.

In August Chief of Staff Marshall and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson approved and submitted to the President the War Department's recommendation that the Burma campaign be undertaken in the coming spring and that Lend-Lease be allocated on the basis of China's participation and on the introduction of army reforms as recommended by Stilwell. Meanwhile, Currie, on his return from China early in August, had supported Stilwell's policies but without the teeth. "I do not think we need to lay down any conditions or tie any strings to our support," he told the President. He also reported on the "personal" difficulties between Stilwell and the Generalissimo, which he ascribed to Stilwell's unconcealed resentment of Chiang's interference in Burma and Chiang's resentment of Stilwell's refusal to obey his orders. In a bold sweep he suggested the replacement of Stilwell, Gauss, and T. V. Soong.

Roosevelt seized on Currie's explanation as an easy or at least feasible solution for the nagging problems of China. "I cannot help feeling that the whole situation depends largely on the problem of

personalities rather than on strategic plans or even on Sino-British relations or on the Indian situation," he wrote to Currie in a characteristic flight of optimism. He agreed to consider a number of changes, "until we get the right people." Stilwell's noticeable personality, with its rasping edges, was an obvious place to begin, but Roosevelt's feelers were rejected by Marshall and Stimson. They insisted that Stilwell was the necessary man to reopen Burma and obtain military action from the Chinese.

A limited campaign in Burma, in the North only, with the object of pushing a road through from Ledo in Assam to reconnect with the Burma Road, was agreed on by the Allied planners in September. The British agreed to join, but without enthusiasm, since they did not share the American sense of urgency about the need to funnel aid to China. In a "reappraisal" of the situation, they took the view that China could go on for another year without further aid.

The United States, however, agreed to satisfy part of Chiang's Three Demands. He was informed in October, 1942, that beginning in 1943, 100 transport planes would be assigned to deliver 5000 tons a month over the Hump. The United States could promise no more than 265 combat planes and no American divisions. No *quid pro quo* was required of him, although the President's message urged that military reorganization "would be of the greatest importance in obtaining our mutual objectives."

Before the final reply Roosevelt approached Marshall again with the suggestion to recall General Stilwell. He used Currie as his messenger. "A little gnome-like man," as Marshall later recalled, came into his office, curled one leg under him, and said the President wanted Stilwell relieved. "He does, does he?" said Marshall. Currie replied yes, he did.

"Is he sending you around to tell me?" asked Marshall. Currie agreed he was.

"How long were you in China?" asked Marshall.

"Three weeks, sir," replied Currie, and facing the bleak silence of the Chief of Staff, departed.

Roosevelt did not give up. "What is the situation with regard to Stilwell in China?" he wrote to Marshall. "Apparently the matter is so involved between him and the Generalissimo that I suppose Stilwell would be more effective in some other field." Marshall and Stimson persuaded him that it would be impossible to find anyone better than Stilwell for the task. The person to carry out the reopening of Burma must be an American and a troop leader, Marshall wrote, rather than a negotiator or supply man, "who would only serve to promote harmony in Chungking."

Marshall's phrase fixed on the theme that was to pursue Stilwell during his tenure in China and his reputation thereafter. "Harmony in Chungking"

would have made all the problems less obtrusive. It could have been achieved by a more gracious and less exacting personality who did not insist on raising the problems that threatened the Generalissimo and on telling him truths he preferred not to hear and requiring performance in which he preferred not to engage. Stilwell himself was aware of the problem when, bogged down in delays and jockeyings with the Generalissimo, he wrote to his wife in August, "It's a hell of a way to fight a war from my point of view, and makes me feel like a complete slacker. Now if I were in addition a slicker, I might make some headway." A slicker might indeed have obtained harmony in Chungking, but combat, not harmony, was the purpose of his mission.

By the spring of 1943, Roosevelt was ready to follow the course of "harmony." He yielded to Chiang Kai-shek's desire to give primacy to General Chennault and his Fourteenth Air Force rather than to Stilwell.

At the TRIDENT Conference in Washington in May, 1943, attended by top British and American commanders (including Stilwell and Chennault), Roosevelt decided in favor of allocating the major share of the supplies delivered over the Hump to Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force, to the corresponding disadvantage of the Chinese ground troops whom Stilwell wanted to train and equip for combat against the Japanese. This was what Chiang Kai-shek wanted: Chennault's fighters and bombers would do the fighting, and Stilwell's efforts to mobilize the Chinese Army into an effective fighting force and involve it in an Allied campaign to force the Japanese out of Burma were frustrated.

In their effort to gain control of the distribution of Lend-Lease, Chiang Kai-shek and T. V. Soong made several attempts to have Stilwell recalled. But they were not successful, and General Marshall remained firm in his support for Stilwell. Stilwell in turn persisted in his effort to get Chiang to put his troops into battle and reform his army.

At FDR's insistence, Chiang was included at the Cairo Conference in November, 1943. Roosevelt's intent was to confirm China's status as one of the four great powers in the postwar world. As Chiang's Chief of Staff, Stilwell accompanied him to Cairo and observed Roosevelt's face-to-face discovery there of the disillusioning realities of Chiang's leadership and aims.

In December, 1943, Stilwell, in personal command of two Chinese divisions trained by him in India, launched the campaign everyone called impossible to reopen North Burma and lift the siege of China. Eventually this forced the reluctant participation of some of Chiang's home-based troops, and of the British. By May, 1944, in what Churchill called "a brilliant feat of arms," he had surrounded the

Japanese stronghold of Myitkyina, and the reopening of the Road to China was in sight. Stilwell was still at the front in Burma in June, 1944, when the situation in China took a critical turn.

JUNE-JULY 1944

During the months when Stilwell was in Burma, China's situation had degenerated alarmingly from the effects of civic and economic paralysis, renewed Japanese penetration, and rising disunity and discontent. From January to June, 1944, reports from American Foreign Service Officers in posts from Kunming and Kweilin to Sian and Lanchow were filled with mounting evidence of deterioration and dissidence. Their burden was that China was becoming progressively demoralized, official life infected by unprecedented corruption, the army ineffective, and the government engaged in prolonged suicide in which the only hold on life was preparation for civil war against the Communists. Under the long strains of war and occupation, the paste of unity was cracking and the pattern of warlord separatism reappearing.

The dismal chorus of the American foreign service reports showed the economy to be stagnating owing to the government's efforts to control inflation by a policy of forced purchase at prices barely one third the cost of production. Seven out of every eight mines in Kwangsi had closed down, as had fourteen out of eighteen iron foundries in Chungking. Little effort had been made to organize workable transportation, to carry out rationing, or to regulate tax collecting, which through corruption and inefficiency now delivered no more than one third of its revenues to the Central Government. Conscription pressed as heavily as ever upon the peasant, trees and livestock were confiscated, and enforced grain quotas added to the limitless burden of legal and illegal taxes. Derelict soldiers, too starved or ill to keep up with their units and too far from home to find succor, could be seen along the roads hunched over their begging bowls in silent misery. Laborers impressed to build airfields worked under armed guard, were seldom paid, and ate only if their families lived near enough to bring them food. On the sick body of the economy officials profited luxuriously through an unimaginable variety of grafts and rackets. After six months in Chengtu, an American captain confessed, "I'd like to get a year's leave of absence from the army to organize a really efficient revolution in this country."

Foreign correspondents in their chronic feud with the censorship felt the same way. In April they addressed a joint protest to Chiang Kai-shek stating that although permitted to send stories that created

an idealized portrait of China, they were prevented from writing anything that implied criticism of the government or that disclosed "the full gravity of China's economic situation" or that questioned in any way "the direction, condition or use of the Chinese armies," and that it was impossible to function as responsible journalists unless the policy was liberalized. Chiang's answer was merely that reports that were not detrimental to China's resistance would be given every consideration.

In Chungking discontent was surfacing through the crust of official suppression. Chang Lan, former governor of Szechwan and president of the Federation of Democratic Parties, boldly published a pamphlet protesting the government's dictatorship. Madame Sun Yat-sen, always a political foe of her family (she was a sister of Mesdames Kung and Chiang), was now outspoken in criticism, and even the approved newspapers were calling for democratic reforms. The same call was loud in Kunming, where slogans of dissent appeared on the walls and students paraded with placards and petitions. Through it all Chiang's unresponsiveness appeared baffling and incredible. His failure at the 12th Plenary Session of the Central Executive Committee in May to take any reform measures was considered by many Chinese to mark the "turning point in the situation in China," according to a report by Ambassador Gauss on June 8. From here on, Gauss warned, the tide of political unrest could be expected to rise.

Into this situation the new Japanese offensive, code-named ICHIGO, brought havoc. The war by now had turned against Japan. Her Western enemy was advancing implacably toward her across the Pacific. The hubris that had struck at Pearl Harbor and seized an empire from Mukden to Singapore was meeting its classic fate. Japan's reach had exceeded her grasp, but though the edges crumbled, she was not going to let go in China. The overall aim of ICHIGO was to consolidate Japan's position on the mainland by fusing a solid line of communications from Tientsin to Canton, and by eliminating the American air bases. Indirectly it may have represented one last effort to bring about a surrender of the Chinese government. The first phase began in April in a drive down from the Yellow River against the gap in the Peking-Hankow

Railway which the Japanese had so far not occupied. The thirty-four Chinese divisions in Honan, including some reputed to be among the government's best, showed little evidence, according to a Fourteenth Air Force intelligence report, "of either plan or capability to hamper Japanese movement." They melted away before the enemy, leaving Honan in chaos, with homes looted down to their last cooking pots by bands of wandering soldiers, and peasants turned bandit with captured arms as in the days of the Red Spears of 1927. In the wake of the collapse, Communist units from neighboring Shansi filtered in. An embassy observer in Sian reported that the inhabitants expected the Communists to be in control by the time the Japanese were expelled, and "it would not seem strange if they turned out to be right."

ICHIGO's second phase, in the form of a southward drive from Hankow toward the chain of Fourteenth Air Force bases in East China, opened in June with every sign of duplicating the earlier success. The Chinese General Staff had drawn no plans for defense of the airfields or of the cities adjoining them. When Changsha, capital of the rice-bowl region, fell on June 18, resentment of the government's laxity, rising out of the ravages of Honan, spread to the South. The domestic prospect, quite aside from the military, was dismaying: loss of food stocks, disruption of trade, influx of refugees into the unoccupied zone, a reduced area of Free China causing increase of conscription and taxes. Summarized by John Service, a China-born member of the embassy's staff, who were said to be "the



Chiang Kai-shek and General Claire Chennault

best informed foreigners in China," it meant lowered morale, weakening of the Central Government, proportionate strengthening of the provincial cliques, continued inflation, and economic crisis. Under such conditions the weakness of the Central Government would grow, Service predicted, and its collapse in the long run would be only a matter of time.

To keep the condition of China smothered under benevolent fictions in the American press was no longer possible. *Life* on May 1 published a report of excoriating frankness by Theodore White, who described the Kuomintang as a "corrupt political clique that combines some of the worst features of Tammany Hall and the Spanish Inquisition" and declared that "progressive deterioration" within the Nationalist Party left the future outcome of civil war against the Communists uncertain. The slightly askew conclusion (possibly drawn by the editorial hand of the home office) was that it was the "obligation" of America to assist this anti-democratic and losing regime "with force at the present moment on a scale far greater than we have done for the past two years."

There were those who doubted that this would solve the problem; who wondered, like Graham Peck, an officer of OWI in China, whether the blank check of American aid, by encouraging the Kuomintang to weaken instead of strengthen itself, might not represent "a prolonged kiss of death."

For a hundred years Chinese had struggled to unburden themselves of misgovernment only to have each effort of reform or revolution turn itself back into oppression and corruption as if the magic prince were bewitched in reverse to turn back into a toad. China's misgovernment was not so much a case of absolute as of ineffective rule. If power corrupts, weakness in the seat of power, with its constant necessity of deals and bribes and compromising arrangements, corrupts even more. For thirty years Ambassador Gauss had watched the process and wearily, in June, 1944, recognized the limits of American instrumentality to affect it. "I confess," he wrote the Department, "there is nothing I can suggest that we might do."

Counsels of incapacity are not welcome to the American spirit. One thing that it was believed America could do would be to push, persuade, or force China into directing her whole available military strength against Japan, and to that end, closing the rift with the Communists that paralyzed her war efforts. Ambassador Gauss was instructed on June 15 to make this clear to Chiang Kai-shek. He was to urge Chiang to reach an agreement with the Communists that would permit the quarantine to be ended so that troops of both sides might be released to fight the Japanese. In reply to recent Chinese requests for more aid and for continuation of Lend-Lease after the war, he was to inform

Chiang that because of commitments in Europe, the United States could not increase military aid to China for the present. That was as far as he could go.

Chiang was dependent but not compliant. He and his associates did not believe that the United States would ever take the risk of withdrawing support from him. Yet in May the State Department, in a policy advice circulated to its own officers, stated that the United States was "not committed to support the Nationalist Government in any and all circumstances." This astonishing burst of independence could have been useful had Gauss been empowered to convey it to Chiang Kai-shek, but there is no evidence that he was. The persuasions and connections of the Soongs, the influence of church bodies and United China Relief, the ramifications of China Defense Supplies—the nucleus of what was to become the China Lobby—and the underlying inertia of government all operated to maintain the tie. Occasionally, as in the Department's May policy advice, the United States thrashed about in the Chinese cobweb, but the threads held.

In the summer of 1944, growing impatience with the paralysis of Chungking turned American military interest toward the war potential of the Communists. They were reported to be aggressively engaged in guerrilla warfare against the enemy in the provinces of Shantung, Hopei, Shansi, and North Kiangsu, although direct evidence was lacking because no foreigner accredited to Chungking was allowed to visit the area north of the quarantine line. They were established in North China in a region crucial for the final defeat of Japan, which contained the largest concentration of Japanese troops and Japanese industry on the mainland apart from Manchuria. It was also the area that the Russians might enter if and when they joined the war in the Far East.

Since 1937 the remnant of the Communist force that survived the Long March to reach Yen-an had become the government of a region the size of Japan. In these seven years the area under Communist control was estimated to have increased from 35,000 to 155,000 square miles, the population from 1,500,000 to 54,000,000, and the armed forces from 100,000 to 475,000. Communist enclaves were held behind Japanese lines in parts of North Kiangsu and Hupeh and also in the south around Canton and on the island of Hainan. The spread had been achieved by infiltration behind Japanese advances, which often left large areas without adequate garrison. Moving in with effective political and military organization, offering tax reduction and redistribution of land (not without ruthless elimination of landlords), the Communists gained the support of the populace. Given protection from



Madame Chiang Kai-shek

extortion and the press-gang, the peasants felt for the first time that they were getting something in return for their taxes. As the Communist base expanded, their position relative to the Central Government was strengthened and their confidence grew, and when Kuomintang weakness was revealed by the debacle in Honan, it grew apace.

American interest was concerned as much with averting the disintegration of China in a civil war as with gaining Communist military cooperation against Japan. Civil war, besides destroying any hope of the stable China that was needed to keep the future peace, might lead to American-Soviet conflict. For political as well as military reasons it appeared essential to bring the contenders into some form of coalition. Both Communists and Kuomintang gave lip service to the idea of coalition government and had opened negotiations in 1943 for a political settlement, probably less because of conviction than because neither side wished to be regarded as pursuing civil war as a policy. American hope of coalition was based on the prevailing belief that the Communist aim was not to dominate China but to arrive at a political settlement with Chungking permitting a national effort against Japan. It was assumed, as Stalin personally assured Ambassador Averell Harriman, that the Chinese Communists were not really Communists at all but a "margarine" imitation of the real thing, or alternatively, a "radish" variety—red outside and white inside.

Because of the military importance of the North, Stilwell's staff, ever since June, 1943, had been pressing for a U. S. Military Observers' Mission to go to Yen-an to investigate the ground and the mili-

tary potential of the Communists. Though the U.S. government made repeated requests, the Generalissimo refused consent. In February, 1944, the President renewed pressure. Roosevelt formally requested Chiang Kai-shek to permit military observers to go "immediately" to Shansi and Shensi, tactfully omitting to specify the region as Communist. Chiang gracefully agreed to "facilitate" the mission, which, he added, could of course visit only those areas under the Central Government's control.

On this basis CBI Headquarters organized the project. To ensure having observers who would not be at the mercy of their hosts, Stilwell looked for knowledge of the language and acquaintance with China. As chief of mission he named Colonel David D. Barrett, said to be the only American who could tell off-color jokes convincingly in Chinese to Chinese, with John Service as his political assistant.

Stilwell's own interest in the matter was a natural craving for a junction with what he believed to be vigorous motivated troops. He remembered the Communists in terms of their startling, if limited, defeat of the Japanese at the pass of Pinghsinkwan in 1937, and like everyone else he had an impression of successful and energetic guerrilla warfare since. He had been favorably impressed in 1938 by Yeh Chien-ying, now the Communist chief of staff, and his associates, and he had not forgotten the word passed to him from Chou En-lai after the defeat in Burma, "I would serve under General Stilwell and I would obey." It took on an exaggerated significance in his mind as he struggled against the frustrations of the Kuomintang military system. At one time he thought of using Communists to make up the desperately needed replacements for the Y-force on the basis of 20 to a company of 100. The idea was dropped when Hsiao I-shu, the Y-force chief of staff, said that on a 20 percent basis the newcomers would have the whole company Communist within two weeks. Stilwell knew by now that as long as Chiang Kai-shek remained, reform of the army and combat efficiency would never be achieved, and this knowledge made the idea of contact with the far-off unseen fighters of the Communist zone more compelling. For the present what was needed was firsthand information.

Under the name DIXIE for the rebel side and for the song "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?" the Military Observers' Mission was ready to go in March, but the Generalissimo continued to stall. The President renewed his request in April, without success, and at that point the matter passed into the hands of yet another special envoy, Vice President Henry Wallace.

[In the course of conferences with Wallace the Generalissimo gave the long-sought permission for the Military Observers' Mission to go to Yen-an in the hope of obtaining in exchange the recall of General Stilwell. Moved by the Generalissimo's "cry



General Stilwell addresses Chinese troops under his command in North Burma, 1944.

of distress" concerning his difficulties with Stilwell, and indoctrinated by the arguments of T. V. Soong, Chennault, and Chennault's public relations aide, Joseph Alsop, Wallace was persuaded to recommend Stilwell's recall in his report to the President on the ground that "with the right man to do the job it should be possible to induce the Generalissimo to reform his regime." Wallace submitted another report after his return to Washington urging that the United States should try to influence Chiang Kai-shek "in every possible way" to adopt progressive policies so as to inspire popular support and instill new vitality into China's war effort.]

This was a plea that was rising insistently in reports from China. In Kunming, where the American presence was strong, Chinese liberals pleaded with the consul general, William Langdon, for American pressure to be brought on the Kuomintang to widen its political base; otherwise, they said, American military and financial aid would serve only to strengthen a reactionary regime. Through the official detachment of Langdon's report their despairing voices spoke: Chiang and his clique were "incapable of building a modern nation in China" and had "no rational plans" for postwar reconstruction. Chiang himself was a man of limited ability or vision, and the future of China was "dark under his leadership." Langdon's own conclusion, as radical as Stilwell's, was that nothing

much could help China without a change at the top. "Present trends," he wrote, "can be changed only through the death of Chiang or by successful revolution."

So long as American policy could not detach itself from the incumbent, Langdon's statement of the case posed a fundamental problem. What was to be done, as one Foreign Service Officer put it in later testimony, when "we were stuck with a regime that was losing power"? That was the crux. Was there any answer to Gauss's hopeless shrug: "I can think of nothing"? In a brief prepared for Wallace, John Service suggested the answer lay in broadening American options not only by support of liberal elements but also by withdrawing unconditional support for a government which in any free election

would be rejected by 80 percent of the voters. A United States policy that could find no other option, he suggested, was one of "indolent short-term expediency."

The Joint Chiefs were concerned not with solving China's problems but with winning the war. Their proposal in China's crisis was the exact opposite of Wallace's: to enlarge rather than terminate Stilwell's authority in China—in short, to put him in command of the Chinese armed forces.

The success of ICHIGO and the Chinese military passivity in the face of it raised the fear that the Japanese Army in China might root itself into the mainland and continue to fight even after defeat of the home islands, prolonging the war perhaps for years before it could be conquered. In that event, Russia's entry into the war would take on added importance and give her added opportunity in Manchuria, not altogether a welcome prospect. Even less welcome in Washington was the thought of transferring GI's to Asia after the war in Europe was won, to the accompanying howl of the American public. Stilwell made the danger of a Japanese prolongation the basis for one of his periodic pleas for American divisions, arguing that if China were bypassed, the Japanese on the mainland would not surrender and the Chinese alone would be too weak to cope with them.

The Joint Chiefs' recipe for China's paralysis

was to use Stilwell himself in lieu of American divisions. Thus was born the plan to put him in command of the Chinese armed forces with authority to energize and direct a Chinese military effort. The idea originated in Stilwell's own concept of a "Field Chief of Staff" with "full authority," which he had discussed with Marshall at Cairo. To go with the enlarged command Marshall proposed to promote him to full general. On June 30 the War Department drew up an eloquent statement of the case for promotion and the new command, pointing out that Stilwell had "welded an effective Chinese army in Burma" against every kind of obstacle including the apathy of his allies, and in the drive for Myitkyina had "staged a campaign that history will call brilliant."

As Marshall put the question to Stilwell on July 1, his tone carried a hint of apology that suggests he knew he was asking the impossible. Was it, he asked, in Stilwell's opinion, worthwhile, once Myitkyina had been secured, to transfer his principal efforts to the "rehabilitation and in effect the direction" of the Chinese forces in China proper? He acknowledged that Stilwell had already had more than his share of complications "which beset you in a degree I do not believe any other commander of modern times has experienced." Clearly aware that he was offering no prize, he finished, "Don't let the humidity and difficulties of the day culminate in an explosion."

If Stilwell felt any relish at the personal challenge to the Generalissimo it was outweighed by the difficulties and calamities of the situation he was being called upon to save. He put these in the bleakest, most unmistakable terms to Marshall.

If the President were to send him a very stiff message, emphasizing our investment and interest in China, and also the serious pass to which China has come due to neglect of the Army, and insisting that desperate cases require desperate remedies, the G-mo might be forced to give me a command job. I believe the Chinese Army would accept me. . . . Even with complete authority the damage done is so tremendous that I can see only one chance to repair it. This is to stage a counter-offensive from Shansi. . . . The Communists should also participate in Shansi, but unless the G-mo makes an agreement with them, they won't. Two years ago they offered to fight with me. They might listen now. . . . Outside of this one shot I see no chance to save the situation. . . . To sum up, there is still a faint chance to salvage something in China but action must be quick and radical and the G-mo must give one commander full powers. . . . The chances are definitely not good, but I can see no other solution at the moment.

This was anything but an eager acceptance; Marshall gave him no leeway to think twice. Within twenty-four hours he submitted to the President, in the name of the Joint Chiefs, his

proposal for Stilwell's promotion and appointment to command the Chinese armed forces and also the text of the message—incorporating much of Stilwell's advice and some of his wording—that was to make the request of Chiang Kai-shek. To allow Roosevelt no room to refuse, he prefaced it by a harsh summary of results since the TRIDENT Conference, which rather rudely reminded the Commander-in-Chief that the immense effort in transportation to supply Chennault had proved a "poorly directed and possibly completely wasteful procedure," and that Stilwell had been right all along in predicting that the effectiveness of the Fourteenth Air Force would only provoke counterattack on the airfields and that their necessary defense lay in building up combat efficiency on the ground.

For Roosevelt the proposal meant a complete about-face in his view of how the Generalissimo should be treated, but after Cairo he was more ready to make it. Bewildered by the problem of China, and backed into a corner by Marshall, he accepted the recommendation *in toto*. As a pragmatist he was now willing to try Stilwell as he had once tried Chennault. Whether he believed that Chiang Kai-shek could be made to consent is impossible to say. The Generalissimo's constant cries of weakness may have suggested that he could not afford to refuse; in any event Roosevelt had come to recognize that militarily nothing could be expected of Chiang. "What I am trying to find out," he said to H. H. Kung a few days earlier, "is where is the Chinese army and why aren't they fighting because the Japanese seem to be able to push them in any direction they want to." Since neither he nor the Joint Chiefs knew what else to try, the hot coal was handed to Stilwell. As the climax of the wartime effort in China the proposal to put an American in command of China's armed forces represented in part a profound faith in American instrumentality and even more a resort to *faute de mieux*.

The "very stiff message" that Stilwell wanted, signed by the President without change in the War Department's draft, was forthwith dispatched to the Generalissimo on July 6, 1944.

. . . The critical situation which now exists in my opinion calls for the delegation to one individual of the power to coordinate all Allied military resources in China, including the Communist forces.

I think I am fully aware of your feelings regarding General Stilwell, nevertheless . . . I know of no other man who has the ability, the force and the determination to offset the disaster which now threatens China and our over-all plans for the conquest of Japan. I am promoting Stilwell to the rank of full General and I recommend for your most urgent consideration that you recall him from Burma and place him directly under you in command of all Chinese and American forces and that you charge him with full responsibility and authority for the coordination and direction of the operations re-

quired to stem the tide of the enemy's advances. I feel that the case of China is so desperate that if radical and properly applied remedies are not immediately effected, our common cause will suffer a serious setback.

... I assure you there is no intent on my part to dictate to you in matters concerning China; however, the future of all Asia is at stake along with the tremendous effort which America has expended in that region. Therefore I have reason for a profound interest in the matter.

Please have in mind that it has clearly been demonstrated in Italy, in France, and in the Pacific that air power alone cannot stop a determined enemy.

The President's message made no attempt to spare the Generalissimo's feelings or avoid the frankness so distasteful to the Chinese. It bluntly rejected the known policies of Chiang Kai-shek; it asked for power within the Chinese state for an American whom he had repeatedly tried to remove; it discarded the Chiang-Chennault thesis of reliance on air warfare, which Roosevelt had gone to such lengths to uphold the year before; and it specifically proposed to bring within the scope of American aid Chiang's feared internal enemies, the Communists. In tone it was rough and in substance it was an invasion of sovereignty that denied Roosevelt's own concept of China as a great power and accepted Stilwell's view of Chiang as incapable of managing his country's role in the war. It called him Peanut by implication.

Chiang Kai-shek was well aware that if Stilwell or any other American, no matter who, was given military authority in China, he, the Generalissimo, could not control the degree of aid or cooperation given to the Communists. He needed no other reason to determine his attitude. What his emotions were on receiving Roosevelt's demand are not a matter of historical record, but it can be said that if Stilwell had had the tongue of an angel, the temperament of a saint, and the professional charm of a Japanese geisha, the Generalissimo would still have had no more intention of giving him command of his armed forces than of giving it to Mao Tse-tung. "Today a fateful decision is again being made in Washington," T. V. Soong telegraphed Hopkins. "The War Department wants to force General Stilwell down his [Chiang Kai-shek's] throat. . . . I personally assure you without qualification that on this point the Generalissimo will not and cannot yield."

Avoiding the outright "No," Chiang maneuvered. He accepted "in principle," proposed modifications, shifted ground, insisted on control of Lend-Lease, twisted, and temporized. The Chinese from necessity had made manipulation of the strong by the weak into a fine art, and Chiang employed every stratagem and every device. In response to his request for a special envoy to "adjust relations between me and General Stilwell," Washington sent a former Secretary of War, General Patrick Hurley,

accompanied (because Roosevelt welcomed an excuse to get a major nuisance out of Washington) by Donald Nelson, until recently chief of the War Production Board. When the two envoys arrived on September 4, Stilwell was much encouraged by their evident intention to "pound the table." Hurley and Nelson, both tall and imposing men, talked even bigger than they looked. They were the apotheosis of American instrumentality. "First we'll tell the G-mo what to do" said Hurley, "and then we'll explain to him what the U.S. will do."

[This confident plan of action was not to prevail. In the end, rather than give Stilwell command, Chiang Kai-shek demanded his recall and made the demand an issue of China's sovereignty. Roosevelt, whose policy had consistently been to confirm China's full equality and sovereignty as a great power in order that she should take Japan's place in Asia after the war and serve as the fourth cornerstone of the postwar peace structure, could not do otherwise than acquiesce. Stilwell was brought home. "The most courageous piece of work of any of our generals," as Stimson called it, and the least achievable mission, came to an end. Chiang Kai-shek had won his campaign of passive resistance, if not to his own benefit.

The question remains, what might have been the fate of China if Stilwell had been allowed to accomplish his reform of the army? If Chiang Kai-shek had been left with a combat-worthy force after the war, might he have defeated or at least stood off the Communists? "I myself firmly believe," wrote General William R. Peers*, who as a captain served as chief of an OSS guerrilla unit in Burma, "that had Stilwell's plan for equipping, organizing, and training the Chinese ground forces been carried through to completion, Japanese infantry would not have been able to overrun the air bases in south China in 1944 . . . nor would the Chinese Communist ground troops have achieved their ends after the war against the Japanese was over."

This assumption might have been true if Asia were clay in the hands of the West, but practice suggests that a "regenerative idea" imposed from outside is an exercise in futility. The Kuomintang military organization could never have been reformed without reforming the system from which it sprang—and to reform such a system, as Stilwell himself recognized in a moment of clarity, "it must first be torn apart." America did not learn from the Stilwell experience the limits of its capability in Asia. On the contrary, the nation drew an immense sense of confidence and power from winning the war. We had done that; we could do anything. Twenty-five years later Asia still resists the exportability of the American system and the reach of American control. What nature vetoes, it has been said, nobody can accomplish.] □

* Head of the U.S. Army panel investigating the My Lai affair.

THE PILGRIMAGE

A story by Terence O'Donnell

In a dusty nook, not far from the Friday mosque in Isfahan, there is a little shrine called Baba Qasim. Baba Qasim was a fourteenth-century theologian whose tomb for many years was used to test the veracity of witnesses. According to an early European traveler, if witnesses lied at the tomb, "they suddenly burst and their bowels gushed out." The shrine itself, a small building shaded by an enormous plane, has a dome like a high, white conical hat, and its portal is a cove of old blue tile set into a rectangle of buff brick. Inside stands the tomb, surrounded by a wooden railing. Lamps, which give the only light, burn on it, and tied to the railings are bits of votive cloth. The walls are sooted black from the smoking lamps, and there is

in the air of the place a whiff of tallow and frankincense. Outside in the sleepy little square there is a nut seller, his big brass pans along one wall, perhaps a woman drawing water from the public pump. Now and then, like walk-ons in a play, people pass across the square on their way somewhere.

It was here one afternoon, sitting under the plane tree, trying to make a sketch of the portal, that I met a man named Masht-Husain, a shoemaker, and the man who, as things turned out, was to take me on a pilgrimage.

Looking up from my sketch, I saw him standing in the gloom of the shrine doorway. He blinked from the brightness of the sun, then focusing, took



me in. And I took him in as well. He was a tall, emaciated man with sharp shoulder blades poking up through his old coat. The face too was lean, haggard, but the eyes were big and soft. He looked like a gentle Cassius.

People in Isfahan are very ready to greet a foreigner, prompted as they are by both good manners and curiosity. The shoemaker put his hand across his heart and greeted me, and then, asking my permission, squatted down on his heels at my side. He looked at my sketch, tilting his head this way and that. I had, he said, the hand of a master—there was no doubt of that. By now, having lived for several years in Isfahan, I was used to such compliments. They bore little relation to the truth, yet in their wish to please they were entirely sincere, and I had grown, the truth being so often what it is, to like these generous, well-turned lies.

For a time we talked of this and that, the weather, the plane tree, the little shrine itself. Then Masht-Husain, touching my knee, asked if I had gone yet to any of the great shrines of the country. When I replied that I had not, he began to tell me something of his own experiences as a pilgrim.

It seemed that though a shoemaker, his shop was more often closed than not since he enjoyed going off on pilgrimage so much. He had traveled to all the great shrines of Persia and Iraq, some several times over. His first pilgrimage had been made at the age of fourteen and to the Shrine of Imam Reza at Meshad in northeastern Persia. Imam Reza, one of the early leaders of Shi'a Islam, is especially beloved by Persians, and his shrine is said to be among the most dazzling buildings in the East. The pilgrimage was made with a group of cousins and friends, and biking, it had taken them two weeks. One evening, en route, they stopped to camp by a pool in the mountains. After having settled themselves in, one of Masht-Husain's cousins sneaked a bottle of wine out of his kit. Wine, as well as other alcohol, is forbidden by religious law, but nonetheless they drank it because, Masht-Husain said, the place was so poetic. The wine, however, led to other things, and all of them getting a little drunk, they stripped to their skins and swam in the pool. Nudity, too, is strictly forbidden by religious law.

To me these transgressions seemed, at least in some degree, to debase the pilgrimage. From what I knew of pilgrims, in Ireland and Mexico, they were people who climbed on their knees up long rocky hills. There was no wine on the way nor horseplay in a pool. "*Boshay*—let it be," said Masht-Husain when I asked him, and the implication was that human nature being what it is, transgressions

are now and then inevitable, and not only inevitable but a desirable spice. I was to find out what he meant when, the next week, he and I went off on pilgrimage together.

Since I didn't have the time to go as far away as Meshad, the shrine which Masht-Husain chose for our pilgrimage was the Zainabieh, the major shrine of the area and only a few miles outside the town. We met that morning at a teahouse which served as the station for the shrine bus. I was first introduced to the driver. He was sitting on a stool near the bus, sucking up a glass of tea, a pockmarked little fellow with a gold tooth, and a black beret pulled down over his eyes. "You honor us," he said to me, throwing out his arm toward the bus as though it were the state carriage. "Please ascend."

The bus, though old and small, was painted up very smartly in red and green and white. Inside there were artificial flowers in holders at either side of the windshield, an oleograph of the Prophet above, charms strung on a cord, and, along the dashboard, decals of naked big-rumped ladies.

We sat down in our seats to wait until a few more passengers should come along, enough at least to cover the gas for the trip, for this rather than a "schedule" determined the time of departure. At last, with ten or twelve aboard, we started out. There were some women with sick infants, going to the shrine to ask for their cure; several groups of people who, from their holiday mood and all the pots and lunch canisters, appeared to be off to the shrine for a picnic; and finally, sitting in the back of the bus, two young toughs, bawling their eyes out.

"What's wrong?" I whispered to Masht-Husain.

"Perhaps someone in their family is sick; perhaps in sorrow for their sins they go to the shrine to repent; perhaps disappointment in love. It is hard to say—God knows. We cry often and easily and for many reasons."

Masht-Husain brought out a little muslin bag with drawstrings, which he opened carefully as if it contained jewels, and poured into my hand a pile of roasted wheat and melon seeds, a staple on any Persian journey. By now some of the picnickers had moved back to comfort the bawling toughs. The driver talked to a friend who had come along for the ride. A woman nursed her child. Masht-Husain told me to look out the window; it was spring, and on the branches of the fruit trees, beyond the high clay walls, there was a faint blur of green.

As we went along, I heard from Masht-Husain something of the curious history of the shrine. It seemed that some years before a chest containing certain documents was found in an exhumed grave. The documents purported to give the location of the burial places of several holy women, among

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them Zainab, a member of the Prophet's family. The document relating to Zainab stated that her remains would be found in the middle of a sheepfold near a certain village outside Isfahan. Investigation was made, and a grave, it is said, was found. Not long after, the shrine was built at the place.

Masht-Husain went on, however, to say that the land surrounding the shrine belonged, and had belonged before the grave was discovered, to a certain family. The teahouses, fruit stalls, and other shops adjacent to the shrine were now under their control, as, for that matter, was the bus on which we were traveling. Masht-Husain left it at that. The implication that perhaps this family had planted the documents was not made, though nonetheless it was somehow there. But I knew it made little difference because I knew as well that for Masht-Husain, as for most Persians, truth was a matter of mood and wish and dream, not a matter of objective fact. For the pilgrims, the holy bones of Zainab lay in the sheepfold if it pleased and comforted them to think so, and, as I was to learn, it did.

Soon after Masht-Husain finished his story, we came into view of the shrine itself. It lay in rather open country, a squarish enclosure of clay walls with the dome at one end, a great bulb of turquoise tile with yellow arabesques floating around it, and at the top a gold finial flashing the sun. Inside the enclosure we found a courtyard with trees and down the center a stone water channel. Around the perimeter there were little verandaed rooms where pilgrims from distant places might stay the night. A weekday and a morning, the courtyard was not crowded. This disappointed Masht-Husain. It was, he said, a better "show" when there were more people.

But it seemed to me that there was show enough. The picnickers from the bus had gone to join other picnickers under the trees. Blankets were spread, the samovars set up; people talking, playing with their children, or stretched out asleep. Some sideburned boys in Edwardian suits, cigarettes hanging from their lips, walked around the courtyard taking photographs. In one of the little verandaed rooms there was a group of elderly clerics with goat beards and tightly knotted turbans, smoking their water pipes and looking like wizened, embittered old pirates.

We walked on down to the end of the courtyard and through the arch which led to the tomb. It lay, a long, inscribed slab, in a grill beneath the dome. Sprawled at its base were the toughs from the bus, their heads against the grill, sobbing without restraint. When we came near, one of them rubbed the tears from his eyes to see who was there, and then went back to his grief. On the other side of the tomb several women sat on the ground in the folds of their *chadors*, the Persian veils, holding out to the tomb their swathed infants. In one corner an

old woman rested back on her heels, her hands palm downwards on her thighs, her face, a crackled parchment, raised and still, the eyes half closed in trance. While we stood there, there began from the women and the toughs what sounded like a litany, a kind of choric plea. It rose like a wave into anguish, then fell again to low, disjointed sobs. To comfort them, Masht-Husain took from his pocket a bottle of rosewater, and pouring some of it onto his hands, he went and patted the faces of the toughs, and then went to the women, who cupped their hands to receive it. Shadows moved in across the floor. It was the Edwardian-suited boys. They stood by the tomb, heads down, their hands pressed hard against their eyes.

Outside again, in the sun of the courtyard, Masht-Husain suggested that we visit the mill which stood near the shrine. It had, he said, a tower from which we might look down into an early-blooming orchard. Also, he thought, though he was not entirely certain, that there was something else there which I might enjoy.

The mill was a huddle of dark cavelike little rooms, the corners drifted with flour, the whole place trembling in the rumble of the mill wheel which turned somewhere deep below us. In a corner of one of the rooms there was a spiral staircase which brought us out onto the roof of the tower. Below lay the walled orchard of almond bloom, drifting in the wind, throwing up its fragrance to us. Far beyond stood Isfahan, its domes half-hidden in the greenery like robins' eggs. The mountains ended the view in big blue scoops against the sky.

Masht-Husain was very proud of this view. "God indeed is great," he soberly said. And for a few moments we looked out at it all. Then he winked and took my hand. "Come along; there is another pleasure too."

I had noticed when we came into the mill a curious smell, rather like burning rubber but sweet, an unpleasant smell, yet with something good in it. As we passed from one little room to another the smell grew stronger. Finally, we reached what was hardly more than a cell except that it had a small arched paneless window which gave right out into the almond boughs. Here I saw what the smell was. Two old men sat on a scrap of carpet by the window, a brazier between them, and one of them was holding to his lips a long pipe with a china ball at the end. It was opium that I had smelled.

The two old men got up and greeted us and gestured toward the carpet for us to join them. It turned out that they were acquaintances of Masht-Husain's, merchants from the bazaar who had decided to take the day off to visit the shrine and to see the almond blossoms. They had come at dawn with a pot of sheep's head, which, after having

prayed at the tomb, they ate for breakfast under the trees in the court. They were quick, clean, birdy old men, the white hair on their hard brown skulls clipped short, and there was something in their way with each other which made them seem like brothers or like two men who had known and liked each other all their lives.

We sat chatting with them for a little while, and then one of the old men, nodding at me, confirming in fact what I secretly wished, began to prepare the pipe for me. First he put the china ball at its end among the ashes to warm it, and then from a nickel case he took a stick of opium and cut off a piece about the size of a pea. Next, taking the pipe from the ashes and feeling the ball to see if it was warm enough, he began to plunge out the little hole in its top with a pearl stickpin which hung on a chain from the pipe. It was ready now for the opium, which he pasted down over the hole and where in contact with the warmth it softened a little like wax. I took the pipe, and at the same time the old man fished with steel tongs among the coals for a suitable chunk. Finding one, he held it barely above the opium while I blew hard into the pipe. The stream of air, passing up through the hole and the opium, turned the coal red, and in its heat the opium began to blob and sizzle. It was the sign to inhale, and I took in the smoke as deeply as my lungs could pull it. When I had finished, the old man poured me out a little glass of scalding tea. Leaning back and drinking it, I looked out into the almond branches. They told me that I would be at peace all day, remember the almond branches, and sleep well that night.

The old men and Masht-Husain talked on, gossiping and telling stories, occasionally asking if I was comfortable, offering more tea and opium. I was content. Nothing could have been more pleasant than the little domed room with its feeling of being a secret chamber, the one arched window giving out on the almond branches, the lulling rumble of the mill, the opium beginning to work its peace. At one point, Masht-Husain broke off a sprig of the almond blossom and gave it to me, a memento of my day at the shrine, he said.

And what did I think of the shrine, one of the old men asked, and did we have such places in America? I told him that by and large we did not.

"No doubt you have your own ways of worship," he replied. "The different races and classes of men have their different ways, some outlandish, I'm sure, but all, if well intended, acceptable to God." And then he told us the story of Moses and the shepherd:

One day Moses, walking in the fields, came upon a shepherd. The shepherd was praying to God as if God were another shepherd. "Oh, God! When at night you are weary, I shall rub your feet and I shall bring you fresh cold water and I shall pick the burrs from your beard and hair."

"Clod of a shepherd," said Moses. "Don't you know that God is all-powerful, that he does not know weariness or thirst, and that in his Kingdom there are no burrs." Then God appeared to Moses and chastised him, saying:

"Moses, it is your mission to bring my creatures closer to me, not to drive them away, beyond their understanding, as you have done with this poor shepherd." And Moses repented, and the shepherd was consoled.

"So we worship in our own ways, and isn't it right?" the old man ended, cocking his eyebrows. "Here in this place, for example, it's a woman we honor. Does that strike you as strange?" I told him it didn't. "No, I suppose not. After all you have the noble lady, Mariam—'Mary' you call her?—the mother of your great Prophet. Anyway, what is more natural that we, at any rate, should have many women among our saints, for really what is more precious in this world than a woman?" He slapped his thigh. "My God, as saints or as plain women, how we love them—and to the end. Look at this old grandfather." He nodded toward his friend. "You know that he took himself a third wife last year, a fine fat girl of seventeen!" And laughing, he leaned over and patted the other old fellow's crotch. "Yes, to the end. And do you know—" he stopped and looked at us. "If I have your permission; it is an indelicacy—but anyway, they say that on his wedding night he became so excited that he bit the poor girl, there, in her place." The friend protested, flattered. Masht-Husain clucked his tongue, shocked and delighted. All three of them started off on a round of stories.

By now it was almost noon, and Masht-Husain invited the old gentlemen to lunch with us in the shrine court. We walked back through the dark little rooms and out into the sunlight. A voice from somewhere in the shrine sang out the midday call to prayer.

At the water channel in the court Masht-Husain and the old men took off their shoes and rolled up their sleeves in order to perform the ablutions required before prayer. These completed, they stood, facing Mecca, and began the *rakahs*, the "bowings" which accompany prayer, bowing first from the waist, then kneeling and touching the forehead to a prayer stone on the ground, sitting back on the heels, bowing again to the ground. "*Bismillah l-rahman l-rahim*," they intoned: "In the name of God, the merciful and the compassionate."

We took our lunch on the scrap of carpet under the trees. There was yogurt, rice, and spinach cakes, bread, and cheese, and radishes, and for dessert some dates. We ate it all with our hands from a common tray and drank commonly too from a big blue bowl of water and ice.

Before beginning lunch we had asked the two

roughs from the bus, who were sitting nearby, to join us, but out of manners they had refused. When it came time for tea we asked them again, and this time they accepted. It turned out that, brothers, they had been in some kind of family fight, and in the fracas they had injured their father so badly that he had to be taken to a hospital. As a penance and in their remorse they had come to the shrine to gain forgiveness. There was no sign now of their tears. They had emptied themselves, and they talked to us like men who were very tired but at rest. The old men gave them a brief and gentle lecture. Had they done *áshti*, the ritual of reconciliation? Yes, they had gone to the hospital and kissed their father's feet, and he had kissed them on both cheeks. They had promised him, as a kind of penance, a visit to the shrine and a sheep to be killed and given to the poor. Both parts of the penance had now been carried out. "So," said Masht-Husain, patting their knees, "the whole thing is in the past, forgiven and forgotten." They thanked him.

After lunch we went back to the mill to sleep. The old men led us to a narrow bank between the millstream and the mill. It had a good covering of turf, and there were a few willows which laced the place with shade. In the sound of the flowing water, the willows streaming in the breeze, we soon went off to sleep.

When I woke up, Masht-Husain was filling the kettle to make us tea. Waiting for it to boil, we stripped down to our shorts and took a dip in the millstream. Then we came out and drank the tea, sitting on the edge of the bank, beyond the shade, so that the sun might dry us.

The old men and Masht-Husain wanted to make a last visit to the tomb before we went back to the city. I waited for them in the shrine court. The sun by now had passed to the far side of the dome, and so the chamber beneath it was in darkness except for the lamps which burned above the tomb. Masht-Husain and the old men were lost somewhere in the gloom of the place. I waited. And then I saw them, one by one, move into the tomb's faint light and kneel to kiss the grill. They came out then, together, smiling. The pilgrimage was over. It had been, it seemed to me, a most refreshing day, both God and man remembered. □

FRESH POND

by Fanny Howe

(For my father, 1906–1967).

I've come here to hear
what I can
of our conversations
blowing in spirals
of shade. It may be the wind
in the conifers
but I'm trying to hear
what you said, and where.

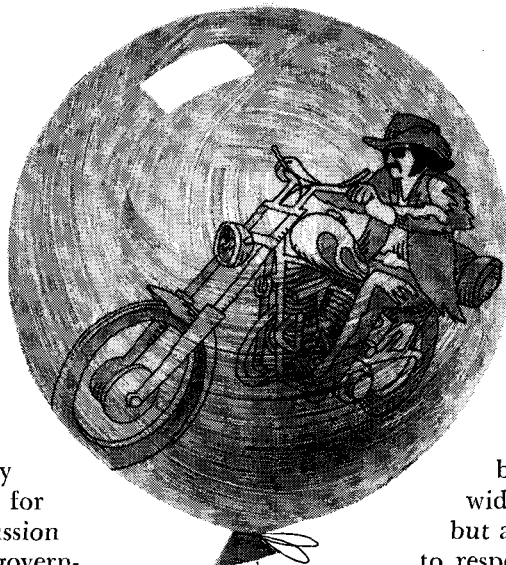
Now yellow leaves
are moving on the golf green
cemetery. When it was spring
no chicory or aster
grew into my arms and
I never saw the reservoir
so dark:
breakers white as snow
are nipping at the gulls.

Do you realize
we're changing altogether
all together here?
You ought to know your death
has brought the desired
changes.
Will you forgive us
our sudden strength
found in the losing
of memory?

Listen and see:
I'm tracing your steps to hear
what your spare response
would be.

EASY RIDER AND ITS CRITICS

by Diana Trilling



Bernard Shaw's *Quintessence of Ibsenism* was first presented in 1892 as a lecture to the Fabian Society in London. Shaw's justification for bringing the theater into discussion with people chiefly engaged in government, politics, economics, and the law was his belief that the drama has a significant influence upon the individual life and the life of society. "Art," Shaw wrote, but he was speaking primarily of the theater, "should refine our sense of character and conduct, of justice and sympathy, greatly heightening our self-knowledge, self-control, precision of action, and considerateness, and making us intolerant of baseness, cruelty, injustice, and intellectual superficiality and vulgarity." A formulation like this was possible eighty years ago as it of course no longer is; today, its language must seem to verge on quaintness. We nevertheless recognize that Shaw is voicing a conviction which in transmuted form is still very much alive for us. Certainly it is some such appreciation of the high moral function of the theater that warrants our appeals for government support of the stage and makes the basis of our contempt for the philistine and commercial theater.

And his statement of the high purpose of the dramatic art makes plain why Shaw found it appropriate to talk about Ibsen to a group of people whose first commitment was to political and social improvement. For if it is the purpose of the theater to instruct us in character and conscience, then clearly all men of character and conscience, all persons devoted to the public good, should be informed of the way in which the theater is discharging, or might discharge, this important duty.

There can be no question that were Shaw addressing himself to present-day affairs he would

put the film under quite as strict scrutiny as the stage, or even stricter, and not merely because the movies reach so much wider an audience than stage plays but also because he would be bound to respond to the special force of the visual as compared to the predominantly verbal medium. Indeed, I have only a most formal hesitation in borrowing his authority for the opinion that no art now exerts more moral influence than the films, and that for the present generation, and particularly among our best-educated young people, more than personal character is being formed by our film-makers: a culture, a society, even a polity.

It is as an exemplification of this power of moral and social instruction that I wish to discuss *Easy Rider*. But perhaps I should first say what I mean by instruction in this context. I do not mean overt pedagogy, and I do not even mean what the famous director Jean-Luc Godard presumably had in mind when he was speaking at Harvard recently about his film *See You at Mao*, and said, "The movie is like a blackboard. A revolutionary movie can show how the arms struggle may be done." *Easy Rider* is not at all a film of this order. Although it is highly tendentious, it wears the mask of disengagement; its atmosphere, in fact, is that of a pastoral. Its method is that of implication and suggestion rather than that of assertion. Its notable achievement lies in its ability to communicate states of feeling: it is through its skill in the creation of emotion and mood that it does its work of persuasion.

An air of purposive mystification, a sense of the existence of tensions which are perhaps made the more significant by never being named, is established from the start of the film. *Easy Rider* opens with its two main characters, Wyatt, played by

Peter Fonda, and Billy, played by Dennis Hopper, having crossed the border from California into Mexico to do business with a Mexican peasant. Both the young men are long-haired, one of them bearded, and both wear clothes which, like their style of hair, at once authenticate their dedication to freedom. Both are riding simple motorbikes. It is of some importance, I think, that Fonda and Hopper are the leading actors in a film which they wrote together, with some unspecified assistance from Terry Southern, and which Hopper directed. *Easy Rider* represents an unusually direct statement on the part of its authors: there are no paid "stars" to intervene between them and us, no interposition of an alien personality or will.

The business on which Wyatt and Billy have crossed to Mexico is the purchase of heroin. At least, we conclude it is heroin although it could of course be cocaine—it is a white powder and the two men sniff it. Apparently the purchase is satisfactory, because they then go on to their next rendezvous: a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce meets them at what seems to be the edge of an airfield, and a sallow and sleazy man of about forty—we notice that he is close-shaven and wears city clothes—gets out and takes their supply of drugs, in exchange for which he gives Wyatt and Billy a wad of money which they will later stash away in their bikes. Before this unalluring character drives off and out of the film, he takes his own revitalizing snort of the powder he has purchased. Although he is doing precisely what the two young men had done just a moment before, his use of the heroin is made to seem ugly and furtive whereas theirs has been presented as an exercise in connoisseurship—apparently with dope as with sex it is the style of the agent which makes for the moral meaning of the act.

As a first gain from the sale of the heroin, the simple motorbikes on which Wyatt and Billy were riding at the start of the picture are replaced by a pair of the biggest, flashiest, most expensive motorcycles ever to fill the male American heart with envy. It is on these splendid vehicles—Fonda-Wyatt's is decorated with a splash of American flag—that the two men now begin their beautiful journey from California to near New Orleans, where their trip will be suddenly and violently cut off. It is a handsome travelogue, this West to East tour of the Southwestern United States. And we are no doubt the more moved by the loveliness and variety of the country because it is offered to us as the stage on which two people already certified as heroes of dissidence are about to act out their fate. Too, this is an America whose purity has not been polluted. The landscape of *Easy Rider* would seem to have known no human desecration other than the building of the highways which Wyatt and Billy ride—

they pass no cars, no buses, no billboards or roadside stands or motels. When there is any form of human encounter, which is rare, it is played for its symbolic meaning.

Thus, the two young riders stop at a lone ranch for repairs on one of the motorcycles. The rancher is shoeing a horse, and in his barn the wheel on which the camera fixes its editorializing gaze is that of a wagon. But even the farm itself is something of an anomaly in Fonda and Hopper's vision of the American West: we have been shown no other such instances of human enterprise. And indeed, the rancher inhabits a boundless universe; the land is his as far as the eye can see—what the film appears to be asking us is why, in an America this big and empty, we crowd as we do in our cities. He receives the two strangers at his table and within his family in the kind of openness and trust which consorts with the freedom and openness of the life he lives. His wife serves him in sweet docility, surrounds him with the happy-faced children she breeds for him. In a brief colloquy over their meal—in the idyllic imagination of *Easy Rider* farmers eat their meals at picnic tables set outdoors—Wyatt inquires whether all this vast spread belongs to the farmer, and he receives his host's assurance that it does. It is a good life to live, is Fonda-Wyatt's comment, and it is of course our response as well.

A counterpoint to this scene is provided very little later in the film when Wyatt and Billy, once again on the road, pick up a traveler—his style is not unlike their own—who takes them to his rural commune. Until now, *Easy Rider* has engaged in considerable conscious evasion: it has not told us where its two main characters come from or where they are going, what drug they have trafficked in or what use they plan to make of the money they earned by its sale, or, for that matter, what in their previous personal or social experience has brought them to their present condition. But now the film becomes not so much mystifying as surrealist. The commune contains some thirty or more young people and a few small children who all live together in what is no doubt meant to represent an entire goodness and harmony, each pursuing his concern. Playacting appears to be one of the group occupations: we see bits of miming in the manner of the guerrilla theater and even a rude outdoor stage. There is also a prayer scene similar to the Thanksgiving devotions in *Alice's Restaurant*; I took it, perhaps wrongly, to be an appeal for rain to water the crops—for it is a gentle point of this commune sequence that these young people would wish to grow their food but do not know how, their unnatural modern up-bringsings having cut them off from the vital springs of life: dazed but intent, they stamp barefoot upon the unharrowed, even unplowed, ground on which they have dropped the seed. Drugs are not mentioned; for one viewer, they were nevertheless omnipresent in the appearance and behavior of the

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members of the commune. There is a moment when the camera circles the group, moving slowly from one vacant-eyed face to the next: they are the faces of madness, of a perhaps irremediable break with reality, or so they looked to me, but I am afraid that what I saw was not necessarily what the makers of the film intended. Before Wyatt and Billy again take to the road, they have an innocent naked romp in a nearby stream with two of the commune girls.

The beautiful journey resumes. At the end of each day's run Wyatt and Billy camp at the roadside. We do not discover them buying or preparing their food, washing themselves or their clothes, or even actually building the fires over which they sit at night, quietly smoking their pot, quietly getting stoned. The inessentials of life have been eliminated to reveal life's essential joyous simplicity—obviously the two men supply each other with the kind of companionship in which marijuana is said to make its happiest effect: at any rate, they laugh together for no apparent reason. And if there is any doubt in the viewer's mind as to what it is that provides this nightly relaxation, it is nicely dispelled when the two men offer a cigarette to a drunk they have picked up who refuses it in terror—hasn't he, he asks, enough trouble already with the booze? Wyatt can reassure him: this anodyne has no devil in it as whiskey does.

The new member of what now becomes a trio of riders had joined them in the jail of his Southern town where he was sleeping off a binge. Riding into the town, Wyatt and Billy had playfully got entangled in a parade and been arrested. After a night in jail, the third young man, an ACLU lawyer, arranges for their release. Gentle, liberal, idealistic, he is the defeated son of the big man of the town, whose power is to be withstood only by drinking—the symbol of the son's remembrance of joy is a football helmet cherished since boyhood. Wearing his helmet, he hops a ride with his new friends: he is bound for a brothel in New Orleans. At a modest restaurant the trio attracts the attention of the sheriff and some cronies of his who mobilize a quick brutal hatred of the hippie outsiders; that night, as the three men sleep at the roadside, the sheriff and his people sneak up on them—they manage to kill only the local lawyer. Just as the sheriff stands for American xenophobia and violence, the lawyer represents, we must suppose, the soft liberal underbelly of American establishment. Well-meaning but misguided, he is first to succumb to a repressive social authority with which he had attempted to live and even deal, blind to its implacable enmity.

The pop music which functions as a kind of Greek chorus to the mounting doom of *Easy Rider* carries much of the emotion with which Wyatt and Billy receive the death of their new friend. They now undertake to complete his journey for him, and they go to the brothel in New Orleans, where they join up with two young prostitutes—but not

sexually, only in comradeship. The four go together to the Mardi Gras, then continue the day in a cemetery where they get high on pot and liquor. By the time Wyatt distributes the LSD he has in his pocket, the girls are too intoxicated to care what they are taking. The inhabitable world vanishes from the screen: as in one of Dr. Leary's psychedelic celebrations, the film now is given over to describing the psychic states induced in Wyatt, Billy, and the two girls by the acid. We watch them writhe among the gravestones, suffering the apparently joyous agony of their self-willed release from the limitations of our reality-bound consciousness. When one of the girls takes off her clothes, no one has use for her naked body: with the help of drugs Wyatt and Billy have transcended more than our society, more even than their minds: their bodies. *Easy Rider* celebrates not only a pretechnological but also a presexual, or at least a pregenital, world.

But they have not transcended death. The acid trip over, the other journey across an America which once was, and presumably might still be, must once more begin. The two men get but a short distance beyond New Orleans, however, when they are overtaken on the deserted road and shot down, in coldest blood. Whether it is the same sheriff of their previous encounter or a counterpart who commits the murder, I am uncertain. But it cannot matter. What matters is that we have been shown vigilante America at work, out to destroy whatever loves freedom and is different from itself. The film ends in a bloody dawn, with Wyatt's and Billy's smashed bodies lying in the road. We understand that their murderers will go unapprehended.

This is, I think, a fair synopsis of *Easy Rider*, though not uncharged with my adverse feelings about the film. But it is necessary for me to make plain that although, while I was in the theater, I was aware of weighty reservations on the score of its moral content—they were provoked from the very start of the picture, by the sale of the heroin—I was also considerably seduced by it. It is not difficult for me to identify my seducer—ironically, it was America. I say ironically because, even apart from the fact that the point of the film is its attack upon America for failure to fulfill its promise to us, the America of *Easy Rider* is largely a pictorial illusion. The landscape it spreads out for us is mythic—I had almost said epic—in its lack of industrialization, of technology, even of population: I daresay there are still sections of the Southwest where one can travel big distances without seeing a billboard or a hamburger stand and where such farms as there are exist in isolation, but I doubt that one can travel from California almost all the way to New Orleans on main highways that are this totally bare of other humans and vehicles. And yet no other film that I can recall has so poign-

antly reminded me of the beautiful heritage we have in this country. It was the American land which seduced me in *Easy Rider*—and this would seem to suggest that I too, like the makers of the film, am caught in the dream of a country unscathed by modernity.

But the longing for an unravished land is obviously not a new emotion for Americans. It appears in our literature even before the existence of what can properly be described as a technological society, in the work of Cooper, Thoreau, Whitman, and of course Mark Twain—when Huck Finn lit out for the territory he too, even in his time, was trying to escape the restrictions of civilized modern life; and in our more recent literature it has played a decisive part in the imagination of Hemingway. For all of these men the unspoiled forests, prairies, mountains, and rivers of America make not only the setting for their quest of freedom but also the actual condition by means of which they discover their wholeness and worth as human beings. *Easy Rider* leans heavily upon the charm and authority of this literary tradition. But the unravished countryside which makes the landscape of its dream of the free life has, in fact, no integral relation to the film's representation of freedom—it is nothing *but* landscape. Its beauty is used, or misused, to validate the only freedom of which Fonda and Hopper have any genuine conception, that which is imputed to the drug experience. It is a first and basic dishonesty of *Easy Rider*, that is, that it proposes more than a kinship, actually an equivalence, or at least an interdependence, between the fulfillment which may be sought by moving beyond the frontiers of civilization and the gratifications which are sought in extending the frontiers of consciousness by the use of drugs.

But a dishonesty of this dimension requires other deceptions to sustain it. The search for a new frontier beyond which life will have retained its old innocence is, to be sure, recurrent in American literature, but we know it is not our sole American dream, nor ever has been: there has always gone along with our nostalgia for the fair and innocent land another dream, that of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Gatsby*—the American dream of happiness through power and wealth. This was the conqueror's dream, and today we direct our sternest disapproval to those who submit themselves to it. Wyatt and Billy are so clearly presented to us as the very antithesis and negation of the predator's America that when at the end of *Easy Rider* they are destroyed by the forces of darkness, we are meant to feel that more than individual lives have been wiped out: virtue itself has been defeated.

Gatsby, we recall, tried to buy his transcendence over limiting social circumstance by bootlegging: Fitzgerald conceals from us no part of *Gatsby*'s moral implication in this way of getting rich. Wyatt and Billy try to buy their transcendence

over limiting social circumstance by trafficking in drugs, but they are made to bear no moral responsibility for *their* way of getting rich—unless we were perhaps to argue that their death at the end of the film is a punishment for wrong-doing, in which case *Easy Rider* would have to be accused of having vested its moral authority in cold-blooded murderers. The transaction in heroin is indeed embedded in moral obfuscation. We see the expensive white powder being given to the man in the Rolls-Royce, we never see to whom he gives it other than himself: we are never shown, say, the schoolchildren in Los Angeles who will become our newest statistics in heroin addiction and death. Certainly nothing in the film suggests that the money with which Wyatt and Billy undertake to escape this tainted world of ours is itself tainted—the sale of the heroin behind them, Wyatt and Billy represent the film's appeal on behalf of America's lost purity.

And just as the filthy business in which the heroes of *Easy Rider* make their wad is somehow disinfected by the presumed decency of their intentions in life, just so their recourse to heroin and LSD is somehow obscured by the innocent pleasure they have from marijuana. In general, the enlightened public now makes a distinction between marijuana and the other drugs which have come into wide use. In fact, the argument, not that all drugs should be legalized in order to take them out of the sphere of criminality, but that marijuana should be legal because it is harmless, rests on the belief that the use of marijuana is a quite separate activity from the use of "real" drugs. The evidence of *Easy Rider*, however, is against such a distinction. For Wyatt and Billy pot seems to be the basic daily fare which makes life supportable for them between their adventures with more potent medicines. We see the two men sniff heroin only once, at the start of the film; their practiced performance with it nevertheless makes us fairly sure that this is not an initial experience. Similarly, their composure after their bad acid trip suggests that this is not their first excursion in LSD. It is difficult to see how the young filmgoers who chiefly make up the audiences of *Easy Rider* can fail to conclude from the example of Wyatt and Billy that the sniffing of heroin and the taking of LSD are simply alternative to smoking pot, or, at least, that the taking of these more drastic drugs can be slipped in and out of at will, between joints, dreary medical injunction to the contrary notwithstanding.

Nor can we place more confidence in the social-economic import of *Easy Rider* than in its moral instruction. The film implies that spiritual freedom depends upon an escape from technology, and it gives us the happy rancher in example. In his barn a horse is being shod, and we are shown the wheel of a wagon—there is no farm machinery, there are no farmhands, and the rancher's sons are too young to help him. Apparently we are to believe

that it requires only one man plus a horse and wagon to put a great tract of land under cultivation. We could perhaps accept a simplification of this sort as merely an aesthetic concentration, were it not for the extreme social and political disingenuousness of the film as a whole, including, as a prime instance, its assumption that one has only, like Wyatt or Billy, to be the target of evil forces within our corrupt society to be oneself wiped clean of all corruption. This curious assumption of course established itself in American liberal thought in the McCarthy period, when one had only to be the object of McCarthy's malignity to be warranted as forever blameless.

As in a traditional Western, *Easy Rider* divides the world into the good and the bad guys. But what gives *Easy Rider* its chic is its definition of good guys and bad in the sentimental terms which are at present being sanctified by left-wing thought: good guys want to be left in peace to live out their lives of natural freedom, bad guys want to impose their way of being upon others. In the revolution of the seventies the contending social forces are, of course, no longer labor and capital. They are the passively virtuous and the actively wicked. In *Easy Rider* the proletariat, with its auspicious place in history and its decisive role in determining the fate of mankind, is transformed into a pair of mindless cop-outs (not to say criminals) for whom there is neither past nor future, imagination, curiosity, desire. Symbols of what we are to suppose is the idealism and aspiration of this revolutionary day, Wyatt and Billy lack the energy to create anything, comment on anything, feel anything except the mute pleasure of each other's company.

But the muteness of *Easy Rider* not only accurately represents the anti-intellectualism of the contemporary revolution, it is also essential to the myth-making impulse of the film. By this I mean, simply, that were *Easy Rider* more verbal, more given to the exposition of its ideas, it would be more accessible to the skeptical intellect. For example, the pivotal point of the film, or at any rate what many viewers have taken to be its moral climax, depends upon our interpretation of a sudden statement by Wyatt—the statement consists of three words. Wyatt and Billy are once again about to hit the road after their acid trip, and Billy murmurs something about their having made it. To this Wyatt replies, "We blew it." This utterance might perhaps indicate that Wyatt thinks their journey has failed in its spiritual intention, or it might even suggest—which is not too different—that Wyatt has come to recognize his moral responsibility for the drug transaction. But nothing in the film supports such interpretations, and I am myself inclined to believe that the ambiguousness of the statement is a deviousness, and that it was formulated to allow the viewer to draw from it whatever moral conclusion would make him most comfortable. By staying with so few

words and refusing to explicate Wyatt's summary assessment of his and Billy's quest, the authors of *Easy Rider* concur in an adverse moral judgment of the central characters of the film, if that is how we prefer it. But at the same time they protect the central figures of the film against adverse judgment so that they can be retained as examples of innocent victimization. And it is as examples of innocent victimization that Wyatt and Billy of course enter the pantheon of contemporary heroic dissent.

Here, then, are some of the lessons taught in this popular film, and an enticing brew of the fashionable, the false, and the pernicious they are. How are we to respond to such an offering? Surely not by legal censorship, which in America doesn't even raise questions of the control of moral and social ideas, only of what may be thought pornographic or obscene, and which in countries where it does treat such questions necessarily operates to suppress anything which challenges the assumptions of the official culture. But the rejection of censorship implies that we put our faith in moral and social intelligence either as exercised by the artists themselves or by those who receive their work.

It is a piety of our art-loving culture that between moral and social intelligence and artistic intelligence there is an inevitable congruence. *Easy Rider* is demonstration that this is not so. As an instance of the art of film-making, it is much to be praised: it is well played and well directed, imaginative, adroit, visually pleasing, and undoubtedly fulfills the intentions of its authors. But these positive qualities not only co-exist with grave deficiencies of moral and social intelligence; they give authority to the film's false view of the moral and social life. If *Easy Rider* were less attractive as a piece of film-making, we would not need to be concerned about its influence. It therefore rests with us who receive the film to exercise the moral and social discrimination which the authors show themselves unable to exercise. In particular, this responsibility devolves, I think, upon those whose work it is to tell us how well the theater is fulfilling its high mission of instructing us in character and conscience: the critics.

It is my sense that more than any other group within the critical profession the film critics have the public's attention—for instance, less than a week after the warm critical welcome that was given the film *Z*, it was impossible to get a seat in the theater at eleven o'clock in the morning. I was out of the country when *Easy Rider* opened; but from the reviews I have since retrieved I have the impression, certainly not of general unqualified approval—only Penelope Gilliat of the *New Yorker* would seem to have given it that—but of a response in which any critical unease engendered by the film was always eventually, and effectually, buried in the reviewer's

need to concur in what was taken to be its invaluable social message: it was as if Fonda and Hopper's observation of Middle America's hatred of anything different from itself and of the American capacity for mindless violence constituted an insight of such freshness and magnitude as to render paltry or carping any adverse judgment the critic might be moved to make on the film's validity as a document of American life. Except for Paul Schrader in the *Los Angeles Free Press*, who boldly ridiculed *Easy Rider* for its indulgence in stale left-wing ritualisms—and it is worth noting that with the publication of this review Mr. Schrader's connection with the paper was terminated—even critics who, like Richard Schickel in *Life*, spoke of the air of self-congratulation in which Wyatt and Billy have their being, or, like Joseph Morgenstern in *Newsweek*, mocked the sententiousness of the film, raised these objections in a context of appreciation.

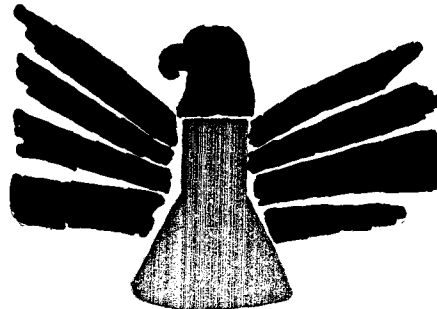
And even Mr. Schrader went but half the course. Although he did indeed firmly denounce the non-dimensional politics of *Easy Rider*, he mentioned not at all the means by which Wyatt and Billy financed their journey. The oversight, however, little distinguishes his reception of the film from that of the other reviewers. To be sure, Vincent Canby of the *New York Times* wrote: "After all, Wyatt and Billy, the heroin pushers, may be the same kind of casual murderers as the southern red necks." Stanley Kauffmann of the *New Republic* wrote: "In cold factual terms, Fonda and Hopper are pretty low types—experienced drug-peddlers, criminal vagabonds. . . ." And Joseph Morgenstern, again in *Newsweek*, wrote: "Neither of these two riders . . . is conspicuously innocent. They've gotten the money for their odyssey by pushing dope." But these comments, which at least announce disapprobation of drug-trading, are curiously brief, unreverberant—they scarcely describe a rousing opposition to the film's own bland acceptance of drug-dealing—while the other reviews I have read fail to make even this small obeisance to the moral occasion. For Dan Wakefield, writing in this magazine, the drug in which Wyatt and Billy traffic is cocaine—he is positive in the identification. And extensively and eloquently outraged as Mr. Wakefield is by the bad treatment hippies receive at the hands of their fellow-citizens, he finds it possible to concentrate the whole of his judgment of Wyatt and Billy's drug transaction into a single sentence of narration: "The two hippies . . . make a highly profitable sale of some cocaine they score in Mexico to a sinister-looking connection in Los Angeles, and with the money stashed in the red-white-and-blue Stars-and-Stripes painted fuel tank of Wyatt's motorcycle, they take off east for New Orleans. . . ." In fact, later in his piece Mr. Wakefield makes explicit his faith in the two central characters of *Easy Rider* as figures of virtue: "Why," he inquires, "the needless death and destruction of these fairly

innocuous, generally pleasant, and harmless young men?" But it is left to Miss Gilliat of the *New Yorker* to bring the moral and social-political concerns of the film into most reassuring accord with each other. Of Wyatt and Billy she writes: "By smuggling dope across the frontier and selling it to a gum-chewing young capitalist disguised as a fellow-hippie, they make enough money to live life their own way." With a stroke of the pen, that is, Miss Gilliat certifies the heroes of *Easy Rider* as proper symbols of the lost freedom and decency of American life: they are genuine hippies rather than capitalists disguised as hippies, and they do not chew gum.

We are accustomed, of course, to the reluctance of our critics to submit to rigorous examination any political or social idea which offers itself as enlightened dissidence. It is indeed by its accessibility to whatever is opposed to established values or whatever may be regarded as innovative thought that criticism defends itself against the imputation of academicism and brings itself into the full current of strenuous contemporary life. Are we to conclude, then, from Mr. Wakefield's or Miss Gilliat's unperturbed acceptance of drug-dealing and from the self-effacing comments upon this enterprise on the part even of the critics who oppose it that drug use has made good its claim to radical-ideological status?

I do not think so. I think, rather, that what we are seeing in the less than satisfactory response of the critics to *Easy Rider* is their obedience to the modern injunction against moralizing about art. Quoting from Shaw, I said that the language in which Shaw described the function of the theater could only sound quaint to our contemporary ears. I meant that such outright moralizing puts us in mind of a culture in which there could be good firm working formulations of right and wrong and in which there were wise men, teachers, whose job it was to guide us through the few possible areas of doubt. Obviously, our sense of our own times is just the opposite of this. So extreme, in fact, is our awareness of the absence of such rules and of the lack of such persons, and of the consequent need for each one of us to improvise his own morality, that we have all but lost sight of the dynamics of culture. We forget that codes for the guidance of our moral lives are constantly being proposed for us by the culture.

In the fashioning of these codes the artists—especially, nowadays, artists in the popular media—have a primary role. But the role of the critics is far from negligible. It is the critics who are supposed to warn us not to be seduced by art and who are delegated to ask questions about the reliability and feasibility and worth of the codes which are being offered us. Theirs is always, if you will, a moralizing function. It is today, when they seem to be most moved to forget this responsibility, that they are perhaps most to be recalled to it. □



SCIENCE
AND THE
COMMONWEAL

BIG SCIENCE UNDER FIRE

by Donald Fleming

Wartime breakthroughs carried science to new heights, and Russia's first Sputnik opened wide the public purse. Now the broad enthusiasm and support for scientific research have given way to widespread animosity; these are lean times for universities and institutes that have drawn sustenance from scientific research. Here a Harvard historian examines the love-hate cycle and calls for "a new way of looking at science." On page 101, a scientist-turned-novelist talks about the scientists themselves, how they think about their work, and what makes them different from nonscientists.

Just before he died in 1955, Albert Einstein said that if he had his life to live over, he would become not a scientist but a plumber or a peddler. He meant that they, unlike the scientist, had a calling that could not be perverted to an evil use by governments for the destruction of life. Yet Einstein's complicity in the atomic bomb was unique, and even people who shared his fears about nuclear war seldom turned against science. In fact, the quarter century from Hiroshima to the Sea of Tranquillity saw the largest public commitments to science and engineering in the history of the world.

Yet suddenly, at the beginning of the 1970s, science is under fire from many quarters. Here are some signs that add up to an increasingly hostile environment for scientific research:

In 1969 NASA put the first men on the moon. In 1970, its budget is being slashed, its main installation for advanced research in electronics (NASA Cambridge) is being closed before it opened, and the *New York Times* is crying good riddance.

One of the more enlightened members of the United States Senate, Mike Mansfield (D., Montana), has obliged the President to accept and enforce an amendment to prevent the Pentagon from funding any research whatever that does not contribute directly to its military mission. Mansfield has added that he would not be unduly concerned if some of the slack left in research funds was never taken up by any other government agency.

As a complement to the Mansfield amendment, the Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences, with the impassioned support of many scientists themselves, has effectively blocked institutional participation by Harvard in the so-called Project Cambridge, sponsored by the Department of Defense for promoting the application of computer techniques to data from the social sciences.

The first scientists to isolate a single gene have simultaneously issued a public warning against the potentialities of their own work for genetic engineering and proclaimed their conviction that

all research done in the United States is ultimately controlled by men who have "consistently exploited science for harmful purposes"—probably the first time that scientists have announced a major discovery and apologized for it in the same breath.

On a much larger scale, a veritable chorus of *mea culpas* resounded through the meeting last December of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, citing the grievous faults of the scientific community in the past—above all, by basking in the favor of the Defense Department to the neglect of urgent social problems—and innumerable calls went up from both sides of the generation gap to repent before it was too late.

Science has been attacked in the past; but in the 1970s the marksmen are increasingly drawn from its natural allies and actual practitioners, the sort of men who have been tirelessly trying for two centuries or more to make room for science in a hostile or indifferent culture. Before we can even begin to calculate how far this revulsion from science by its natural sympathizers will go, and how long it will last, we have to account for the progress it has already made.

By far the most obvious factor has been the colossal expansion in federal support for science since 1940. So long as big government remained the panacea of liberals and radicals, this alliance merely eased the accommodation of intellectuals and reformers to contemporary science. But the most striking trend of the last five years in American politics has been the rising tide of hostility to big government. Robert F. Kennedy, Michael Harrington, and Rhody McCoy joined Richard M. Nixon, Milton Friedman, and William F. Buckley in hymning the praises of decentralization. Big science became part of the overweening presence of Washington in men's lives, and correspondingly tainted.

The particular method by which the taint is most effectively communicated is to lump big science and big government together as part of the dreaded Establishment. This mind-b numbing concept has proved to be one of the most successful British exports of recent times, the ideological equivalent of the Beatles and miniskirts. Every generation seems to require a ferocious bugbear to frighten it out of its wits. The monolithic Establishment, obscenely dovetailing all the reactionary forces of the world, is the current answer to this craving. If the Establishment means anything, it means big government and big business, and between them they pay most of the bills for big science. By a natural train of associations, science is becoming increasingly suspect as a pliant tool of the Establishment. The argument is crude and full of holes, but fervently embraced by many young people, including scientists. It is the new gospel of the campuses.

The most hated segment of the Establishment is the military, and one of the main channels for the federal financing of science has been the Depart-

ment of Defense. Historically, this can be shown to have been an *ad hoc* arrangement by which large appropriations for research were obtained under the cover of national defense. The tacit understanding has been that the Pentagon need not confine its grants to narrowly military purposes. Many investigators with wide experience in these matters feel that the Department of Defense has in fact been one of the more enlightened—that is, permissive—sponsors of research, willing to act upon a very broad conception of what might contribute in the long run to the national defense. Its grantees, for their part, have not felt obliged to teach the Department to look to its own immediate interests. If this was how the country chose to support basic research, who were they to object?

This is the *modus vivendi* that has now broken down from both sides. Many young scientists and other academic people cannot or will not believe that the Pentagon is ever capable of taking a broad-gauged view of the general welfare. They are confident that the military must be getting its money's worth of death and repression from every grant. Any evidence to the contrary is dismissed as "window dressing" intended to camouflage the basically "repressive" aspects of the project. And since the Pentagon has tried to lend a specious coloring of plausibility to its more audacious grants, verbal formulas about the military bearing of the research in question can generally be found to buttress the critics' suspicions.

This is the nub of the recent uproar over Project Cambridge, a scheme for promoting highly abstract methodological innovations in computerizing data from the social sciences—any data for any purpose. But to make this *sound* like a legitimate enterprise for the Department of Defense to support, examples were given in the original proposal of substantive data that might be handled more effectively if the project were authorized. Some of the examples, such as analyzing Viet Cong documents, were or could be of direct military interest. This was not, however, the main thrust of the project, and it is a safe bet that people in the Pentagon did not suppose it was. But the inflammable and inflammatory materials were there to be ignited by critics of the scientific-military Establishment.

The obvious, and basically truthful, response to such critics is that the military applications of Project Cambridge and similar enterprises are secondary to the promotion of basic research and may well turn out to be inconsequential or nonexistent. But in the public relations of academic science, this is jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. Members of Congress, led by Mike Mansfield, do not like to have the pretense that the Pentagon has been sticking to its military mission utterly stripped away, even if they must have known for years that it was a pretense.

What is more, Mansfield shrewdly suspects that

the radical critics of Defense-supported science are never going to be persuaded by such arguments. He has also said that some of the abuse now heaped upon the Department of Defense probably arises out of its unnecessarily and unwisely exceeding its proper sphere in research. From his perspective, the main problem is not that science is compromised by military associations, but exactly the opposite, that the military are being reviled for trying to help science. If, however, the Pentagon doesn't need the research in question anyhow, why put up with the abuse? When to this is added the less respectable consideration that some congressmen must be laughing up their sleeves at letting the universities reap the budgetary consequences of harboring so many radicals, the wide appeal of the Mansfield amendment is clear.

The paradox is that Mansfield and the Harvard critics of Project Cambridge have come out at the same point: that the Pentagon and basic research should put as much distance between themselves as possible. Mansfield has added, and many, though not all, university critics would agree, that some of the projects sponsored by the Pentagon could legitimately be transferred to other federal agencies, ideally the National Science Foundation. But the transfers would be substantial—\$7.5 million for Project Cambridge alone—and by no means automatic. The prospects of an orphaned appropriations item are always bleak. At the present moment in American history, they are even worse than usual. There is a widespread demand for a reordering of national priorities in favor of tackling the problems of the ghetto. Though only an obscurantist would deny that science might contribute to this end, there is a perfectly justified sense that the basic problems involved are political and moral rather than intellectual and scientific. To upgrade the problems of the ghetto is to downgrade the promotion of basic research among the national priorities. Thus, any money saved from the military budget is unlikely to be deflected toward civilian science.

Whatever its practical consequences, the Mansfield amendment was not intended as a frontal assault upon scientific research. But there are steadily growing numbers of young people who are deeply fearful of science itself and wondering whether they dare to do it or abet it. In fact, the whole period since Hiroshima has seen an increasingly desperate quest for some kind of science that would be humanly safe to cultivate. In the immediate aftermath of Hiroshima, there was a qualitatively significant shift of physicists to biology. Some of these men, including "The Father of the Bomb," Leo Szilard, were influenced by their desire to participate in a branch of science that was unmistakably life-enhancing. The irony was that the physicists-turned-biologists and their

immediate collaborators promptly got molecular biology off the ground, discovered the double helix, and opened up vistas of genetic engineering that were anything but "safe."

By the end of the 1960s, scientists and laymen alike were conscious of living in a biological revolution. No one could confidently say that the good consequences for human happiness would outweigh the bad, and many people feared the opposite. Biology as an escape from the ethical dilemmas of nuclear physics turned out to be another dream of innocence gone aglimmering. The undercurrents of anxiety liberated by this development have now surfaced in the extraordinary press conference held by the team of researchers in the Harvard Medical School, led by Jonathan Beckwith, to warn the world against the possible abuse of their own triumph in isolating the first gene.

The other delusive hope that stirred in the apocalyptic spring and summer of 1945 was for salvation from physical science through social science. On the day he died, Franklin Roosevelt, still hugging to himself the secret of the atomic bomb, was drafting a speech for the opening of the United Nations, in which he would say that the next great assignment of humanity was to bring the social sciences abreast of the physical. It seemed axiomatic to him and to many who later read his words in the glare from Hiroshima that this could only be a beneficent development. A mature social science would bring peace and harmony with it.

This was always a naïve hope; but in one sense it has not been as clearly falsified by later developments as the comparable expectation of unmixed blessings from biology. For in 1970, the social sciences are still lagging at least as far as ever behind physics and biology in theoretical grasp and practical utility, and therefore in the power to change the world for good or evil. In the circumstances, it might seem that nobody would be urgently concerned about the current impact of the social sciences. Nothing could be further from the truth. Many American radicals and some liberals are deeply suspicious of social science, even in its present rudimentary state. They see it as a tool of the Establishment for manipulating public opinion at home, suppressing national liberation movements abroad, and generally keeping a lid on social ferment all around the globe. In its backhanded way, this is the most extravagant compliment that has yet been paid to social science.

The question becomes how anyone could possibly deceive himself on this scale about its present capabilities. Sheer ignorance is one answer. Another is that too many people have taken the entrepreneurs of social science at their highly colored word. But undoubtedly the main factor in sounding the alarm has been the increasing recourse of social scientists to big computers. When social science data began to be computerized, many otherwise unflappable

people got the wind up about immense data banks in which every dimension of a man's life could be recorded and retrieved at will by Big Brother. This is why Project Cambridge struck so many sensitive nerves across a wide spectrum of the Harvard faculty. It was, precisely, a scheme for computerizing social data, accompanied by portentous rumblings about the utility of all this to Washington. The previously unpersuasive nightmare of social control through social science became a psychological reality by introducing computers into the picture.

The social sciences have joined biology among the exploded repositories of the utopian faith in science. But wherever one looks, science in all its aspects is now perceived as irremediably equivocal in its bearing upon human happiness—capable of producing good but also evil, and unsafe at any speed. Even medical research, once associated with the martyred Arrowsmith and the blessed Microbe Hunters, is now seen as lying at the base of the population problem that threatens to drown us in our own numbers. And besides, the Microbe Hunters enlisted for germ warfare.

Those other doughty warriors, the Hunger Fighters who sought to increase agricultural yields, have virtually accomplished a green revolution by which as few as 5 percent of the human race will soon be able to feed the other 95 percent. But this is driving the peasants into the festering cities, where work or even dignified misery is hard to come by, and the red revolution dogs the heels of the green.

Science will be used and abused. It will solve human problems and create them. No redressing of the balance among the sciences will save us, no inherently good sciences will come thundering to our rescue. This was always built into the logic of free inquiry. The transforming element in the situation is the new sense of the equivocality of science as a historically demonstrated fact. Put in these terms, the easy passage that science seemed to be having earlier in the twentieth century was an index to naïveté about it; and the current forebodings are a direct function of greater sophistication about its true nature and potentialities.

For many people, the better they understand science, the less they are going to like it; for science embodies many values and assumptions that are widely repugnant in this generation and anathema to young people.

Science exalts the principle of intellectual authority, always aims at authoritative pronouncements, and tolerates dissent only because it promises to reconstitute the authority of science on firmer foundations. Authorities can always be overthrown, but never the pursuit of authority as the chief end of science. By no accident, one of the highest compliments that can be paid to a scientist is to say that he is one of the great authorities in his field.

At any given moment there is, and must be in every science, a prevailing orthodoxy, jealously guarded against unauthoritative intrusions and yielding only to a new orthodoxy. Divisions of opinion prolonged as a mere form of self-expression, dissent as a way of life and badge of integrity, are intolerable to scientists, who cannot rest till they achieve a new stability, a new consensus dissolving controversies. Fresh controversies will arise, but the basic thrust of science is toward an ungrudging though continually retreating unanimity.

No intellectual animus could possibly be more foreign to many young idealists of this generation. They resent the principle of authority and despise the aspiration toward it. They cannot bear the idea of a privileged utterance, carrying a *prima facie* authority and putting the onus of contradiction upon others. They associate it quite simply with social and economic privilege and consign it to the same oblivion. Their own ideal is exactly the opposite: a fluid and unstructured concourse of multitudinous opinions endlessly rebounding, never cut off by a definitive resolution. But science is the resolution of disputes, the stilling of discordant voices.

By the same token, science is the embodiment of the drive toward "objectivity," but the concept of objectivity is rapidly becoming as viscerally unacceptable to many young radicals as authority itself. One of the most admired writers among the young today is the "dissenting" historian Theodore Roszak. In his book *The Making of a Counter Culture*, he denounces "the myth of objective consciousness." He rightly feels that the high esteem in which objectivity has been held in recent generations represents the main impact of science upon human values. Roszak infers that as the subjective mode of consciousness regains its old respectability, science and technology will occupy an increasingly "subordinate and marginal status in the lives of men." Whatever the accuracy of this as a prediction, it reflects a naked hostility to science that evidently appeals to his constituency of young people. Most of these would probably be incompetent to pursue scientific careers anyhow, but they might well contribute as citizens to an uncongenial environment for science in the coming decades.

Science as the exemplification of authority and objectivity is offensive enough to many people, but in the end the worst of all its offenses against the spirit of the rising generation is that science is a risk—in fact, the supreme risk—in an age that craves security. The riskiness of science extends far beyond the equivocality by which nuclear physics can be used to build either bombs or power plants. Even when we consciously dedicate scientific research to beneficent ends, we discover that it produces mixed results. Cyclamates protected people in general against the perils of obesity, and diabetics and latent diabetics against worse perils, but may have increased the prospects of cancer for all of us. DDT

helped to bring many insect-borne plagues under control, but also got into people's food and drink and played hob with certain ecological balances. The Pill has reduced deaths from pregnancy and childbirth, but apparently increases the risk of thromboembolism for some women, and may have other undesirable side effects.

At best, the application of science to human problems will have to be justified by the mere statistical preponderance of good effects over bad. Yet many people are increasingly critical of science and technology for supplying boons that are not absolutely infallible, with airtight guarantees of total satisfaction. These we can never obtain, least of all from science. If we do insist upon them, we will lose the benefits of science—and many human lives. For the paradox of refusing to run the risks of science is to be thrown back upon the risks that antedated science.

A just estimate of science would require a habit of making statistical evaluations of its impact. It is probably fair to say, however, that of all the respects in which lay opinion has lagged behind scientific, the most glaring is the disinclination or incapacity of most laymen to think in statistical terms. If anyone doubts this, let him consult the weather forecasters. Or let him consult the obstetricians who are now coping with the furious women who could not grasp the statistics of the Pill. Yet in the absence of the statistical way of looking at things, confidence in science will be continually shaken by the untoward side effects of even the most beneficent innovations. On top of this, if laymen ever did start to think statistically about science, that would simply remind them that it was a risk, and risks they don't relish.

With science beset by all these fears and animosities, what predictions can we reasonably make about its prospects in the 1970s? Are we in danger of entering upon a new Dark Age, when men willingly let their hold on science go? Merely to be asking this question in the last decades of the twentieth century is staggering, and on balance, the answer remains decisively no. The inertia of a deeply entrenched institution like modern science is enormous. Moreover, in spite of increasing hostility toward science, the great mass of people have no attitudes toward it at all, but merely a craving for the consumer goods that only science and a scientifically based technology can supply. As long as this craving persists, we are not likely to dismantle the scientific-technological structure that produces the goods.

If, however, science continues to flourish on these terms, and these only, the hostility of many young people toward it will simply be perpetuated. For part of their indictment is that contemporary science ministers primarily to the selfishness and mate-

rialism of the age, bribes people into callous insensitivity to the perils and inequities of modern life. The permissiveness that young people now display toward sexuality and drug-taking is curiously balanced by an intense puritanism about getting trapped by material comforts.

This attitude has begun to be reinforced by the argument of men like the Harvard nutritionist Jean Mayer, President Nixon's adviser on hunger, that the affluent classes have too high a standard of living. They are threatening, he says, to bury the human race alive under its own rubbish. They must learn to abate their insatiable appetite for more and more creature comforts yielding more and more trash to discard.

In the measure that such arguments are echoed by people of all ages, the old slogan about science producing better products for better living will ring increasingly hollow. Some other social justification for science will have to be found.

What difference are these changing attitudes going to make in American society? It seems virtually certain that some of the distortions introduced into the structure of American universities in the last generation by the unequal access of science and the humanities to federal funds will be abruptly reduced, largely because the funds won't be there on anything like the same scale for scientists to draw upon, and also because some scientists will be skittish about the government support that remains. It is just possible, therefore, that the relative position of science in the American universities in 1980 will more nearly resemble the situation in 1950 than in 1970. Nothing can take us back to where we began, but we might come closer than anybody would have dared predict even a few years ago to a resurgence of the old-fashioned liberal arts college.

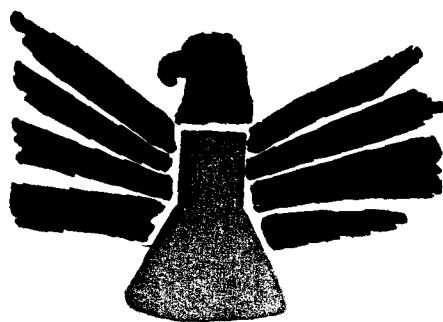
Where that would leave us is another matter, but many people would undoubtedly rejoice. No reflective person is likely to rejoice at the consequences of divorcing military research from civilian research as Senator Mansfield and the young radicals are equally demanding. If they get their way—and the Mansfield amendment is already the law of the land—the upshot will be a self-contained military research establishment, insulated and isolated from the “pure” scientists in the universities, and manned on a self-selecting principle by the very investigators who are least fazed by ethical considerations. The defense of the country will suffer. So will the alertness of the national community to the military research that is being done and the policy options that are opening up. Right, left, or center, nobody is going to profit from this development.

The most interesting and probably the most hopeful development that one could imagine would be the growth of a new way of looking at science. The dominant conception of science from the time of Francis Bacon forward, and a principal source of the hostilities toward it that are welling up in this

generation, has been as the great manipulative agency for transforming the world, generating new possibilities, and unsettling all inherited values. But there has always been another conception, highly recessive in modern times, of science as contemplative, content to observe the natural world without turning it upside down. And suddenly the attractions of the contemplative attitude toward nature are experiencing a sensational revival in the form of universal demands to preserve the natural environment against pollution and desecration.

Yet we will never preserve or restore the natural environment merely by looking reverently at it. All

the manipulative powers of science will be required. But for the first time in many generations one could imagine a scheme of priorities in which the manipulative side of science was in the service of the contemplative and preservative values that have long been forgotten or brutally overridden in the headlong rush of the modern world to cast its inherited skin. Scientists might be exercising some of their ingenuity to get the world back into the condition it was in before they shook it up out of all recognition. That would truly be a new science in a new society. It might even be a science to fire the enthusiasm of the young.



ON BEING A SCIENTIST

by Mitchell Wilson

To the outside world, the word *scientist* refers to a jumble of strange bedfellows—physicists, chemists, biologists, and at least thirty other clans—who spend their lives among the riddles and realities of nature. Each man is convinced that his particular science is more important than the others—and totally different in the intellectual and temperamental qualities it requires. Physicists speak of organic chemistry as being as boring as bookkeeping. Biologists retort that the intellectual austerity of physics is as airless and soul-numbing as the inside of an ether cone. Lord Todd, white-haired Nobel laureate in organic chemistry, once while telling how he had taken over a problem from biochemistry, assured me that the two chemistries were totally different disciplines, even though to a non-scientist they seem to be concerned with almost identical material.

With preferences so passionately defended, and distinctions so finely drawn, one would assume that a man ought to be able to tell you why he made his particular choice. I. I. Rabi at Columbia said flatly: "Because physics is the only basic science there is. Everything else is to the right of it and depends on it. Nothing is to the left of it."

Max Perutz in Cambridge said just as flatly: "Molecular biology is the basic science of life; it is now the only way one knows what one is talking about."

Allan Sandage at Mount Palomar says: "Astronomy and cosmogony—that's where the great questions still have to be answered."

Jacques Monod of the Pasteur Institute says: "Why biology? Well, because I felt that was where the most work was to be done."

Picasso, when asked why he chose to be an artist,

lost his temper and retorted that when a man finds himself asking why he is doing what he is doing, it is time for him to give it up. The men of science whom I questioned kept their tempers; still, what they gave me were not reasons at all but only statements of preference. These highly analytical men were no more able to describe precisely what had captured their minds than is any young lover to explain why he is deeply in love with a particular girl and not her sister. They knew there would never be wealth as the world measures it, nor even success in the popular sense. Why, then, do they do what they do? They don't know.

I had assumed, too, that the scientist's objectivity would enable him to discern not only new ideas but the men who generate new ideas. Among physicists, the saying goes that "there are really only two categories of men who become theoreticians; the geniuses, and the men who are merely brilliant. Those less than brilliant needn't bother to come around." Scientists themselves, of course, know their ranks include a great many who are far from brilliant, and some who are incompetent. They know, too, that among them are science snobs and climbers who want to be—and be seen—in the presence of famous and accomplished scientists. There are also the science politicians and influence brokers. But no matter how contemptible, foolish, fatuous, or venal a man may be, the work he does and has done weighs more with his fellow scientists than the ugliness which is all the outside world may see.

In the end, among themselves, scientists respect only one quality—excellence. No scientist cares that Newton could be meanly vindictive, that Michelson compulsively chased girls, that Pauli's wit could be malevolent and destructive. The scientist reveres talent when it exists, but the men whose careers are dedicated to increasing man's perception of the universe are not always able to perceive among themselves those who will emerge and tower over everyone else.

Albert Einstein was thought to have so little promise at graduation that no school or university bothered to offer him a job. Five years later, in 1905, at the age of twenty-six, the still supposedly untalented man working as an obscure patent clerk in Bern published three original papers in a single year, each of which was destined to become a classic of scientific thought. The response from the world of science to this unprecedented performance was total indifference. That silence persisted for another five years.

When Niels Bohr in 1913—also in his twenties—worked out the bizarre conditions under which an atom could have the planetary structure which experiment seemed to call for, it was only one of dozens of alternative atomic theories that had been appearing in the journals month after month for decades. No one paid very much attention even though, a few months after publication, Einstein

confided to a friend that Bohr's ideas, however radical, were of the greatest importance. "I once had similar ideas but I didn't dare publish them!" was his amazing confession. Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, who has ranged over half a dozen fields in the life sciences with brilliance and Hungarian wit, admits that he once so despaired of any recognition in his early years in biochemistry that he actually determined on suicide.

There are instances of overlooked talent far worse than these—cases where true ability went unacknowledged until ten, twenty, thirty years after the man's death. The monk Mendel, for example, founded the science of genetics in a monastery garden; the physician Semmelweis was hounded out of Vienna for pioneering prophylaxis; and even Sadi Carnot's membership in one of France's more eminent families did not keep his work on thermodynamics from being totally ignored during his lifetime and for twenty years after his death.

Currently an attempt is being made to soften the latent but growing hostility to technology and science by insisting that the scientist is really quite human. Just like everyone else, he likes tennis, sports cars, cookouts, his family. The DuPont Corporation assures you that their scientists are just as active in local and community affairs as their neighbors—if not more so. A recent book stated that its "main aim is to present to the reader the American scientist just as he is—a person who happens to enjoy science as much as a lawyer enjoys law, or a doctor enjoys the practice of medicine, or a businessman enjoys the daily hassle of business."

Well, "enjoy" is a pretty pale word for what goes on. The scientist is like everyone else *only* if "everyone else" is restricted to that infinitely small number of fortunate men who manage to find in life precisely that one pursuit that engages their best abilities, their minds and passions, with more felicity than most wives ever do.

There is pleasure—profound pleasure, both of touch and mind—to the experimentalist in the manipulation of apparatus. If he has designed it himself, there is the added pleasure of seeing it perform its delicate intricacies exactly as he conceived it, under his direct control. The theorist, in addition, has the overwhelming satisfaction of feeling that he has been intuitively attuned to the subtlest nuances of nature when one of his hypotheses turns out to be true.

Richard Feynman at fifty wears his Nobel Prize like an open-collared shirt. Twenty-five years ago at Los Alamos, he was an *enfant terrible*, bubbling with quick brilliance on the theoretical problems of bomb-building that came his way. "It was a succession of successes—but easy successes. After the war, I moved over to the kind of problems [like the self-energy of the electron] that men spend years think-

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ing about. On that level there are no easy successes; and the satisfaction you get when you're proved right is so great that even if it occurs only twice in a lifetime, everything else is worth it!"

Recently, Jack Peter Green, who does pharmacology in terms of quantum chemistry, was polishing a research paper during a country weekend. He had spent more than a year working over the molecular structure of a number of chemically diverse hallucinogens—LSD, mescaline, and others—and was finally able to prove that one specific atomic configuration can be discerned somewhere in the molecular structure of each. I was amazed to hear sounds of private satisfaction come from his room; but later when he was discussing his results, it was clear that his delight had nothing to do with pride in his own performance or with the prestige that would be coming to him for his discovery. It was purely aesthetic pleasure in the exquisite way nature ordered things. "How elegant it is!" he kept saying. "And so simple!"

A young Italian scientist's English was slow and meticulous. "I feel guilty about coming back to the lab after hours to get a little more done, and still I always come back," he said to me. "I know very well that whether I come in or not on Sunday, there will be no great change in science. I neglect my wife and my little daughter for those few extra hours—yet I keep coming. Why? Is it really only curiosity? Because if that's all that's driving me, then it's wrong for me to come for that additional time." "Then why *do* you come in?" I persisted. "Because it is my happiness," he said simply. "This is where I want most in the world to be—this is what I want most in the world to be doing."

Only young artists, actors, musicians, and writers know the same immersion, because what is involved is the deep engagement of a talent; and only a talent at work allows the hours, days, and years of a life to roll by without being counted. That is why, in such lives, there is a far more dangerous risk than failure—there is the terrifying possibility that some day the love affair may stop. Then, tragically, all that is left is the pain of disillusion and the stunned sense of all those wasted years. A scientist, like the artist, is not only different from other men; he had better go on being different!

Whatever is different about the scientist must begin with the particular kind of intelligence such a man possesses. It is said that the scientist must have an inquiring mind—which is true; and that he must also be one of those people who take deep pleasure in learning—which is also true, and also superficial; because both these qualities are demanded also by any number of other disciplines. The particular kind of sensibilities required by a scientist are more complicated.

Begin with his intense awareness of words and

their meanings. While the poet's affinity for words makes him sensitive to their sound, emotion, and rhythm, the scientist uses them as instruments of precision. He must be capable of inventing new words to express new physical concepts. He must be able to reason verbally by analogy—to explain "how this thing is like that thing," and to be able to fit the many resemblances into one single generalization that covers them all.

The scientist must also think graphically, in terms of dynamical models, three-dimensional arrangements in space. The dynamical model of a bacterial cell, for example, is a hollow rigid capsule that may be either spherical or tubular, containing an otherwise shapeless living cell enclosed within a soft sac, the plasma membrane. Niels Bohr's dynamical model of an atom is a miniature solar system with relatively enormous electrons orbiting about an almost inconceivably small sun—the atomic nucleus—a tremendous distance away. Scientists keep these three-dimensional pictures in mind as vividly as if they were actually seeing them. Formulas and equations printed on a two-dimensional page have three-dimensional meanings, and the scientist must be able to read in three dimensions to "see the picture" at once. There is nothing "abstract" about a scientist's thinking.

This visualization is so vivid that a scientist examining a theoretical problem is really like a jeweler peering through his loupe at a gem which he holds close to his eye, turning it over and over in his fingers. To Einstein, there was nothing abstract about his theory of relativity. Even the slightest apparent deviation from the hard world of physical reality made him intellectually uncomfortable. For more than a decade, meeting at international science conferences, he and Bohr, by then both in middle age, had monumental arguments over the meaning of the uncertainty principle, with Einstein the one who stuck stolidly to the basic mechanistic principle of cause and effect. "I cannot believe that God throws dice," he said.

The split between the so-called "Two Cultures" is much more than a matter of humanists learning more about science, and the scientists spending more time on aesthetics. Unless a man has some kind of spatial imagination along with his verbal sensibility he will always be—as far as understanding science goes—in the role of the tone-deaf struggling with a course in music appreciation. On the other hand, the possessor of both verbal and spatial sensibility will rather quickly be bored if asked to limit his imagination to only the verbal domain, in the case of the humanities; or to only the spatial domain, in the case of the graphic arts.

A man accustomed to working at the peak of his powers has no patience with anything that calls on him to work at only half-load. With this dual sensibility then, the true scientist would find it difficult "to be like everyone else" even if he wanted to.

Not only is there a split between scientists and other people, there is also a sharp split among scientists themselves. Within specializations, a division runs across every field—a sort of trans-science geological fault, which results from the fact that there are two kinds of scientific knowledge. Claude Bernard, the founder of experimental medicine, pointed out that there is the knowledge we already possess, and there is the knowledge we still have to discover. One type of scientist—the man with encyclopedic knowledge of past and current thought in science—can make an inspiring teacher or a brilliant research administrator, but he is not necessarily the man who is most creative. The other type of scientist—a beachcomber on the edge of the sea of the unknown—may be so haphazardly versed in the literature of his own field that he sometimes invents and discovers things that have been invented and discovered before.

Szent-Gyorgyi says he feels embarrassed, isolated, and ignorant at meetings in the presence of these highly articulate scientists who seem to have all knowledge at their fingertips, even though he is the one with the Nobel Prize and they are not. The Polaroid inventor, Edwin Land, feels that discoveries are made by those scientists who have freed themselves “from a way of thinking that is held by friends and associates who may be more intelligent, better educated, better disciplined, but who have not mastered the art of the fresh clean look at the old, old knowledge.”

In the main it is these intellectual ragamuffins who are responsible for the great advances; just as the great novels and poems are not written by men of the widest erudition and critical ability. History is a cruel bookkeeper and carries on its ledgers only the names of those who create what is enduring; it drops forever the men who appear to scintillate in their own times with the knowledge only of their own time. J. Robert Oppenheimer was a brilliant administrator of other men's work; he was a brilliant interpreter of other men's work, and a judge who could make piercing evaluations of other men's work. But when it came time—figuratively speaking—to write his own poetry in science, his work was sparse, angular, and limited, particularly when judged by the standards he himself set for everyone else. He knew the major problems of his time; he attacked them with style; but he apparently lacked that intuition—that faculty beyond logic which logic needs—in order to make great advances. If one were speaking not of science but of religion, one could say that Oppenheimer's religiosity was the kind that could make him a bishop but never a saint.

This particular quality which is so essential to the scientist is almost indefinable. Years ago, as a graduate student, I was present at a three-way argument between Rabi, Szilard, and Fermi. Szilard took a position and mathematically stated it on the blackboard. Rabi disagreed and rearranged the equations

to the form he would accept. All the while Fermi was shaking his head. “You're both wrong,” he said. They demanded proof. Smiling a little, he shrugged his shoulders as if proof weren't needed. “My intuition tells me so,” he said.

I had never heard a scientist refer to his intuition, and I expected Rabi and Szilard to laugh. They didn't. The man of science, I soon found, works with the procedures of logic so much more than anyone else that he, more than anyone else, is aware of logic's limitations. Beyond logic there is intuition, and the creative scientist often is out there, rather than within the exquisitely arranged landscapes of rigorous logic.

For eighteen years before Newton wrote down the general law of gravitational attraction, he had an intuitive perception that the earth's gravitational force extended at least as far as the moon and was responsible for the moon's motion. Even then, another year passed before it became clear that an assumption basic to the whole idea had still not been proven—and the matter was brought to Newton's attention. He went to work on it at once. The next day he handed over a few sheets of paper containing the mathematical proof that a spherical mass, no matter how large—earth, moon, or sun—behaves gravitationally as if all its mass were concentrated into a single point at its center. Newton had assumed intuitively for years that something like this might be the case, and for all those years had never for a moment thought that everyone else did not share his perception.

A composer looked at me with surprise when I happened to mention that the scientist experienced creativity in exactly the same way as the artist. “But what does he create?” he asked. “I thought he dealt only with logical processes—deductions from experiment.”

Creativity for the scientist does have certain characteristics that are unique. To begin with, the scientist picks his problem because he knows enough about it to know that no one knows very much about it—except that there are unanswered questions there. Out of insight or inspiration, he suggests a possible answer to one of the questions: for example, What *is* a possible structure for the atom? What *does* bind the atoms together to form molecules? By *what* means does the living cell store the chemical energy released within its walls? The creative moment occurs when the suggested answer is being formed. Naturally, the scientist would like to be proved right, and so the performance of the deciding experiment can never be the dispassionate exercise it is popularly thought to be. Experiment carries all the emotion of a contest. Objectivity lies in the scientist's willingness to accept, however reluctantly, evidence that his brilliant conception is wrong. Once Nature gives its decision, there is

no appeal. In fairly short order then, the scientist is ruthlessly informed whether his creation is valid or not. The artist, on the other hand, has no such objective standard. He can always find, or invent, an aesthetic system to justify his creation.

There are several other important differences between creativity for the artist and for the scientist. If Shakespeare had never written *Hamlet*, if Beethoven had not lived to create *Eroica*, no one else would have brought these works into existence. Other artists would have created other works. In science, though, if Einstein had never lived to work out relativity, if Maarten Schmidt hadn't recognized the nature of the quasars in the sky, or if Crick and Watson had not solved the structure of DNA, other scientists would have done so. The world of art is infinite in creative possibilities, the world of science is restricted: there is only one Nature to be discovered.

Again, no work of art has ever had—ever can have—the revolutionary impact on man and his society the way the introduction of a new technology can. With the artist, a moment of history comes to an end when he finishes his particular work and the act of creation is completed. With the scientist, it is that precise moment that a new phase of history begins; even though he himself cannot possibly foresee what future generations will add to his contribution or choose to do with it. This is where he is the prisoner of his own time.

Faraday couldn't conceivably guess that dropping a small bar magnet down the center of a coil of wire would mean that a hundred years later millions of miles of electric power lines would flash billions of kilowatt-hours back and forth across the earth. Nor could Semmelweis know that his campaign to save women from death by puerperal fever was one of the several steps that would help lead—five generations later—to the threat of such world overpopulation that mass starvation looms as one of man's possible fates.

Not long ago, I asked Otto Robert Frisch, who, with his aunt, Lise Meitner, had actually been the first to realize that uranium atoms were indeed undergoing nuclear fission with enormous emissions of energy, whether at that point (1939) he had any sense of what his work was to lead to. He had been a young man then, a refugee from Hitler Austria.

"My aunt and I spent the weekend together in the Swedish countryside," he said. "She told me what she had just heard from Hahn in Berlin. We discussed it over and over as we walked through the woods; and the more we talked, the more we became convinced that the uranium nuclei were indeed breaking up—*fission* was *her* word for it. We wrote up a short joint paper on this completely unsuspected nuclear process before we separated. She went back to Stockholm, and I went back to Copenhagen to the Bohr Institute. I had a vague sense that we were onto something that might be impor-

tant, but I couldn't say how. I remember writing to my parents that we might have a tiger by the tail, but believe it or not I couldn't think of an experiment to do until Plazcek—do you remember him; the most skeptical man in the world?—Plazcek said he didn't believe any part of it, and that made me so angry that I said I'd prove it to him, and I did. But you see, that was all still months before Joliot in Paris detected the emission neutrons ejected during each fission which meant that a chain reaction was possible. I had no way of guessing that this would be so."

The inventors of radically new machines always judge the value of what they create, but their judgment is embedded in the standards and needs of their own times. Dr. Richard Gatling, a Union Army surgeon, appalled by the bloody cost of the American Civil War, reasoned that he could reduce the number of losses by reducing the size of armies. He developed a gun with a tenfold firing power so that one man could do the work of ten. The Gatling gun—the first modern machine gun—turned out to have a very different effect.

The Wright brothers seriously weighed the possible future effects of their invention. They saw their airplane as a sort of air scout able to fly over enemy lines and detect every movement. Military surprise would be impossible, and from then on wars would be useless.

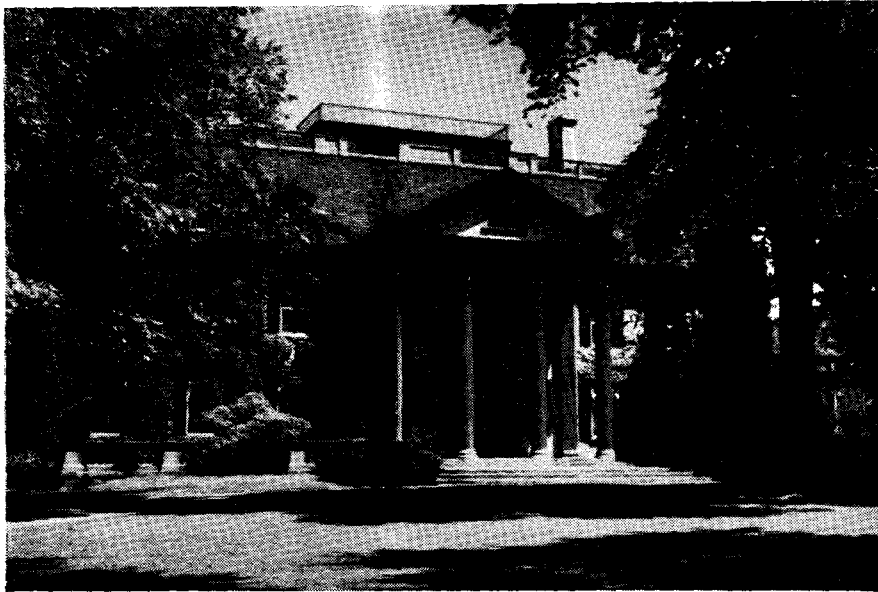
When Einstein's work on relativity led him to the historic discovery of the convertibility of mass and energy, he did not foresee how his principle would act as a guide to the release of nuclear energy. Is he to be held responsible for the deaths at Hiroshima? Does history hold Newton guilty for every artillery barrage laid down by all the armies of the world in every war of the past three hundred years because one of the outcomes of Newton's laws of dynamics was the artillerist's science of ballistics?

Yet because of the scientist's inability to look over the walls of history and foresee what subsequent generations will do with the fruits of his discovery, society today blames the scientist for what it wrenched from his hand and turned into engines of evil, poisoning the earth's atmosphere, crust, and waters. The scientist is bewildered to find himself considered the villain. It is as if Prometheus were chained to the rock—not by the gods from whom he stole the fire, but by the men he tried to help, because, as they claim, he had now made it possible for them to burn one another to death. Nevertheless, the very scientists who are being considered the bogeymen are the ones who must still be called upon to use their ingenuity to help undo the damage which society has done to itself. They are more than anxious to meet the challenge.



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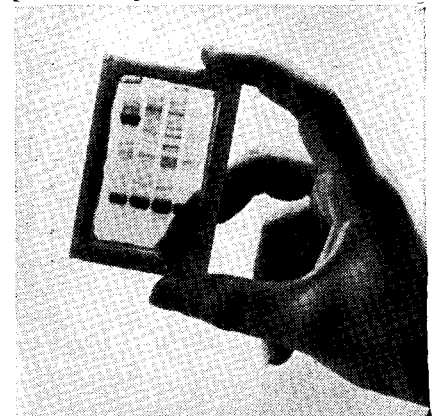
One of them is in medical x-ray. Much of our effort through the many years we have manufactured x-ray film has gone into making it tell its story to the doctor at ever shrinking cost in exposure of the patient to radiation. Though less important, the cost in money matters also. Money stands for work time. In 1956 appeared the KODAK X-OMAT Processor. Exposed x-ray film went in at one end and came out 6 minutes later at the other end, dry and ready to read. Hospitals that bought it at \$30,000 were not sorry. The 1970 version runs around \$9,000 and cuts the time to 90 seconds. This is quick enough to hold the patient in the x-ray room until the examination is completed. Much moving of sick patients doesn't improve their condition.

Nor does that close linkage of med-

ical care to economics help patients and their families feel better. In the supply-demand balancing act, where demand is not about to decline, hope lies in increasing the supply of medical care. Much of which, it appears, can be entrusted to properly trained paramedical personnel. Which means training them through seeing and hearing. Which means highest quality audiovisual indoctrination that gets right in and shows the details to learners in large numbers. Which means a significant part of our present market for motion picture film.

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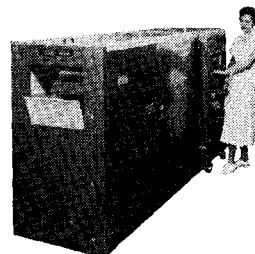
ing art. Assays of body fluids and tissues by techniques that are being reduced to fast, low-cost routines can deliver a burst of data amounting to an accurate, sensitive biochemical snapshot in a depth of detail that makes the picture unique to the individual patient.



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LIFE AND LETTERS

AMERICAN LINGO

by Louis Kronenberger

AMERICAN USAGE: THE CONSENSUS
by Roy H. Copperud
Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$7.95

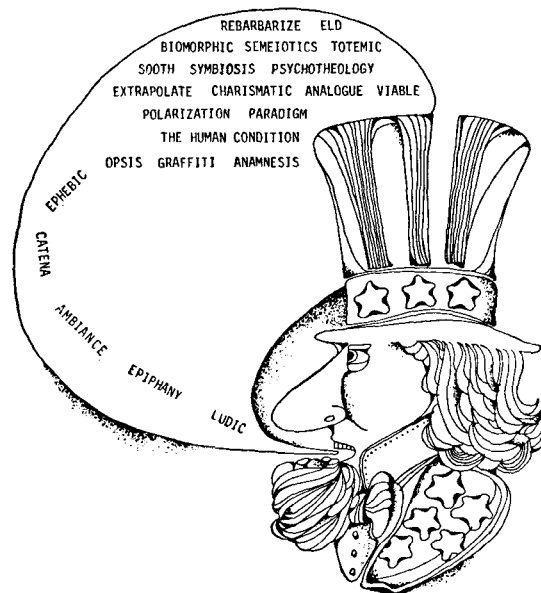
In this age, when five well-known businesses, some of which own one another, can consolidate and all be owned by a sixth, it's not surprising that a number of writers and books concerned with the ways of language should be consolidated, as so many jurors, into a single volume. Again, in an age of democratic procedures, of multiple opinions, and of majority rule, it's not surprising that the volume's governing principle should be a majority vote among its judges. Consensus is, indeed, a title-word of Mr. Copperud's book, and the presumed key to its efficacy. Thus, if four of Mr. Copperud's judges approve of a disputed construction, and three disapprove, the uncertain reader, who would rather be right than hesitant, can confidently go along with the four. If six judges approve and only one or two do not, the consensus is "overwhelming," and the matter, it would seem, has been settled forever.

Mr. Copperud, a professor of journalism and the author of *A Dictionary of Usage and Style*, has undertaken a large and arduous task, which encompasses almost everything that is open to challenge or protest in the American use of language. In doing this he has established a primary panel of authorities, while fairly often citing additional ones. The panelists are H. W. Fowler (*Modern English Usage*, revised by

Sir Ernest Gowers), Wilson Follett (*Modern American Usage*), Bergen and Cornelia Evans (*A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*), Theodore M. Bernstein (*The Careful Writer*), Margaret Bryant (*Current American Usage*), Rudolf Flesch (*The ABC of Style*), Mr. Copperud, and three dictionaries: Merriam-Webster's *Third*, *Random House*, and *American Heritage*. These are among the best regarded handbooks and the most up-to-date dictionaries—a rather formidable assemblage; indeed, a small army of generals. The reader will very early discover that some authorities are more authoritative than others, and some are more authoritarian, and that the dictionaries, with rare exceptions, are less exacting and much less explanatory than the handbooks. The consensus principle clearly has its points, not only in making classical use of a panel of jurors but also in providing a spectrum of jurors who acquaint the reader with almost all shades of opinion and almost all schools of thought. From these he may obtain an exhaustive presentation of the possible placings of adverbs, or what is nothing less than a panoramic view of punctuation. And this expert or that may provide a sharp attack on what seemed unassailable, or a shrewd defense of what seemed quite im-

possible, or a convincing answer to what looked dubious in the extreme. And in many cases, of course, the consensus will without question be right.

But in how many cases? And, again, on what terms?—which is to ask whether today's already heterogeneous and always innovating culture, and today's already vertiginous and always accelerating pace, can make possible for American usage a steadied norm and a sane rate of development and change. Doubtless the grand old criminals—*infer* for *imply*, *disinterested* for *uninterested*, *flaunt* for *flout*, *allude* for *refer*, *extremely unique*, the *hoi polloi*, and all the others—still raise their heads and are expeditiously beheaded. But such traditional defendants, though not to be acquitted, have come to



seem merely carried on the books, like small, long-standing bad debts, with many more recent entries creating greater controversy or concern. In the twenty-five years since the end of World War II, American life has drastically altered; it is hard to believe that something culturally so revolutionizing as television had just got going in 1945, and that half the vocabulary it created or broadcast is much younger. Yet television is a pale fraction of what technology has done, within twenty-five years, to language, not to speak of the changes wrought on language elsewhere, whether by hippies and beats, by the lingo of the campus, the lingo of the arts, the jargon of the scientists, the vogue words of the quarterlies, the crass inspirations of Madison Avenue, the christening parties for all sorts of new objects, new procedures, new techniques. Almost anybody with any education today—be he taxi driver or traffic cop—uses all kinds of technical, scientific, even psychiatric words: yet, simultaneously, people with far better educations go in for a *Laocoön*-group syntax and a startling perversion of idiom. Who today can be relied on to hold the line?

The first obstacle to holding it, and my strongest objection to Mr. Copperud's choice of jurors, is the dictionaries. Dictionaries primarily record rather than judge: if a word is in common use, or has clearly taken on an altered meaning, most dictionaries will allow either thing respectable standing. In Mr. Copperud's citations, Webster's *Third* is so often and injudiciously indulgent that it seems as cooperative about neologisms as Nevada is about divorces. *Random House* is better, though also much too indulgent; only *American Heritage*, which drew, in consensus fashion, on a large panel of professional writers, refuses to regard mere currency as a criterion. Dictionaries, to be fair to them, exist to give the meanings, the origins, and the unarguable existence of words far more than to pass on their status; and just so, where handbooks can really help the unsure, dictionaries tend to console (yes, that's a recognized word) the none-too-particular.

If the line is to be held, it will be in spite of most dictionaries, and if a consensus plan is to prove of value, it must be a consensus of superior judges who, among themselves, are virtually equal. Mr. Copperud's pres-

ent judges seem to me to vary considerably in both their qualifications and their attitudes. Wilson Follett is an aristocratic reactionary, Mr. Bernstein is an informed, at times relenting, strict constructionist, Fowler a sometimes crotchety but most times mellow conservative, the Evanses rather liberal, and so on. Fowler still seems to me the most erudite, the most enjoyable, and on fine points the most trustworthy judge, though he is proof of how much language and usage can change in forty-odd years. And how much harder it has become, after forty-odd years, to pass judgment on usage, for if there has been a gain in what might be called educated speech and writing, there has been a loss in what might be called cultivated. Grown fairly rare is a prose that was once fairly common, a prose that is simple, supple, often urbane, and instinctively idiomatic. Such writing embodied what might today be named highbred usage—such niceties as *oblivious of*, *aim at*, *infuse into*, *retort on*, *knack of*, *much different*, *hamstranded*, *he is one of the statesmen who are . . .*, *those of us who assert themselves*, *Shall you go to the party?* and so on.

Today much good prose is in tone understandably rather journalistic, and very much academic and critical prose is littered with fashionable words and loaded with jargon. Campuses across the country have become so many chain stores featuring pretentious wares that are immoderately overvalued, slavishly overused, and often quite threadbare: *life-style*, *value judgment*, *the human condition*, *charismatic*, *polarization*, *paradigm*, *elitist*, *ecumenical*, *ambiance*, *graffiti*, *sybiosis*, *epiphany*, *extrapolate*, *archetype*, *analogue*, *concept*, *subsume*, *autonomy*, *dichotomy*, *viable*. I open one of our weightiest quarterlies, and confining myself to the particular literary essay I open at, I encounter—along with many of the words just listed—*rebarbarize*, *ephebic*, *totemic*, *semeiotics*, *theriomorphic*, *biomorphic*, *developmental*, *authorial*, *theophany*, *catena*, *authentication*, *anamnesis*, *pseudocausality*, *eld*, *ludic*, *logoi*, *liminal*, *opsis*, *topos*, *sooth*, *psychotheology*, and *liberative*. What most enchants me is that the author, having inserted quotations from Emerson and Matthew Arnold in which every word and phrase is an easily understood and established

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one, must himself straightway refer to Emerson as a "comparatist" and to the "racial calculus" that Arnold is practicing. The great disease of the moment is not a wrong use of ordinary words and phrases, but the ostentatious deadening of the language with pretentious clichés, new-fangled abstract nouns, dreary jargon phrases, archaisms like *eld* and *sooth*, chic hideosities, and—to borrow from the offenders' stockpile—the worst kind of academic *Ersatz* and of linguistic *Kitsch*. Simultaneously—I quote once more from the essay in the quarterly—we are offered such a turn for elegance as "the absence of methodological thinking in that area," such devotion to English undefiled as *inobviously*, and such talent for phrase-making as *social-participatory*. Silence may still be gold, but speech is more lead than silver.

At an earthier level there has, of course, been a real need for many new words. Some, like *countdown* and *Xerox*, won overnight acceptance; many, from *TV* to *SDS*, function fully as abbreviations; others, like *hangup*, *input*, *uptight*, *turned on*, *putdown*, *right on*, fill a passing, and sometimes protesting, need to be blunt, rough, scornful, and are often, in their fashion, putdowns of Establishment pomposities and Modern Lingo Association polysyllables. Words get corrupted almost beyond correction: when millions of people say *welsh rarebit*, the effort to save *welsh rabbit* seems doomed (who would attack *Jerusalem artichoke*—from *girasole*, a sunflower—as equally corrupt?). Words, again, lose their original meaning; but surely to insist on retaining that meaning and no other, as Mr. Bernstein does with *climax*, is wastefully pedantic; as well insist that *fond* should still mean *foolish*, or *meat* any kind of food.

At a popular as opposed to a professional level, education, in enlarging vocabularies, has been debasing usage. America's being a huge population composed of all sorts of ethnic backgrounds and regional differences, whatever may once have approached a truly American vernacular has been unendingly spattered and discolored with local turns of speech, alien syntax, mangled idioms, and, in our own age, a degraded form of "educated" language.

Today's educated language derives not just from people going to school or college, but from their going to the movies, from their drawing on the vast curriculum offered by television, from the long words spawned by science, the stylish words of urban life, the scented words of advertising. A populace with so mixed a background, so mongrel a culture, so faddish an utterance will in picking up words misuse or distort them, will in picking up words make mincemeat of phrases, will in fawning on polysyllables assault prepositions, so that today the great lurking menace is not illiteracy but adulteration. For every crudity, every *doesn't* for *doesn't*, that gets whacked, a barbarism, a "he graduated high school," gets welcomed; for every grammatical lapse, an "If you come, I would too," that is tossed out, an idiomatic absurdity, an "in the bargain," is taken in. Moreover, it is this side of language that is most infectious and proves most damaging, for though people delight in enlarging their vocabularies, and may have a certain anxiety about their grammar, they almost never give a damn about the staples, let alone the subtleties, of usage.

Well, in a culture where so many of common humanity's great needs have become polysyllabic ones—obstetrician and psychiatrist, pediatrician and hysterectomy, amortization and condominium, even carburetor and refrigerator—any return to the simple life of language would seem hopeless; and just how far we should try, or would be able, to map out a simplified life of usage, I don't know. Just as one man's swear word is another man's euphemism, so, in Mr. Copperud's consensus, one expert's parking ticket is another expert's penitentiary offense. Much time and effort has gone into *American Usage*, but unless the reader arbitrarily decides to enroll with the majority, he will constantly find himself at the crossroads rather than in the clear. For, since Mr. Copperud's judges are of unequal standing, his principle of majorities must seem of questionable value. When, in any case, have majorities ever come to mean sureties? "Minorities," said Sydney Smith, "are almost always in the right"; and Ibsen omitted the *almost*. Schiller bears closest on our problem: "Majority? What does that

mean? Votes should be weighed, not counted." And, though very reasonable in his approach, Mr. Copperud counts oftener than he weighs. "Consensus," he will tell us, "is heavily on the side of *data* as a singular." Indeed, there is very little in the book that is without a champion, and may not be well on its way to consensus: two authorities rally round "chaise longue," and one authority calls "I did not notice but three umbrellas" standard usage.

Doubtless, most of the people who read this book will do so from a desire to be correct, something thoroughly understandable if only because their salaries, and conceivably their social position, may in some part depend on their syntax. And by heeding the advice of Mr. Copperud's more conservative judges, people who want to be correct will, at the very least, almost always find themselves on the safe side. There is, of course, no way of being unchallengeably correct, the less so as the best writers, who, rather than the handbook writers, constitute a final court of appeal, are very often "incorrect." Furthermore, along with running to permissive extremes, *American Usage* also runs to pedantic ones. Thus, some of Mr. Copperud's soundest judges rule out *anxious* in the sense of *eager*, as in "I'm very anxious to see you but I'm afraid I can't"—where *anxious* is as firmly established in the sense of *eager* as is *afraid* (which no one challenges) in the sense of *regret*. How many of us have been amused and charmed by the phrasing of Prior's

For thou art a girl as much brighter
than her
As he was a poet sublimer than me

without realizing that this construction is standard, indeed highbred, English usage, and that almost every duke and every don in present-day England would say "He is older than me" and "I am taller than him," just as they would say "those kind of tables" and "Everyone finished their dinner"? Such expressions may be disapproved, but they can't be discredited, and to me cultivated colloquial speech calls for gratitude and cries out for survival.

Since, in a book of more than 2000 entries, we can touch on only a handful, let them be slightly odd ones:

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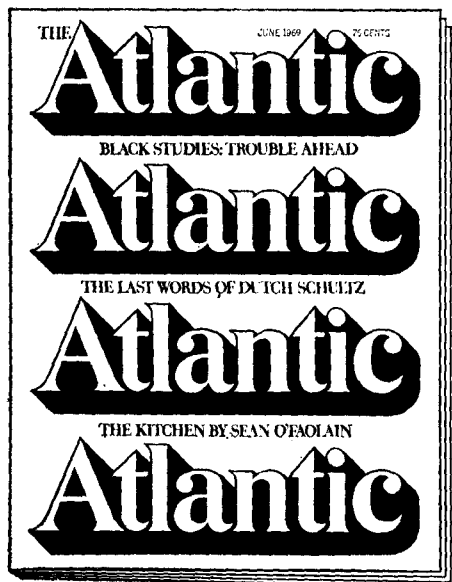
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1. Mr. Copperud says that *in* and *at* are interchangeable with cities, and that there is "no workable rule" about them. But though *at* and *in* are interchangeable with small cities—"They'll be at Carmel for the festival"; "We just missed him in Poughkeepsie"—in modern usage *in* with big cities is virtually mandatory. No one would say "I saw him at London," or "We'll be at Chicago next week," or "When at Rome. . ."

2. Of *Cesarean section* we are told that this is now "the preferred spelling," with Julius Caesar ousted because *Cesarean* comes from *cadere*, to cut. Doubtless it does, but Mr. Copperud seems to forget that *section* comes from *secare*, to cut; perhaps the preferred spelling should be reserved for delivering twins.

3. Mr. Copperud tells us that "as used for criticism" *competent* is the equivalent of *adequate*. It is certainly so in the opinion of Broadway producers and their kind since, as used in advertisements, neither word will sell tickets, on which reasoning *competent* is better called the equivalent of *inadequate*.

4. Mr. Copperud objects to *guilt feelings*, insisting that we must say *guilty feelings* on the ground that "no dictionary yet recognizes *guilt* as anything but a noun." But no dictionary need do so: the construction involved is one of the commonest, best established, and most valuable constructions in the language. The use in English of successive nouns is limitless—*horse show*, *parlor car*, *summer school*, *smoke screen*, *dog days*, *venison steak*, *Christmas tree*, and more abstractly, as with *guilt feelings*, *death watch*, *crime wave*, *Peace Corps*, *problem child*, *honor roll*, *success story*, *lunacy commission*. Indeed, if we choose, we may pile noun upon noun upon noun—speak, say, of the Twin City freshman basketball championship cup.

5. Two judges, hard though it is to believe, approve of "Three personnel were fired."

Handbooks clearly have their place, and when they put their finger in the dike rather than bid the waves stand still, have a very real value as well. But the job, considering what a handbook is called upon to do today, has gotten out of hand. Where once there was something reasonably compassable about the undertaking, today language and

usage are at every level jumbled and all but reversed. *Construct* and *structure*, for one example, have virtually swapped roles: *construct*, once a very common verb, has become an extremely popular academic noun; *structure*, once a very common noun, has become an extremely popular academic verb. Again, as in one form language spreads cancerously, in another it greedily narrows: a word like *escalate* has just about driven four other verbs out of business; words like *dialogue* and *rhetoric* have unseated many plainer and sounder ones, while themselves becoming tarnished and trite. Indeed, the entire English language would seem to be on loan or lease equally to people who write ads and to people who write tomes; for sociologists the entire English language fails to suffice; and with new scientific words cacophony is the mother of invention. This isn't to condemn experimental forms of writing,

which can be merely capricious and stuntlike; but where they enlist real talent and judgment they can—a historic role—ventilate and revitalize.

As for the problem of usage, what is perhaps most unsettling about Mr. Copperud's book is how constantly—and indeed, how curiously—his doctors disagree. What lies ahead? Will the more reckless dictionaries, with their shrug at culture, increasingly take the lead, and the more cautious judges find their lag in yielding means all loss of authority? Could Mr. Copperud's consensus plan prove a first small step in the legislating of our language toward forming a kind of American Académie Française, official dictionary and all? Or shall each one of us become personnel, and social-participatory in the bargain, and even our four-letter words turn into four-syllable ones—as the leader in the field is already, in its exhilaratingly incestuous way?

THE END OF THE C. P. SNOW AFFAIR

by Richard Jones

LAST THINGS
by C. P. SNOW
Scribner's, \$7.95

With *Last Things* C. P. SNOW brings to an end the long novel sequence, *Strangers and Brothers*, which has occupied him for more than thirty years and, apart from three early novels, represents his life-work. The eleven novels of the sequence divide into two loose categories: those arising from the direct experience of the narrator-hero, Lewis Eliot—his childhood, his education, his love affairs—and those in which Eliot plays a role not unlike that of a detective in a cozy thriller: the good, straight guy whose wisdom and dependability, not to say charm and intelligence, make him everyone's best friend.

On the whole, SNOW has projected Eliot with a curious mixture of honesty and complacency, so that, without apparently blushing, he could tell the American critic Rubin Rabinowitz that Lewis Eliot "is myself." The reader had already guessed as much for, after all, Eliot is given the same background as SNOW, the same

shape to his career, and even the same address in Pimlico, and, of course, the same preoccupation with power politics and committees. In fact, the identification is so complete that Eliot's character never exists in its own right; it is continually haunted by the basic facts of the author's life.

In several books there are sections and developments which do not make sense because they have been inadequately transposed from real life to fiction. We get the outer event but never the inner workings which have led to them. It's as though SNOW considered it enough for the reader to make a cross-reference to his own life. This is not to say that the novels lack their moments of excellence but that SNOW's aesthetic misjudgment hangs over all of them like a primal disaster. The final picture of Eliot must be a miscalculation because it is so unflattering: a provincial Philistine, Babbitt's English cousin, posing, ever more ludicrously as the sequence unfolds, as the "speculative liberal" (whatever that means) and progressive.

In the penultimate volume, *The*

Sleep of Reason, there was evidence that Snow-Eliot could no longer cope with modern life. In *Last Things* the bafflement is complete.

The main themes are somber: death, awareness of death, suicide, and the end of only partially fulfilled hopes. At one point Eliot cries out, "It is too much for me," and although he is speaking of his physical suffering (he is in hospital), he might have been referring to his whole life, caught in the spiritual no-man's-land where a man loses his inner coherence and the Last Trump. The novel arises from life lived, not observed, and stands alongside *Time of Hope*, *Homecoming*, and *The Sleep of Reason* as the most felt of the sequence. It also ties up many loose ends and resembles, at chapter-to-chapter level, a superior soap opera.

What is arresting in *Last Things* is the glimpse of Eliot preparing himself for death. In itself this is a tremendous theme, but alas! because of Snow's limitations, Eliot emerges not as a tragic or heroic figure but as a typically British one: the kind known to French hostesses as *canard en couronne* or dead duck à l'anglaise, ready for ten years amid the pines at Bournemouth and a patronizing obituary in the *Times*. All this arises naturally out of thin material. We find Eliot as the book opens in good health and attending debates in the House of Lords to hear friends speak. Unlike his creator, Eliot does not join the Labor Government, although invited, for no very good reason, to do so. His brother Martin thinks public office would be a picturesque way to round off a career, but Lady Eliot, who has always had a fisheye for her husband's preoccupation with power and success, tells him it's not his scene. Disappointed, Eliot has more of the eye trouble which plagues him in *The Sleep of Reason*, and a new operation is needed. We are given a blow-by-blow account of his treatment and what he said and she said and the doctor said, which is vexatiously commonplace. While he is under anesthetic, Eliot's heart stops for a few minutes, and he is revived with difficulty. On being told this afterwards, Eliot reacts with anger (why had he been talked into the operation?) and terror ("I bring back no news from the other world"). The anger passes but the terror remains.



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During one dreadful night, Eliot meditates on the four last things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell, which, as he is an unbeliever, have a flavor of their own. I read on enthralled as Eliot appeared to squirm his way into some vague terrain where he could find metaphysical comfort and where, like Spinoza, he could say that he felt himself to be immortal. The way he arrives at this conclusion through a mixture of humanism, Christian hope, and, no doubt, a reading of Proust, is prevented from being really touching by Snow's sub-Trollopian style and Eliot's unlovely personality. But it is the language which is the more at fault. It cannot catch fire; it cannot make the leap between memorandum-drafter's utilitarian and the semivisionary. Yet even so, these pages have a muted, uncomfortable eloquence totally unlike anything in the other novels.

Eliot then sits in judgment on himself and regrets all his early life. He finds himself to have been a bad son, husband, and friend. The reasons for this are never clearly given, but the inference is that he had put getting on before personal relationships. Is this a worldling's conversion? It's hard to say. Is this a final proof that the whole sequence is a satire on the futility of power-seeking at the expense of losing one's own soul? For a moment it seemed so, and then I remembered that Snow believes satire is cheek. He has said so. No, Eliot's meditation on last things must be taken straight.

As a result of his night watch Eliot mellows, especially toward young people, whom he had tended to despise and distrust. Wayward youngsters are everywhere in the book, and although their revolt is seen as part of the universal adolescent unrest, it does not make Eliot's life any easier. Nobody, in the end, does anything very terrible, but the young are so clearly uninterested in the Eliot scale of values as to be a threat. Maurice, Eliot's saintly stepson, whose absence of envy had once seriously perturbed his mother, marries a deaf, handicapped girl, and they go to live near Manchester, the modern equivalent of departing for a leper colony. Eliot's son Charles gets involved in a student plot to expose preparations for germ warfare, and this brings him into contact with the law. Everything works out well, and

then Charles shacks up with Roy Calvert's odd daughter, who, in her elegant Belgravia house, is waiting hopefully for the latest equivalent of the Red Dawn. Charles later leaves her and takes on some mysterious assignment as a newspaper correspondent in the Middle East. We have been given no proof of his writing ability or of his political *nous* but have to accept this as another example of Snow's describing a thing without feeling obliged to prepare or convince the reader. Other young people revolve around, including Eliot's opportunist nephew Pat, who actually calls Lady Eliot Auntie Meg, as though she had been a royal.

Among this well-heeled anarchy, Eliot, the pushing son of a bankrupt businessman, stands blinking owlishly, a creature of another age. What really baffles him about the young people, I imagine, is their absence of competitive bitchiness, their apparent inability to recognize the main chance when they see it. Eliot tries to understand and toward this end mouths a modern cliché or two, such as "alienation," and makes a fleeting reference to Marcuse. He also agrees with a friend who is scornful because the young imagine that revolt is something to do with complete sexual freedom. Is this the way that one of the new men should think? I imagine not and see in this the final proof that Eliot is the ultimate square. As they said only yesterday, *he just doesn't know where it's at*. He tries to make some connection between today's slaphappy sexual customs and George Passant's ambidextrous pioneer work in the English provinces but never makes the connection a vital part of the book's structure. There is a good deal of maudlin self-pity: "I believed that I had wanted some good things. Whether I had helped to get any, that was another matter." Life has blown up in Eliot's face.

Curtains for Eliot, and at the end of the performance the question arises whether Snow had any larger scheme behind his sequence apart from retelling his own success story. I don't think so, and probably Snow would say that the story of a provincial scholarship boy making his way in the open but class-ridden society we have evolved in Britain is its own justification. Time and again he draws comfort and pride from the fact that Eliot, the grandson of an

illiterate Leicestershire farm worker, is hobnobbing with the high and mighty and dining in London clubs. In fact, the early novels are carried forward by the sheer exuberance of a man breaking into new worlds and, after a fashion, conquering them. This belief in the outward trappings of success is the most dated aspect of the whole sequence and makes it insupportable to present-day taste.

In *Last Things* there is the unspoken assumption that Eliot has fulfilled an archetypal English destiny, that of the young man without social connections or prestige whose talents have been needed and used by the ruling class. Certainly, Snow has shown us this process at great length without apparently realizing exactly what was happening. The reader has watched Eliot become a stuffed shirt by back-pedaling his own instincts and by learning the authoritative tones of the professional classes. This process of replanting from one class to another, especially in England, has often a crippling effect on a man, and Eliot does not escape. The outsider becomes acceptable at the cost of something personal, essential in himself.

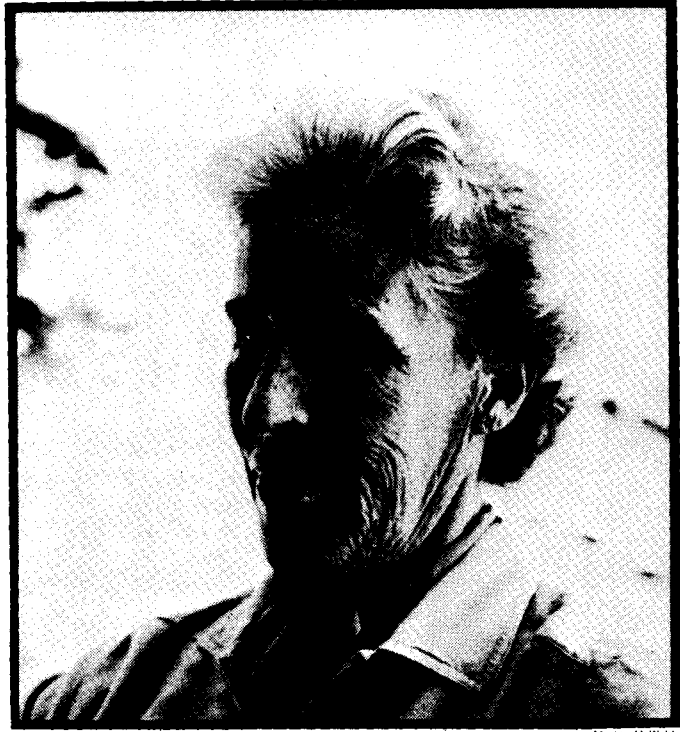
It follows that such a person, brainwashed like a good upper servant to look on everything that is above as naturally superior, should have neither the cheek nor the taste to bring a little saving irony to the treatment of official business. Snow subtly overromanticizes his Cambridge college, his top-flight civil servants, and his scientists, and at the same time, by inflating the petty and ridiculous and overstressing all that is venal and pretentious in human beings, unconsciously distorts. Every milieu described in a Snow novel loses some of its original charm or prestige, so that the result is the same as if Snow had satirized them.

To Eliot's great credit, he never pretends his origins were anything but modest. He tends to make a virtue of it, although not so explicitly as Snow himself, who said, in one of his lectures, that he was a scientist by training and a novelist by vocation and only because he came from a poor home.

In *Last Things* there is a conversation between Eliot and his son, and the question is put whether a hungry boxer fights better than a well-fed one. It is implied throughout the chat that Charles, having had all the

I speak truth, not so
much as I would,
but as much as
I dare; and I dare
a little the more,
as I grow older.

—Montaigne



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advantages of his father's wealth and fame, will not have the same inner drive to get on. Since Eliot is such a Philistine (tone-deaf, hardly interested in painting or poetry, hostile to anything new in the theater, from Pirandello in the twenties to the cult of the absurd in the sixties), he cannot imagine that this freedom from the need to push will give Charles the time to cultivate a few of life's arts and graces.

The theme of the sequence, then, is simply getting on. It is the stage-by-stage account of a young hopeful slowly changing into a member of the Establishment. Sometimes, the process of aging and growing self-deception can be felt but never the maturing of any larger motive. Nothing is realized enough to lift the sequence out of the Bennett-Wells realist tradition into something more universal, for Snow never seems to have realized that it is not enough to say, "I've had such an interesting career that someone ought to write a novel about it." Fiction needs an organizing idea and a language; Snow has neither.

The poverty of Snow's vocabulary has often been mentioned. It seems to be the result of a moral choice and can be traced, perhaps, to Eliot's early determination (later modified, since his son goes to Eton) to remain in the middle of affairs yet an outsider.

Throughout the sequence the only human touches in Eliot's style have been his occasional use of little provincial words such as "snack" for "bicker" or "chuff" for "pleased" and his fondness, more common in self-taught people, for high-sounding terms, exophthalmic, apolaustic, hebephrenia, aphasia, when, perhaps, simpler words exist, a reflection of the common belief that a cold is more impressive disguised as a virus. There are also a few words which are repeated ad nauseam such as mana, subfusc, emollient, and surgent. Basically, the style throughout the novels has been dry and analytical, and the only phrase by Snow which ever caught my imagination was actually withdrawn by the author a couple of books later as too florid. The result is usually dull, often slipshod, and totally without music.

I have purposely refrained from trying to find in any of the novels, or in the sequence as a whole, a relationship to or reflection of the ideas

about culture and social matters which Snow has advanced in his lectures. These seem to me to be largely clichés or half-truths which no doubt made excellent listening but hardly seem worth the animosity they have aroused. What is sad is that Snow-Eliot lives and creates in what is, in

effect, a cultural vacuum, in which there is neither a classical culture to draw on nor a scientific culture to work toward. Within this vacuum Snow pays lip service to the future, while the conservative, the already accepted, and the inert triumph in terms of style and thinking.

MUSIC

THE CRITICS AND THE PUBLIC

by Robert Evett

A few years ago Virgil Thomson appeared at one of those entertainments that, in New York, take place in the basements of abandoned gin mills and the like, where they let the audience fire questions at the distinguished guest. "What do you need to be a music critic, Mr. Thomson?" was the question. "Well," he said, "the first thing you need is a job."

And how is this done? Surely nobody answering that great grammar school question "What Do You Want to Be When You Grow Up" ever put down "critic," let alone "music critic." And it is doubtful that anybody ever got a job as music critic by applying for it. This is one field in which *they* ask you.

Some years back—this would have been in 1955 or 1956—the critic of a metropolitan daily, bugged by constant editorial interference, resigned, and I was one of the candidates interviewed for his position. The editor who talked to me—the talk consisted mostly in bawling me out in advance for all the things I would do wrong if I got the job—explained that the paper used music coverage as a form of public relations, to build goodwill in the community. They wanted a married man with conventional opinions and a wife who would be at least presentable at dinner parties and receptions, and I didn't qualify on any of those counts.

This editor didn't once ask me if I knew anything about music or had any right to write about it. Or, for that matter, whether I could write about anything. He wanted a goodwillnik, and whatever my feelings about this man's regulations, I think it was most admirable of him to spell them out.

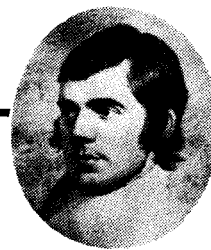
But what should a newspaper's editor, or its readers, expect and get from a music critic? Since a newspaper reaches an extremely heterogeneous audience, it follows automatically that a good bit of what appears as music criticism will fall outside the interests and over the heads of many readers. While this is obviously true of the art-music most frequently subject to review, it is also true of popular music and folk music, which have special audiences—not necessarily elite ones, but special nonetheless. There are very real questions of what should be reviewed and, of course, who should review it.

In the fall of 1969, the Boston *Herald-Traveler* and its music critic had a falling out which is most instructive. The paper is one that you would not likely know unless you have lived in Boston. It has a big sports section, is simply written, and follows a hard line of hard-hat politics. It gives the impression of being addressed to the upward mobile white-working-class, and is the last place you would look for serious criticism.

The critic was George Gelles, who, at twenty-seven, had spent most of his adult life in the Boston area and had written so extensively for other papers that his taste and cast of mind were matters of public record and easily available to the editors of the *Herald*.

He was highly trained in musicology and given to writing well-informed, sophisticated, erudite reviews. He also adopted a school-marmish, nitpicking posture and often severely scolded the people that came under his inspection. Young critics will do this, but so do older ones, and in highbrow journals this

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sort of thing is not out of place. But in the *Boston Herald*? Gelles roughed up the Boston Symphony considerably and received a lot of protest mail from readers. Then, at the end of November, the paper mysteriously "suspended" him—kept him on the payroll, but assigned him to cover events in which there was no music to review.

In the ensuing flap, the public received the impression that the editors had yielded to public pressure—from the management of the orchestra, perhaps, or from advertisers. Gelles got a bonanza of the best kind of publicity as the fearless, uncompromising young critic who was silenced because his standards were too high. What is perfectly possible is that whoever hired him did so without taking the precaution of reading some samples of his work and decided only when it was too late that the product was not quite what the *Herald* wanted.

"Editors," said Bernard Shaw, "being mostly ignorant of music, would submit to anything from their musical critics, not pretending to understand it." He was talking about the editors of eighty years ago, but times have not changed that much. There are editors who do not want their critics to be experts. But if a critic has studied music extensively the odds are that, even if he isn't much good, he knows more about the subject than his editor and should not be subjected to harassment. An inexperienced person should not be given a job as a critic until he has been through an adequate trial period. But an experienced reviewer is marketing a chunk of his persona. His tastes, knowledge, style, prejudices, eccentricities, even his professional friendships and enmities, are part of the package. If there are some confining or irritating or cockamammy rules of the house—Shaw's first editor told him that he "should not, for God's sake, write about Bach in B Minor"—these should be explained in advance. But it is ridiculous to give somebody a job in the hope that he will grow up, shape up, mellow, learn to write up or down to his audience, change his listening habits or reaction patterns, or conform to opinions he does not hold. And it is almost impossible to find an excuse that appears more legitimate than a difference of opinion for firing the critic once you

have him. So, if you are going to put a man in a position where he can make or break careers—and some newspaper reviewers do have this power—it is important to get the right man.

The indispensable trait of character for a person in this dirty business is, I think, goodwill, by which I do not mean any kind of sappy perpetual affability. A critic is selling opinions, and he must be free to express his own, whether they are positive or not. However, this is a profession that attracts people to it who enjoy being nasty, and such people should not be given a public forum.

When I was twenty years old, I was a fine example of the young critic who was full of beans and thought it was his duty to pan. My first target was a piece by Vaughan Williams that I said he had "poured into a harmonic straight-jacket." Actually, it was a perfectly lovely piece and I've enjoyed it repeatedly in recent years. But, at the time, I sincerely thought that I was performing a public service by attacking it.

Many critics are musicians who have dropped out of the profession, and though some of them are unusually good, others are poisonous. A complete ignoramus is preferable to a disappointed pianist who, having got no place himself, is determined to cut everybody else down to nothing.

Suppose, then, that you have your critic: a reasonably well-informed man who is reasonably candid in his opinions and reasonably fair in his judgments. What is he to review?

This is a surprisingly controversial question and causes great trouble to practicing critics, their editors, and their readers.

A critic writing for a learned journal normally works within his specialty, whatever that is. A critic who works for a magazine also enjoys a privileged status in that he can write about pretty much what he pleases. But the music critic of a metropolitan daily has a split-level job. He may find that, in the ordinary performance of his duties, he has to listen to music that is of no interest to him and to make judgments that are entirely beyond his competence. The music page lives off the land. Any event that is open

to the public is subject to newspaper coverage.

Some editors, and some critics, too, assume that the events of general interest, and therefore worth the space, are those that attract the largest ticket-buying public. A moment's reflection would show that even very large facilities, such as the Tanglewood Music Shed or the Hollywood Bowl, can hold only a few thousand people—few compared with the thousands that can be squeezed into a medium-sized football stadium; and that, in any case, the poll count in a community of a million souls or more will inevitably be a minuscule fraction of one percent of the total population. Events of great importance—the debut of a brilliant fiddler, the premiere of a major work—can take place before an audience of a hundred. So, why bother with percentages?

For many listeners, evidently one of the pleasures of attending a concert is finding out, by what they read in the paper the next day, that they had a good time. If some clown didn't like it, and says so, and gets paid for saying so, so much the worse for the clown.

The truth is that there is very little to say about the performance, if the performance alone is the whole show, of a famous artist who is in good form. It is difficult to attain a reputation for excellence, and most big-name performers have earned their reputations, even if the reputations have become inflated out of all reason. For a critic, nothing is more difficult than anointing a famous name with still more goose grease.

However—and the public seems to be indifferent to this—there comes a point in every great musical career at which an artist no longer has to do a good job in order to satisfy his following. Often a star performer gets the notion that he is above the art of music and can continue to be a success for years and even decades after he should have retired.

One of the great careers—and I mention it only because it was such an embarrassment to the critics—was that of Marian Anderson, "The Lady from Philadelphia," as her press agents called her. She got off to a pretty good start in 1935, give or take a couple of years, when Arturo Toscanini, in a flight of Italianate rhetoric, said that her

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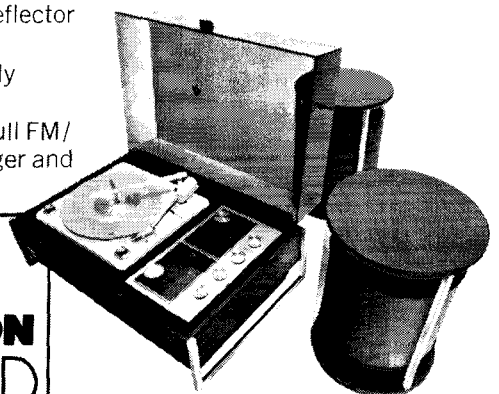
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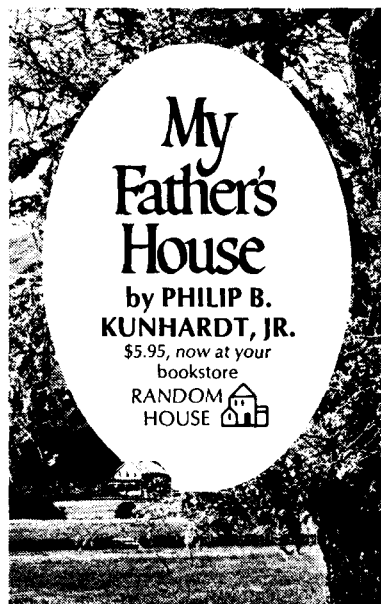
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voice was the voice of the century. By the time I first heard her, it no longer was, but she must have been pretty good at one time.

There was an episode in 1939 that made Miss Anderson a living legend and was the first in a chain of extenuating circumstances that made her immune to negative criticism. The DAR refused to let her sing in their hall because the Daughters were white and she was not. Anderson then sang one of the most famous concerts of all time, on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, where she drew an audience of an estimated 75,000 and made a political gesture as grand as the sing-in at Woodstock thirty years later.

At about that time, Anderson began to sing flat. She was flat all the time, and the older she got the flatter she got. Years later, it emerged that she was gravely ill with a growth on the larynx. This accounted for the deterioration in her voice at such an early age.

She had the growth removed surgically, and began to sing again, though not very well. For a few years, she became famous for singing spirituals, or what, in those days, we called "Negro" spirituals. She used dreadful arrangements, sentimental and bathetic, and the housebroken, whitewashed tunes she sang were designed to tweak the white conscience ever so slightly while perpetrating the stereotype of the black man as a shiftless creature but amiable, stupid, endowed with a natural lyric gift and a conviction that he is "Gwine to Hebbn." Well, when Anderson gets to Hebbn, that chance that she will be torn limb from limb by a pack of resurrected black militants who will have thrown Dem Golden Slippers right over De Pearly Gates is one that she will have to take. But in the fifties, the cad who would admit that her rendition of "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord" left him unmoved simply didn't exist. It would have taken more guts than most reviewers have to say in print what people were saying in private: It was time for her to stop singing in public.

At ninety-three, Pablo Casals is still teaching and conducting and will, if pressed, play the cello. By 1930, Casals had the reputation of being the world's greatest cellist and for many years supported this reputation by doing nothing at all, in

protest against the Franco government. Casals was silent, and a whole generation of musicians grew to maturity without any clear idea of what they were missing. Then around 1950, he emerged as a conductor. The recordings he made were technically ragged and full of stylistic improprieties. You would never have guessed from his later performances that he had ever been the great musician they say he was.

But he has a reputation for being a great humanitarian as well as a man who has sacrificed a great deal for his principles, and he is very old. Nobody wants a reputation for abusing a nice old man.

It sounds cruel, and it is, to say that an artist who doesn't know when it is time to stop should be silenced. This practice may go back to the era when it was the custom to lug the old folks to an uninhabited region and leave them there to starve

THE WRITERS

Louis Kronenberger is, among other things, a connoisseur of words and a sensitive, judicious practitioner of the American language. His latest book is *No Whippings, No Gold Watches*.

Richard Jones, a novelist of predominantly Welsh background, now lives in London and is the author of two novels, *The Three Suitors* and *Supper With the Borgias*.

Robert Evett knows the musical scene as composer, performer, and critic.

Edward Weeks, formerly the editor in chief of the *Atlantic*, continues to procure and edit books for the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Phoebe Adams, the author of a delightful book on Greece, is an editor on the *Atlantic* staff.

James Dickey (page 63) is a poet who also proved his extraordinary talent as a prose writer in his novel, *Deliverance*.

Fanny Howe (page 89) will have her first book of poems, *Eggs*, published this fall.

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



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or rot or be eaten by wild animals. But somebody has to shut these old parties up, and more often than not, it is people on the working press who have the thankless job of doing it.

Far more touchy is the matter of what is to be played. Everything about the star system and the related systems of concert managements and concerts and operas by subscription is geared to make it seem that only performance counts, and that repertory is nobody's business but the performer's. Most critics believe that much more music should be in circulation. Many concert managers seem to feel that if there were more variety the audiences would dwindle. There is a standard of what is acceptable, but it would be hard to find two people who agree on what it is.

On her recent American tour, Joan Sutherland put on a program that was close enough to several border lines to stand some scrutiny. Miss Sutherland is no longer a young woman, and her powers of interpretation are not beyond dispute, but the lady can sing and should be one of the best coloratura sopranos going for many years. Compared with other singers, she has been adventurous in her programming and in her choice of operatic roles, bringing attention to a great deal of offbeat music. She is also one of the artists whose fan club will sit still for almost anything.

Sutherland sang from score, an unusual thing to do. I wouldn't have cared if she had been reading the music in Braille, but at the performance I attended, many people in the audience and one excellent critic were outraged that she did not sing from memory.

I thought that the piano playing, by the singer's husband, was beneath any professional standard I knew. Whether it was or wasn't, a strong draft kept blowing the scores off the piano and into the pianist's lap, so that there were lots of hiatuses and missing notes. Will the public accept this kind of playing? Obviously the answer is Yes, if the singer is Joan Sutherland. People who pay to hear her—as opposed to critics who are sent—must be oblivious, largely, to the accompaniment, except as a pleasant, pastel sound that, if it doesn't support the singer, at least doesn't get in the way.

Toward the end of her program,

she sang a group of pieces that were listed carelessly on the program as five "Scottish Folk Songs." They were, in fact, rather ordinary pieces of nineteenth-century British popular music: "Annie Laurie," "My Luv is Like a Red, Red Rose." That lot. Again, the audience response was Yes.

Well, is popular music in place on a formal concert? Suppose that Miss Sutherland, as a compliment to the foreign country in which she was a guest, had decided to sing a group of American popular songs from the thirties, and had selected "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," "Stormy Weather," "Stardust," "The Good Ship Lollipop," and "Over the Rainbow." These pieces have long been absorbed into the cultural bloodstream of the republic and have given enjoyment to untold millions. But would a concert audience sit still for this list? There will never be an answer, because these pieces are so far out of place at a formal concert that no singer would dream of programming them.

What about a difficult modern work, such as Schoenberg's *Hanging Gardens* songs or Hindemith's *Marienleben*? These pieces are rarely heard, and Sutherland is one of the few front-rank singers with enough technique for them. For her audiences, music as complicated as this would be a bad bet, since many of her admirers couldn't possibly enjoy listening to it. A great soprano has a responsibility to her public as well as to her art.

I have not gone into all this detail to make a great thing of a not-very-important event that took place months ago, or to give the needle to an artist for whom I have great (but not boundless) admiration, but to demonstrate that what is under review is the whole show. Every aspect of a musical event is the legitimate concern of a reader. Whether a reviewer's first duty is to his boss, or his readers, or his art, or his own conscience, I don't know, but it is not possible to write a balanced review without balancing all of the elements.

Newspaper reviews, most of them written under pressure, do not always say precisely what the reviewer meant. They are ground out in the middle of the night, usually under pressure, and are sent to the printers in the first draft. Even if the

draft makes good sense, typesetters, night editors, and emergency cutters can make hash out of it. This being the case, it's hard to understand why so many people take the stuff so seriously, reading it over and over again for innuendos that were probably never there, and memorizing the key words and phrases as if they

were revelations. But they do. I do it myself.

Since any kind of recourse, legal or otherwise, is bad form for someone unfairly mauled by the press, the critic must be his own disciplinarian. The point seems to be to say what he feels he must, and as little as possible that he will later regret.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE TRUMPET OF THE SWAN
by E. B. White
Harper & Row, \$4.50

Among the extracurricular jobs I had as an undergraduate was that of being a companion-tutor to a boisterous nine-year-old. Through no planning of mine, our reading that summer was devoted to a single book: we began *The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle* in mid-June, and we re-read it four times, with a single intermission in which I tried to divert attention to *Treasure Island* without success. Such is the grip of a story whose situations are so preposterous yet so plausible that the imagination is not content with the first impression: it must go back to relive and cherish the details.

It demands a special kind of genius to create the perfect blend of fantasy and belief, and this E. B. White has. His first success, *Stuart Little*, told the story of an adventurous Manhattan mouse who when he became an adopted member of the Little family enormously enhanced their pleasure, and who when he drove out of the story in his tiny toy automobile left a void that was felt by old and young.

Stuart Little was a city story of such adventures as could be had aboard the model sailboats in Central Park. Mr. White's new book, *The Trumpet of the Swan*, is a story of the wilderness and of the settlements which come within the range of Louis, a Trumpeter Swan who is born without a voice. Louis' infirmity was first noticed by Sam Beaver, who, with his father, had been camping in Western Canada, and who chanced upon the nest of trumpeters in a marsh. Sam's spying was tolerated by the cob and the mother swan

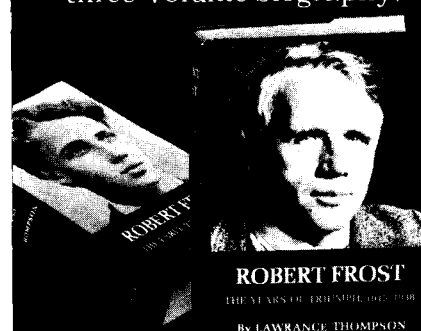
when he drove a fox away from the nest; and when the five cygnets, brownish-gray with yellow legs, were born, he was permitted to come close enough to watch them swim and hear them beep—four of them, that is—the fifth, Louis, who was mute, proclaimed himself by untying Sam's shoelace.

Sam kept a diary and made this entry the evening the swans departed: "I heard the swans tonight. They are headed south. It must be wonderful to fly at night. I wonder whether I'll ever see one of them again. How does a bird know how to get from where he is to where he wants to be?" The great birds, Sam's father explained, were on their way to the Red Rock Lakes in Montana, where the warm springs gave them protection for the winter.

Next day the boy and his father were flown back to their home in the Sweet Grass country by the bush pilot, and there the story might have ended. But in the Red Rock Lakes Louis took his isolation to heart. "If I'm defective in one respect," he said to himself, "I should try and develop myself along other lines. I will learn to read and write. Then I will hang a small slate around my neck and carry a chalk pencil. In that way I will be able to communicate with anybody who can read." There was only one boy in the world who could help him get to school, and without a word to his parents, he set out in search of Sam. Louis is a Trumpeter destined for splendid accomplishments, and they should be told as Mr. White perceived them, not anticipated and simplified by a reviewer.

The heroine of this delightful book is Serena, a swan of Louis' age, who is put off by his silence. But for

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me the real heroine of the book is Louis' mother, with her tart tongue. Louis' father loves to wrap up the simplest of things in rhetoric, and the swan cuts through this nonsense just the way any sensible woman would do.

After Louis' disappearance, his father proclaims he will lead a search party of one. The mother is realistic: "If you were to start out looking for him, which way would you fly?" "Well," replied the cob, "in the last analysis, I believe I would go south." "What do you mean, 'in the last analysis'?" said she impatiently. "You haven't analyzed anything. Why do you say 'in the last analysis'? And why do you pick south as the way to go looking for Louis? There are other directions . . ." Again and again she punctures the old boy's sententiousness, and her sense of reality makes me laugh.

When Louis returns from his schooling with his slate and his ability to write, he is turned down for the second time by Serena. His father, wishing to console him, asks where he is: "He's over there sitting on a muskrat house dreaming about that empty-headed young female he's so crazy about," says the mother.

The communication between the great white birds, the way in which Sam and Louis understand each other, are, in Mr. White's prose, acts so natural and responsive that one reads on with ever increasing conviction and delight.

SECOND CHANCE

by Louis Auchincloss
Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95

The twelve short stories in Louis Auchincloss' collection *Second Chance* are bound together by unity of time, place, and age; they are concerned with people of middle or later life, well-to-do residents of Park Avenue and Long Island, who have outgrown their early aspirations and, in some cases, their first marriage, and, whether widowed or divorced, have been indulging themselves in easy money, alcohol, or hypocrisy until suddenly the mousetrap clicks and they struggle to get out. The father confessor who appears and reappears in these stories is a lawyer deft in the adjustment of the tax structure, diplomatic in his handling of spoiled women, shrewd in his assessment of the New York publishing scene, the

divorce business, and the museum world.

Mr. Auchincloss' characters are in the main well born and vivacious, undistinguished and, once the reader gets beneath the surface, inhibited. The dilemmas in which they find themselves are familiar in affluent society anywhere, and I particularly admire the swiftness with which the author projects the reader into an arresting situation, with the people already at odds with themselves and the outcome so teasingly in doubt. Thus in "The Waiver," which is one of my favorites, wealthy Julie Leinsdorf, four times married, is thinking of giving up the privacy of her delicious apartment for a fifth try with Bertie Cram, for which she is ridiculed by her repulsive daughter and cheered on by her granddaughter Sally, who is, incidentally, the only attractive member of the younger generation in the book. I enjoyed "Second Chance," which, as the title suggests, tells of the adventurous revival of the once handsome red-headed Gilbert Van Ness when he severs connections with his overwhelming wife, Rebecca, and launches forth on his second career. And every publisher will grin at the shrewdness with which Mr. Auchincloss caricatures the foibles of book publishing in "Red Light," a story told by a secretary no longer in love with her boss. One may not like Mr. Auchincloss' collection of selfish people, but one must admire the skill with which he characterizes them in the messes they create.

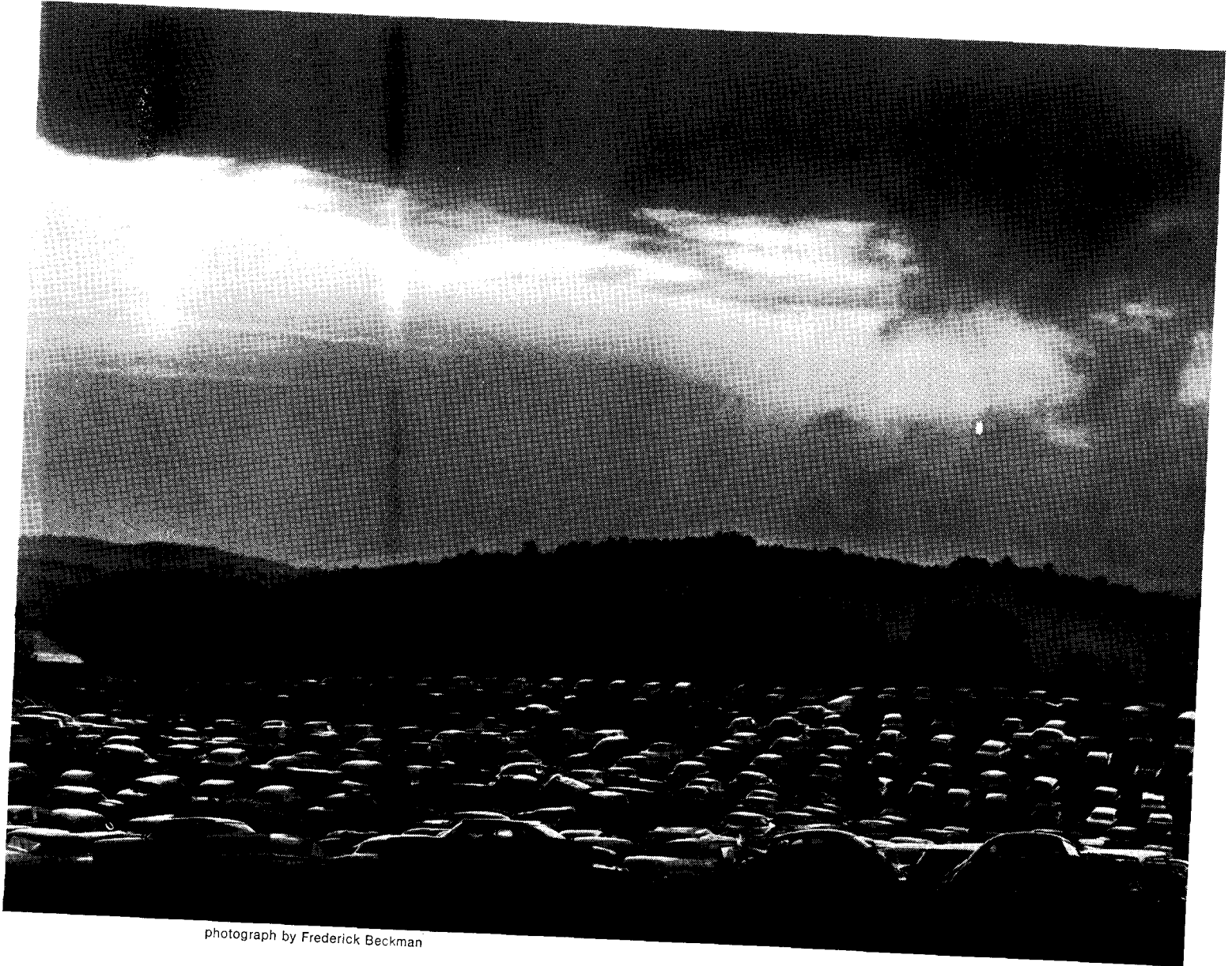
MEMOIRS

by André Maurois
Harper & Row, \$10.00

These Memoirs were begun while Maurois, in his fifty-seventh year, was teaching at Mills College, California. In the sunshine of the Pacific, writing longhand as was his habit, he recaptured his youth. He was the least intimidated of a family of Alsatian Jews—his father was born Ernest Herzog—who moved their mill to Normandy in 1871, and he early rebelled against the tyranny of his conservative uncles who ran the plant. At the Rouen Lycée he came under the influence of a magnetic philosopher, Emile Chartier, an ardent admirer of Balzac and Stendhal, and under his stimulus young Herzog was awarded first prize in the

"The writings of the wise
are the only riches
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Walter Savage Landor



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Concours Général, in which all of the colleges in France competed. Back at the mill his success was swift, for he alone had the courage to modernize, but in a secret cupboard in his office he hid some novels by Balzac, Tacitus, and a notebook with outlines for books he felt he would never be free to write. In Paris he fell head-over-heels for a Russian refugee, Janine: age seventeen, father dead, mother in debt, no dowry. Shrewdly realizing that his family would never accept her, at least until she was older, he sent her at his own expense to Oxford to mature under the watchful eye of his friend, a French professor.

It was this kind of enterprise, plus his intuitive understanding of the British character, that made him an indispensable liaison officer in 1914. When he sought permission to publish his first novel, *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, about the Scottish and English officers with whom he had served, he was permitted to do so under a nom de plume, "André Maurois."

Janine's health had suffered during the war and she was not confident of André's future as a writer. He had been reading deeply about Shelley in the intervals between his duty and found himself sympathizing with Shelley's mistakes, especially his relationship with his child wife, Harriet. In the biography of Shelley, which became an international success under the title of *Ariel*, Maurois hoped "at once to expose him, to condemn him and to explain him." He also hoped to regain Janine's belief in himself.

Maurois' novels were more widely read in Europe than his biographies of English origin, and on the strength of them he was invited to a conference at the Abbey of Pontigny, where as a student of Balzac he appealed to Gide, and as one who knew Tolstoy by heart he appealed to Martin du Gard. His sojourn at Pontigny was repeated each year, and the friendships he made there were formative. After *Ariel* came the biography of Disraeli, and at this point his enemies at the *Mercure de France* turned on him with venom. Maurois' defense was the publication of his novel *Climats*, which of all his books has had the greatest number of readers. This was followed by three years of research preceding his *Byron*, which Desmond MacCarthy

called "the most serious and most complete work we have on Byron."

I dwell on the literary half of these Memoirs because to me the picture of the old France, the elegance of the writing, and the honesty of the self-evaluation are so rewarding. Later, as Hitler drove the wedge between the Allies, it was inevitable that Maurois should be called on as a conciliator. He moved in high circles, spoke with eloquence, rejoiced in the strength and friendships he found in America. But the creative years were over; the closing pages have in them the hurry, frustration, and dismay of a man driven from his natural element.

THE GREEN MAN

by Kingsley Amis

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$5.95

Ghost stories are always a problem for me; like a patient defiant of psychoanalysis I resist them until the conviction—or illusion—has diminished to the vanishing point. So it is not for the ghostliness that I enjoyed Kingsley Amis' novel *The Green Man*. The pleasure I found was the characterization of Maurice Allington, a burly, cultivated hotelier, owner of a coaching inn forty miles from London, with a history reaching back two centuries and the legend of not one but two ghosts who occasionally inhabit the premises.

Allington is a man of taste, fastidious about the food he serves and his wine list, and distinctly fleshy in his appetites. He has been tucking away a quart of scotch a day for twenty years and has been warned by his doctor to slow down. Hypochondria and hallucinations are part of the price he pays for his alcohol, and since the best ghosts exist only in the head of the observer (cf. "The Beckoning Fair One" by Oliver Onions), one can expect that Maurice will know more about the ghosts at The Green Man than any of his guests.

Allington is blessed with a hearty, sardonic temperament, and he needs his liquor to keep his temper in control as he confronts the daily crises of innkeeping, the stubbornness of his adolescent daughter, an addict of TV, the surprising death of his father, who dies in a fit of terror, and the annoying sexual mannerisms of his mistress. It is his cynical, shrewd liveliness that keeps this story so close to the verge of the possible.

A Man of Our Time



Recession and repression threaten many of us today. William Benton, in his long and brilliant career, has faced up to and conquered both these threats.

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As senator from Connecticut, Benton was the first political figure to stand up and be counted against Joseph McCarthy, calling for his resignation on the Senate floor three years before the official censure vote.

These are just two of the innumerable achievements of this remarkable man of our time. Born with the century in 1900, into a family of educators, Benton, on retiring from advertising as a millionaire in his mid-thirties, became vice-president of The University of Chicago. He acquired, for the university, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* which he himself still publishes.

Prime mover in the foundation of UNESCO, the Committee for Economic Development, and the Voice of America, he has also been Assistant Secretary of State and a world-traveler in the service of his country. He has turned his hand, too, to commercially successful ventures including that typically twentieth-century invention, Muzak.

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

J. M. BARRIE by Janet Dunbar. Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95. "The man behind the image" is the subtitle of this biography, raising the question of what image, if any, there is to get behind. Does anyone read Barrie today? Could anyone read him, to any extent, without nausea? Is there really, somewhere, a cult of enthusiasts who imagine the man as a worldly wit, or a friend of the fairies, or some equally irrelevant personage? Random puzzlement aside, Miss Dunbar's book contains a vast amount of information and is sympathetic without becoming idolatrous. It also tells an interesting tale, for Barrie was an odd little parasite on other people's emotions and prone to entangle himself in discreetly outrageous situations. In addition to her own observations, Miss Dunbar quotes from the memoirs of one of Barrie's more perceptive victims—a man who forthrightly described *Peter Pan* as "that terrible masterpiece."

GREASED SAMBA by John Deck. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$5.95. Mr. Deck's ironic, idiosyncratic vision finds something unexpected in the most commonplace situation. The short stories collected here are, consequently, varied and surprising. They are also first-class writing.

EAGLE IN THE SNOW by Wallace Breem. Putnam's, \$5.95. When the Rhine uncharacteristically froze solid in the year 406, the barbarian hordes smoldering along the east bank crossed on the ice, annihilated the Roman frontier force, and overran Gaul. Mr. Breem's harsh, unromantic novel purports to be the autobiography of the Roman general who commanded that hopeless winter defense, and it is highly convincing in its description of social and political disintegration.

IMAGINATIONS by William Carlos Williams. Edited and with introductions by Webster Schott. New Directions, \$10.00. A group of Williams' more experimental writings, several having to do with the difficulty of

writing at all. Presumably Dr. Williams did not foresee that his own isolated case—writer writes a non-novel to explain why he is unable to write a recognizable novel—would in fifty years' time become a positive literary epidemic.

THE DISCIPLE AND HIS DEVIL by Valerie Pascal. McGraw-Hill, \$8.95. The widow of Gabriel Pascal, the man who first succeeded in getting a Shaw play on film, describes the relationship of the wily old playwright and his exuberant Hungarian producer. There are letters, conversations, documents, and an inside view of the horrors of cinematic finance. The book also contains an excess of emotionally presented detail about the Pascal menage, which was far from dull but inevitably fades in the garrulous dazzle of GBS.

BUTTERFLIES OF THE PROVINCE by Honor Tracy. Random House, \$4.95. This is a malicious, brazenly frivolous novel about British expatriates in Spain. It is designed to amuse, and deftly does just that and nothing more.

ISLAND AT THE CENTER OF THE WORLD by Father Sebastian Englert. Scribner's, \$14.95. During his thirty-four years as priest of the only church on Easter Island, Father Englert collected local legend, history, and even gossip. He has arranged his material to reveal a coherent pattern of settlement, overcrowding, civil war, and loss of independence, and offers his account with the warning that anything in the prehistoric portion of the narrative may well be an inaccuracy. He does not propose to solve any mysteries, nor does he advance any theories. He is a pleasantly unpretentious chronicler and a likable guide to the island. George Holton's photographs are handsome and a little eerie, which is only proper.

DESTROY, SHE SAID by Marguerite Duras. Grove, \$4.95. A short novel by the author of *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, together with an interview concerning the process of making this same text into a film. In fact, the text should probably be considered a scenario rather than a novel, for without the extra meanings that can be created by actors, setting, and camera, the book is a

vaporous affair about four people doing nothing much in a resort hotel. The author boasts that she has created a political novel which contains no mention of politics. The mere printed text contains nothing to arouse political thought, either, which marks some sort of peak in the art of omission.

HOGARTH ON HIGH LIFE: Lichtenberg's *Commentaries* translated and edited by Arthur S. Wensinger with W. B. Coley. Wesleyan University Press, \$35.00. Lichtenberg, that versatile German anglophile, wrote at length and amusingly on the *Marriage à la Mode* engravings. His text, along with remarks by two other commentators, is accompanied by reproductions of Hogarth's paintings, two sets of engravings (one English, one German), small illustrative details, and useful footnotes. A scholarly but charming book.

THE HUMAN ANIMAL by Hans Haas. Putnam's, \$6.95. Dr. Haas is not of that group which seeks to explain human behavior through similarities to apes or dolphins. He considers, instead, the ways in which people differ from all other animals, and speculates on what bearing these differences may have had on human development. Some of his suggestions are startling and some are unflattering, but almost all of them are provocative.

GERONIMO: His Own Story edited by S. M. Barrett. Dutton, \$6.95. In his Christianized old age (1905-1906, to be definite), the great Apache warrior dictated his autobiography, directing a most un-Christian, but thoroughly understandable, venom toward the U.S. Army. The book, newly edited with introduction and notes by Fredrick W. Turner III, is bloody, laconic, and particularly fascinating for what it tells of Apache motives for the various flights and uprisings led, or fomented, by Geronimo. The text also reveals, unintentionally, how little Geronimo really knew about his enemies; he was an intelligent man, but dangerously uninquisitive. The footnotes are numerous and helpful.

GOING ALL THE WAY by Dan Wakefield. Seymour Lawrence-Delacorte, \$6.95. A novel. Mr. Wakefield is a contributing editor of the *Atlantic*.

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